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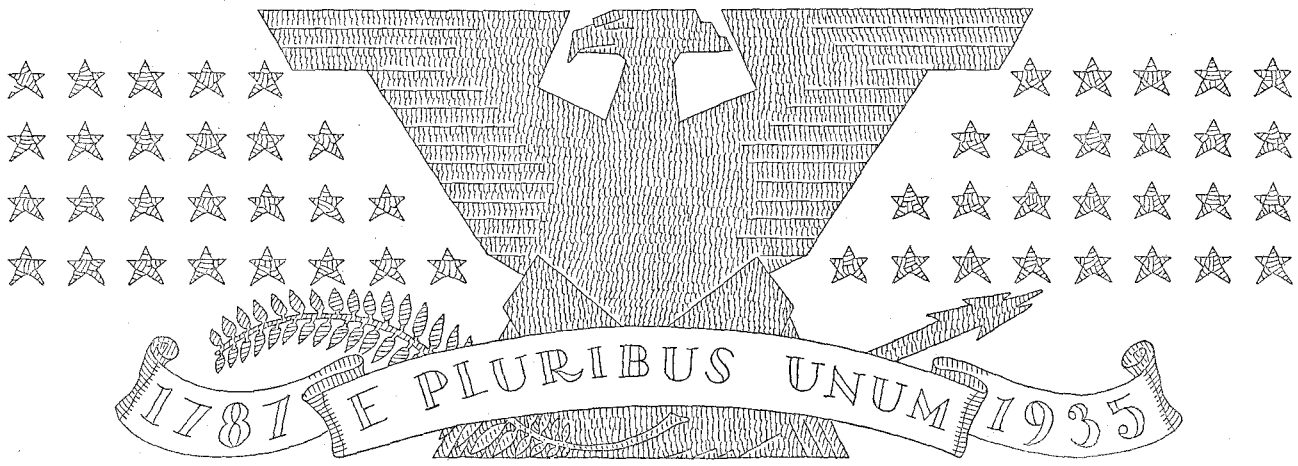

What Is a United State?

By John Corbin

Is an amendment inevitable which would give the national government control over industries affected with a national interest? Mr. Corbin points out that labor and industry are "states" demanding rights but refusing responsibilities. A lifelong Republican, he attacks the Republican party for espousing the outworn State rights issue which brought defeat to the Democrats during the nineteenth century

To find the way up from the seething vortex of insanity, psychiatrists tell us, the first step is to fix upon a single rational thought and hold fast. In the Schechter poultry decision the Supreme Court reminded us that we live under the Constitution of the United States. State rights and State duties—so far, so good. But the fact that the Court delivered this decision against a professedly Jeffersonian Administration which bitterly resented it, while the nationalistic "Party of Washington and Hamilton" applauded vociferously, scarcely affords a foothold for sanity to those who will soon be called upon to vote. Neither the Court nor the Republican jubilants tell us just what it means that the States are united and how they became so. In the coming campaign that question bids fair to be crucial, and even a brief answer, properly documented, may start us on the upward way from wild and whirling counsels.

I

What the Federalists intended in the "more perfect union" of States was first clearly expressed, and on the whole most graphically and comprehensively expressed, by General Washington in 1783, four years before the Constitutional Convention. The States when they became united (not confederate, as under the old Articles) were to be to the nation what their counties are to the States. That did not mean a consolidated or unitary or totalitarian government, the abolition of all State rights. Quite the contrary. The general government, wrote Washington, was not to "meddle" with "the particular policy of any State further than it concerns the union at large." Of both State rights and County rights he had a keen appreciation. Each County "has, no doubt, its local polity and interests. These should be attended to and brought before their respective legislatures with all the force their importance merits; but when they come in contact with the general interest of the whole, their voices should be heard no more. *So should it be with individual States when compared with the Union.*" That idea is intrinsic in the outline of a constitution which the Virginia delegation sponsored in 1787. The second article forbade disproportionate representation of small States in the Senate. The sixth (based on an idea dear to Madison but never advocated by Washington) enabled Congress "to negative all laws" passed by the States, and to use army and navy to enforce the negative.

It appeared, however, that the smaller States would not so easily give up what Washington once derided as "their precious sovereignties." The right of secession, to be sure, the Fathers ignored

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as if by tacit consent, though the committee for detailing the Constitution astutely built up a constructive case against it. It took the Civil War to abridge that precious right. But in other matters it early became evident that explicit compromise was necessary, for the Constitution would be stillborn if five small States refused to ratify. Perforce the Convention compromised. Until Rhode Island and Delaware, Nevada and Idaho, renounce the monstrous inequity, they have the same power in the Senate as Massachusetts and New York, Illinois and California. In the subsequent Bill of Rights one article, the tenth, departed still farther from the Virginia plan. Short of another amendment, it limits the national authority to such problems as were present or foreseen in 1787.

Yet the instrument of 1787 was primarily, and still is, an instrument of national control. It abridges the sovereignty of the States in vital matters of taxation and currencies. It provides a national army and navy with power to suppress local insurrections. The national executive was and still is stronger than in any other free nation. Especially pertinent to the present crisis is the fact that the movement which led to the Convention originated in the need of a decisive national control over "commerce among the several States," as every one knows who has studied the Mount Vernon Compact and the Annapolis Convention.

It is also true that, like Washington, most of the great Fathers (Hamilton and Madison being the chief exceptions) properly appreciated the importance of the residuary State rights. Local self-government was and still is one of the triumphs of the Constitution. Yet it is equally true that in this modern world it is not working very well. The sense of statehood, of allegiance to its opportunities and obligations, has been giving way for over a century to a pervasive nationalism—beginning with the national extension of commerce and progressing rapidly with that of productive industry. Of late the process has been accelerated by the fact that the poorer States eagerly abandon their rights and duties to the national authority in return for doles from its treasury—which are mainly paid for by industrial States. In brief, the State of today is something less than the County as Washington conceived it, which did scrupulously "attend to" its "local polity and interests."

Even before its present volte-face against national control, the Republican Party duly prized all legitimate rights of local self-government. In 1906 Elihu Root warned the States that if they had any intention or hope of preserving their importance they must see to it that their functions are properly performed. "It is useless for the advocates of State rights to inveigh against . . . the national authority in the field of necessary control, where the States themselves fail in the performance of their duty. The instinct of self-government among the people of the United States is too strong to permit them long to respect any one's right to exercise a power which he fails to exercise." Then comes an arresting sentence. "Sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national government."

What Senator Root had in mind was the governance of modern industry. Many or most business concerns find themselves in a painfully anomalous position—caught in a jam between State and nation. If competitors in any State sweat labor and cut prices they may have to do the same or go out of business. Yet such conduct is subject only to State law, local self-government, and can be regulated only by combined action among several or many States, which the legislatures have no mind for. The only feasible remedy is for the industry as a whole to adopt and enforce a code of fair practice. Yet if it does so every participant is liable to jail sentence under the Sherman Act. A great industry, ready and eager to govern itself, for the good of all, is denied this right which the States cherish —but have no mind to exercise.

Again: What is a united State? A united State is a corporate body politic which (aside from special privileges wrung from the Constitutional Fathers) wields no power inimical to the nation and to the general welfare. *When superior considerations preponderate in favor of the whole, its voice is heard no more.* But in the modern world the territorial units are not the only corporations affected with a national interest. Railways, coal, oil, steel, copper, lumber, textiles, electric apparatus, automobiles, and so forth, have each a vested interest greater than that of many a territorial State and its welfare is of greater importance to the nation. Let us think not in words but in terms of present and urgent realities. Have not also these industrial units, organic and functioning as the States have largely ceased to be, a right and a duty of self-government? And have they not a need to be aided and controlled by the national authority—in a word, to become "united"?

II

That they cannot be so united, as the Constitution stands, was not the result of any decision *ad hoc,* on the part of either the Convention or the Congress that adopted the tenth amendment. Again we must documentarily cite Washington. It is an amazing story. Haunted by the specter of disunion, such as did overtake us in 1861, he sought to bind the Ohio valley to the seaboard by the ties of commercial interest, and actually constructed a long section of a canalized Potomac—what he gravely described as "a waterway wide and smooth over the Alleghany Mountains." Keenly aware of the need of power navigation, he lent a helping hand to James Rumsey, who had invented a craft that used the downrush of the Potomac, acting against mechanical "setting poles," to shoot a cargo up stream. It sounds impossible; but an account of the mechanism is in the Library of Congress, as also Washington's testimony as eyewitness in 1784 that the marvellous craft worked. Was the Father of his Country, duped by his hopes and fears for the new Republic, absurdly credulous? Not altogether. The next year Rumsey told him he had invented a craft that ran by steam, promising a revolution in commerce among the States. It was quite true. But this time Washington was hard boiled. As he testified later, he set down the claim as "an ebullition" of Rumsey's "genius." In 1787, during the Philadelphia Convention, John Fitch gave an exhibition on the Delaware of a steamboat propelled by twelve oars, six on each side, which hit the water alternately. But Washington was still scornful of ebullitions. He went from the Convention not to the river but to dine "at Mr. Morris's farm at the Hills."

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What steam was to mean to industry, as distinguished from commerce, was undreamed of as yet by the most brilliantly inventive mind. Manufacture was mainly confined to the individual household and the village blacksmith. There were indeed mills driven by water power, and to help them on Washington wore at his inauguration a suit from their looms. But who could have foreseen ebullient, steam-driven mills scattered from Massachusetts and the Carolinas to Texas and California? Who could have foreseen that railway, telegraph, and motor car, were destined to give every basic industry a national extension and affect it with a national interest—destined to unite all the scattered concerns into a single competitive group, so that wages, hours, and prices on the Atlantic seaboard have, directly and indirectly, repercussions throughout the nation to the Pacific?

During recent decades the Supreme Court, responding to the pressure of modern conditions, has stretched the commerce clause so far that it controls industry which "affects commerce directly." As Senator Root said, it has construed the Constitution so as "to put the power where it will be exercised, in the national government." But in the recent poultry case it sternly and quite properly called a halt. Unanimously it declared that commerce is one thing and that such business as "mining, manufacturing, or growing crops"—all industry, in short, including agriculture—is quite another. Then it cited the tenth amendment. "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to it by the States, are preserved to the States respectively." Thus the dead hand of 1789 strangles the self-government of industry under national control, industrial "State rights"—a thing precisely in line with the spirit of the Constitution and the primary intention of the Fathers.

III

If the Republican Party of today were really and sincerely what it boasts, "the party of Washington and Hamilton," would it not be eager to remedy this miscarriage? That it is not would seem to result from a blindness far greater and more inexcusable than that of the Constitutional Convention to the dawning of our mechanistic era; for it is a blindness not merely to things written in the book of the future but to things present and urgent in the world about us—which are, moreover, largely the result of the Party's own acts and which can be seen, if we look to the documents, in the perspective of four decades.

Let us begin with recent events and work backward. On the eve of the last Congressional election, Mr. John T. Flynn published an article entitled "Whose Child is the NRA?" It had been widely and persistently reported, notably by the Republican adherents of one Doctor Wirt, that it was child of a radical Brain Trust. Before he knew it, President Roosevelt would be whirled into the vortex of red revolution! Mr. Flynn's contention was the precise contrary. Yet the story he told was thoroughly documented; it has not been and it cannot be controverted. In a word, it is this: So far as the Washington of the day was concerned, the father of the NRA was not the brain trust but an organization the most conservative, the United States Chamber of Commerce—which, during many months before Mr. Roosevelt was elected, had been advocating self-government of the basic industries. Thus, cruel irony, the NRA was "the work of persons who have for years been contributors to the Republican Campaign fund."

Even Mr. Flynn, however, did not tell the whole story. He left unrecorded a fact still more surprising. In 1931, as we shall see, the Chamber enjoyed sympathy and cooperation from an organization which, though in many ways equally conservative, has been and today is again its enemy, the American Federation of Labor. Labor as well as industrial capital had long been thinking thoughts far different from those of Wall Street and Old Guard Republicans, even of the self-styled Progressives.

Those documents of 1931 both described the Depression as resulting from "a lack of balance between production and consumption," and both contended that such a balance could be established only if the Sherman law were amended so that labor and management might agree upon the necessary measures. The basic industries were to be not only organized units but self-governed. Both declared also that, to give adequate employment to the available men and money, the consuming power of the country would have to be stepped up by a widespread increase of income, especially among farmers and industrial workers. All this in 1931!

Men of all stripes beyond the purlieus of Wall Street and Congress were getting the same idea. Socialists such as Stuart Chase and Charles A. Beard found themselves in agreement with industrialists such as Gerard Swope and Owen D. Young, with publicists such as Nicholas Murray Butler. For it was evident that a levelling down of boom-time dividends was a small price to pay if only moderate dividends could be made continuous. Heightened prosperity on farm and in factory was merely enlightened self-interest, the good life for all of us.

This was far from meaning that either Chamber or Federation, or both together, actually fathered the NRA as it took shape at Washington. From their armory of ideas, the most impressive was lacking: a Federal authority strongly entrenched and decisive. For in their philosophy self-government was to be absolute—*industrial* "State sovereignty." A national council was, to be sure, to busy itself with the finding of facts and with recommending policies to both business and labor. But that was all. The Chamber said: "The Council should be an *advisory* board as its name implies, rather than an executive board with functions like those of the War Industries Board." Said the Federation: "The facts should guide all groups [whether corporations or unions] in their individual planning as well as in developing policies for concerted action. *Nothing more definite* [than fact-finding] *should be imposed upon any national economic council.*"

It is the old cry, "No Government in business!" But under the Blue Eagle there was a good deal of government in business. Some one had a different idea.

It was some one, clearly, who had a realistic sense of the difficulties of cooperation between labor and management. Employers point out that the unions, living within the nation and prospering through its prosperity, refuse to incorporate or in any way accept responsibility for broken agreements and acts of violence—and thus have practised what in effect is sedition. The Federation of Labor says, with equal

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or greater reason, that organized capital has for decades played the robber baron, oppressing its workers and mulcting the public. This much is certain: Both labor and capital wield powers potentially inimical to the nation; and in 1931 Federation and Chamber were at one in declaring that, while the nation should be their willing servant in research, it should never presume to place any industrial group under Federal authority.

There at last is an idea which, if you will, is revolutionary and destructive of American liberty. Compare it with the pre-Rebellion doctrine of State sovereignty. Neither unions nor corporations proposed to secede, to go their own way in peace. What they demanded was that they should live on within the nation and reap all possible advantage from it, yet continue to exploit the nation as factions at war with it and with each other. Of the dual principle basic in the Constitution they accepted only one part. They were to be States, but not united.

It did not come to pass. In 1933 a Federal authority was erected which held an iron grip over industry. By preference, the several codes were to be voluntary; and, subject always to national supervision, there was to be a very considerable degree of industrial self-government. But as decisively as Chamber and Federation, though in the opposite direction, the NRA went beyond the bounds of both the Constitution as written and the intent of the Fathers, wielding autocratic authority over all industry from oil and coal to permanent waves and trousers. That also proved a forlorn hope. As the Supreme Court said in the Schechter case, "If the commerce clause were construed to reach all enterprises and transactions which could be said to have an indirect effect upon interstate commerce, the Federal authority would embrace practically all the activities of the people, and the authority of the State over its domestic concerns would exist only by sufferance from the Federal government."

Yet out of the whirling chaos of the Blue Eagle's feathers an idea emerges which is, or should be, crucial in the coming campaign—the United States of the modern industrial America.

Whose child is this idea? Once more the trail leads to Republican sources. It was Theodore, not Franklin, Roosevelt who, thirty-odd years ago, first proposed a "codification" of industry; and it was he who first saw that, under codes, basic industries should be self-governed. "Methods can be readily devised," he wrote, "by which corporations sincerely desiring to act fairly and honestly can, *on their own initiative, come under this thoroughgoing administrative control by the Government,* and thereby be free from the working of the Anti-Trust law."

What that means was first exemplified under a Republican administration in the year before Franklin Roosevelt was elected—an object lesson in the creation of united industrial States.

IV

During the six-year period, 1926–31, which included the great boom, the cotton-textile industry suffered a net loss of $77,000,000, and in the last two years it lost $156,000,000 or 14 per cent of the capital invested. The chief cause of this loss was insensate overproduction and cutting of prices; and one of the sad results was a sweating of labor, including women. The crux of overproduction lay in long hours and the night shift—two daily shifts of 55 and 50 hours a week. The Cotton-Textile Institute proposed a general agreement within the industry against night work for women and children. Plainly dictated by humanity, this would make the night shift economically impossible by increasing its labor cost, the wages of men being considerably higher. With a 40-hour shift it would be possible, when the demand warranted, to run two daytime shifts; but a tendency toward three shifts, already menacing, would be thwarted. Mills in centers where labor is abundant might suffer a seeming loss by being barred at the peak of demand from 24-hour operation; but they would be amply repaid by the resulting stabilization of prices. The weaker units would profit likewise, and would also receive the overflow of orders—a sort of automatic prorating. And while prices were stabilized there would be no price-fixing, all mills competing as usual.

This was of course flatly in violation of the Sherman Act. If suit were brought it would land all who overtly bound themselves to it in Atlanta jail. The terms were never reduced to writing or at least never signed. But the plan is said to have received the tacit approval of the Hoover administration, and some 85 per cent or 90 per cent of the industry entered into a gentlemen's agreement. The term is precise. There was no question of unwarrantable profits. If any one stood to gain unduly, it was the smaller and weaker mills. Technically "in restraint of trade," the real object was to rescue a great industry and to protect hundreds of thousands of men and women eager to work from the horrors of unemployment.

What happened was that the ten or fifteen per cent of the industry that refused the agreement exercised their constitutional right of local self-government to sweat labor and cut prices, and left the gentlemen holding the bag. Is further evidence required that, without a national authority capable of sanctioning and enforcing such agreements, the most enlightened self-government of industry is not possible? In every walk of life there will always be a minority of mavericks and some means must be at hand for corralling and branding them.

Whatever the case with the new President, Hugh Johnson's experience of old on the War Industries Board made him keenly alive to present opportunities. At least for the time being he persuaded Mr. Roosevelt, who in one of his earliest radio talks from the White House cited the cotton-textile object lesson.

Under the Blue Eagle it was the work of very few and very joyous days for the Cotton-Textile Institute to put on paper and sign its code. The other great industries still boggled at government in business. But to those who are familiar with the inward working of the codes one thing became increasingly evident. In many or most of our great industries, as distinguished from purely local pants-pressing and permanent-waving, responsible leaders welcomed national control no less than industrial self-government. Where there is question of conserving natural resources, as in coal and oil, the need is vital and insistent.

Morally and indeed politically, the opportunity is no less inviting. Men who were once mere union or company executives find themselves national figures, industrial statesmen with a vast field of fame and service hitherto un-

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dreamed of. The control of their affairs is no longer conditioned by personal and partisan vote-catching. Congress writes the basic law, the enabling act, and the executive department puts it into effect; but, in labor and management alike, the men who have created American industries, the very vitals of the modern nation, are free as never before to organize and administer them. "Government in business"—yes; but also business in business!

Alas for Washington, who went to dine at the Hills when mechanistic genius was ebullient on the river! But what shall one say of a party that renounces the ship of our modern progress which they themselves first conceived and have stoked for a full generation? I speak as a lifelong Republican: Are we impressed when they bid us return to the normalcy of Harding, to the boomtimes of Coolidge and to the rugged individualism of Hoover? Do they expect us to think them sincere when they exalt the horn of State sovereignty, a doctrine always largely false and now discarded by the party that, no slang being intended, fell for it throughout the nineteenth century?

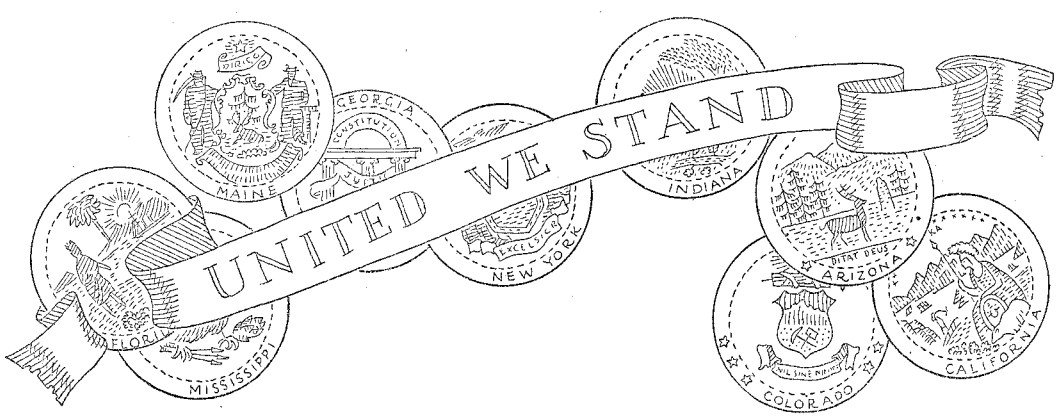
It is something more than possible that, once again, the Administration is bent upon stealing the Republican thunder. Mr. Roosevelt does not say so —perhaps is not himself quite conscious of the workings of his curiously instinctive yet supersubtle and devious mind. But the facts are plain. Under the impact of the poultry decision, far from bowing to the Supreme Court, he asked Congress to challenge it, pressing forward with a series of measures, favorable to labor and the unemployed—"however reasonable" its doubts as to their constitutionality. In the eyes of the Old Guard, this can only mean that he is renewing his pre-election onslaught on the Court, endeavoring to bring it into popular disrepute as an obstacle to justice and to progress, and thus commend himself to the followers of Father Coughlin and the late Huey Long. They may be right. But the fact remains that such measures as the Wagner labor bill and the Guffey coal bill aim to remedy obvious abuses of long standing. Could he find a better method if he were bent rather upon dramatizing the shortcomings of the Constitution with regard to modern industry in order to make them comprehensible to the people? That, and perhaps only that, would pave the way for a ten-word amendment giving Congress the same power over industries affected with a national interest which it has always exercised over interstate commerce. We have much to learn of the near future.

V

Our present business is more humble. It is to realize that the major codes, far from being the spawn of Bolshevism or Fascism, have sprung from our own needs, from the inescapable pressure of events—a native and spontaneous growth under our Constitution and in full accord with its spirit. Especially it is our business to realize their bearing upon our present danger of radicalism —a radicalism also indigenous.

The ghosts of Greenbacker and Populist and Silverite are abroad in the land and nightly ride the air. Thanks to the prevailing lack of perspective on the recent past, strange distortions of truth are current. "The birth certificate of the NRA," cries Father Coughlin, "shows that it was conceived by the United States Chamber of Commerce." What follows is still blacker falsehood. The men who control industrial self-government, "get their money from the crimsoned hands of Wall Street, crimsoned with the blood of industrial martyrs." Meanwhile people everywhere are coming to realize how rich we are potentially and how closely at hand are all the materials of the good life. It is not in human nature that twenty million Americans, able and eager to work, should acquiesce in poverty-stricken dependence on a dole which itself is on the brink of exhaustion. Huey Long was a master logician! Possessing all riches, why not pass it round?

Those who are looking for a way back to sanity out of the present maelstrom of ideas may well ask themselves three questions. Is not some degree of national planning indispensable if we are to emerge from the depression and avoid the like in future? Can it not best be achieved through the self-government of basic industries under national control? And if, modern and constructive plans failing, we lapse into the pre-1929 concept of *laissez faire*, with its recurrence of ever-deepening depressions, is there any future for our historic freedom to work and to earn—which is commonly called capitalism?



Next month: "Human Rights and the Constitution" by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS. *The first of a series of articles on the fundamental issue of the day by the eminent historian, author of "The March of Democracy"*

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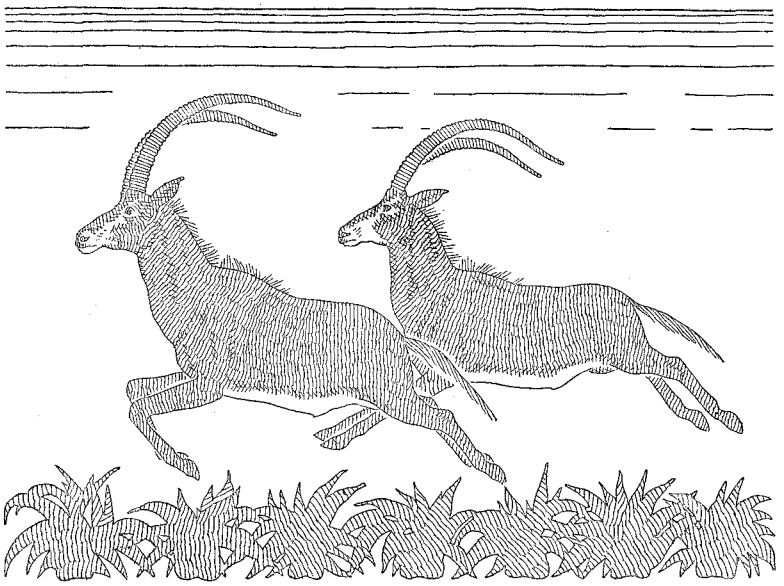

GREEN HILLS

CONCLUDING CHAPTERS OF THE

By Ernest

PART VII · *The End of*

CHAPTER XIII

I DO not remember going to bed nor getting up, only being by the fire in the gray before daylight with a tin cup of hot tea in my hand and my breakfast, on the stick, not looking nearly so admirable and very overblown with ashes. The Roman was standing making an oration with gestures in the direction where the light was beginning to show and I remember wondering if the bastard had talked all night.

The head skins were all spread and neatly salted and the skulls with the horns were leaning against the log and stick house. M'Cola was folding the head skins. Kamau brought me the tins and I told him to open one of fruit. It was cold from the night and the mixed fruit and the cold syrupy juice sucked down smoothly. I drank another cup of tea, went to the tent, dressed, put on my dry boots and we were ready to start. The Roman had said we would be back before lunch.

We had the Roman's brother as guide. The Roman was going, as near as I could make out, to spy on one of the herds of sable and we were going to locate the other. We started out with the brother ahead, wearing a toga and carrying a spear, then me with the Springfield slung and my small Zeiss glasses in my pocket, then M'Cola with Pop's glasses, slung on one side, water canteen on the other, skinning knife, whetstone, extra box of cartridges, and cakes of chocolates in his pockets, and the big gun over his shoulder, then the old man with the Graflex, Garrick with the movie camera, and the Wanderobo-Masai with a spear and bow and arrows.

We said good-bye to the Roman and started out of the thorn-bush fence just as the sun came through the gap in the hills and shone on the cornfield, the huts and the blue hills beyond. It promised to be a fine clear day.

The brother led the way through some heavy brush that soaked us all; then through the open forest, then steeply uphill until we were well up on the slope that rose behind the edge of the field where we were camped. Then we were on a good, smooth trail that graded back into these hills above which the sun had not yet risen. I was enjoying the early morning, still a little sleepy, going along a little mechanically and starting to think that we were a very big outfit to hunt quietly, although every one seemed to move quietly enough, when we saw two people coming toward us.

They were a tall, good-looking man with features like the Roman's, but slightly less noble, wearing a toga and carrying a bow and quiver of arrows, and behind him, his wife, very pretty, very modest, very wifely, wearing a garment of brown tanned skins and neck ornament of concentric copper wire circles and many wire circles on her arms and ankles. We halted, said "Jambo," and the brother talked to this seeming tribesman who had the air of a business man on the way downtown to his office and, as they spoke in rapid question and answer, I watched the most freshly brideful wife who stood a little in profile so that I saw her pretty pear-shaped breasts and the long, clean niggery legs and was studying her pleasant profile most profitably until her husband spoke to her suddenly and sharply, then in explanation and quiet command, and she moved around

us, her eyes down, and went on along the trail that we had come, alone, we all watching her. The husband was going on with us, it seemed. He had seen the sable that morning and, slightly suspicious, obviously displeased at leaving that now-out-of-sight wife of wives that we all had taken with our eyes, he led us off and to the right along another trail, well-worn and smooth, through woods that looked like fall at home and where you might expect to flush a grouse and have him whirr off to the other hill or pitch down in the valley.

So, sure enough we put up partridges

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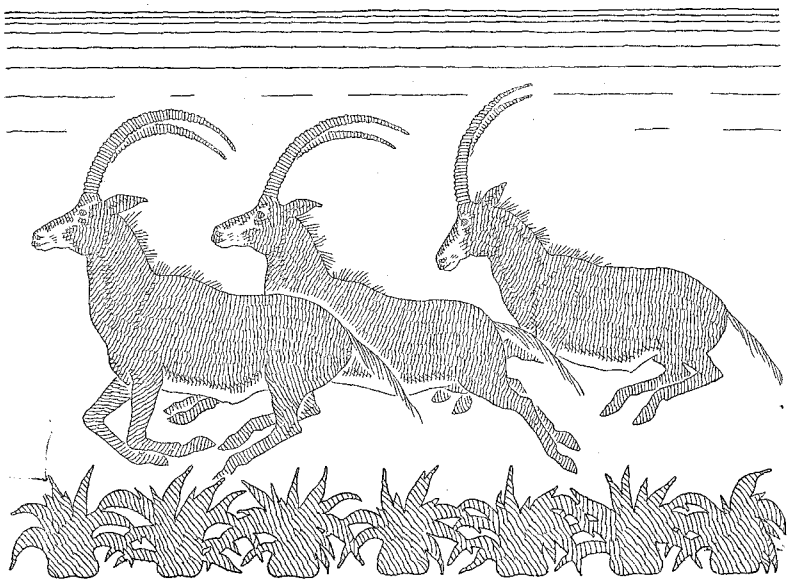
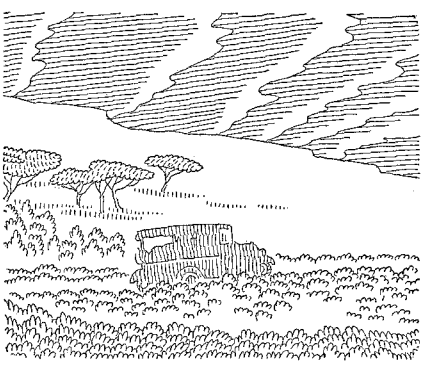


OF AFRICA

GREAT HUNTING ADVENTURE

Hemingway

Pursuit as Happiness



and, watching them fly, I was thinking all the country in the world is the same country and all hunters are the same people. Then we saw a fresh kudu track beside the trail and then, as we moved through the early morning woods, no undergrowth now, the first sun coming through the tops of the trees, we came on the ever miracle of elephant tracks, each one as big around as the circle you make with your arms putting your hands together, and sunk a foot deep in the loam of the forest floor, where some bull had passed, travelling after rain. Looking at the way the tracks graded down through the pleasant forest I thought that we had the mammoths too, a long time ago, and when they travelled through the hills in southern Illinois they made these same tracks. It was just that we were an older country in America and the biggest game was gone.

We kept along the face of this hill on a pleasant sort of jutting plateau and then came out to the edge of the hill where there was a valley and a long open meadow with timber on the far side and a circle of hills at its upper end where another valley went off to the left. We stood in the edge of the timber on the face of this hill looking across the meadow valley which extended to the open out in a steep sort of grassy basin at the upper end where it was backed by the hills. To our left there were steep, rounded, wooded hills, with outcroppings of limestone rock that ran, from where we stood, up to the very head of the valley and there formed part of the other range of hills that headed it. Below us, to the right, the country was rough and broken in hills and stretches of meadow and then a steep fall of timber that ran to the blue hills we had seen to the westward beyond the huts where the Roman and his family lived. I judged camp to be straight down below us and about five miles to the northwest through the timber.

The husband was standing, talking to the brother and gesturing and pointing out that he had seen the sable feeding on the opposite side of the meadow valley and that they must have fed either up or down the valley. We sat in the shelter of the trees and sent the Wanderobo-Masai down into the valley to look for tracks. He came back and reported there were no tracks leading down the valley below us and to the westward, so we knew they had fed on up the meadow valley.

Now the problem was to so use the terrain that we might locate them, and get up and into range of them without being seen. The sun was coming over the hills at the head of the valley and shone on us while everything at the head of the valley was in heavy shadow. I told the outfit to stay where they were in the woods, except for M'Cola and the husband who would go with me, we keeping in the timber and grading up our side of the valley until we could be above and see into the pocket of the curve at the upper end to glass it for the sable.

You ask how this was discussed, worked out, and understood with the bar of language, and I say it was as freely discussed and clearly understood as though we were a cavalry patrol all speaking the same language. We were all hunters except, possibly, Garrick, and the whole thing could be worked out, understood, and agreed to without using anything but a forefinger to signal and a hand to caution. We left them and worked very carefully ahead, well back in the timber to get height. Then, when we were far enough up and along, we crawled out onto a rocky place and, being behind rock, shielding the glasses with my hat so they would not reflect the sun, M'Cola nodding and grunting as he saw the practicability of that, we glassed the opposite side of the meadow around the edge of the timber, and up into the pocket at the head of the valley; and there they were. M'Cola saw them just before I did and pulled my sleeve.

"N'Dio," I said. Then held my breath to watch them. All looked very

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black, big necked, and heavy. All had the back-curving horns. They were a long way away. Some were lying down. One was standing. We could see seven.

"Where's the bull?" I whispered.

McCola motioned with his left hand and counted four fingers. It was one of those lying down in the tall grass and the animal did look much bigger and the horns much more sweeping. But we were looking into the morning sun and it was hard to see well. Behind them a sort of gully ran up into the hill that blocked the end of the valley.

Now we knew what we had to do. We must go back, cross the meadow far enough down so we were out of sight, get into the timber on the far side and work along through the timber to get above the sable. First we must try to make sure there were no more of them in the timber or the meadow that we must work through before we made our stalk.

I wet my finger and put it up. From the cool side it seemed as though the breeze came down the valley. M'Cola took some dead leaves and crumpled them and tossed them up. They fell a little toward us. The wind was all right and now we must glass the edge of the timber and check on it.

"Hapana," M'Cola said finally. I had seen nothing either and my eyes ached from the pull of the eight-power glasses. We could take a chance on the timber. We might jump something and spook the sable but we had to take that chance to get around and above them.

We made our way back and down and told the others. From where they were we could cross the valley out of sight of its upper end and bending low, me with my hat off, we headed down in the high meadow grass and across the deeply cut watercourse that ran down through the center of the meadow, across its rocky shelf, and up the grassy bank on the other side, keeping under the edge of a fold of the valley into the shelter of the woods. Then we headed up through the woods, crouched, in single file, to try to get above the sable.

We went forward making as good time as we could and still move quietly. I had made too many stalks on the big horn sheep only to find them fed away and out of sight when you came round the shoulder of the mountain to trust these sable to stay where they were and, since once we were in the timber we could no longer see them, I thought it was important that we come up above them as fast as we could without getting me too blown and shaky for the shooting.

M'Cola's water bottle made a noise against the cartridges in his pocket and I stopped and had him pass it to the Wanderobo-Masai. It seemed too many people to be hunting with, but they all moved quietly as snakes, and I was over-confident anyway. I was sure the sable could not see us in the forest, nor wind us.

Finally I was certain we were above them and that they must be ahead of us, and past where the sun was shining in a thinning of the forest, and below us, under the edge of the hill. I checked on the aperture in the sight being clean, cleaned my glasses and wiped the sweat from my forehead remembering to put the used handkerchief in my left pocket so I would not fog my glasses wiping them with it again. M'Cola and I and the husband started to work our way to the edge of the timber; finally crawling almost to the edge of the ridge. There were still some trees between us and the open meadow below and we were behind a small bush and a fallen tree when, raising our heads, we could see them in the grassy open, about three hundred yards away, showing big and very dark in the shadow. Between us was scattered open timber full of sunlight and the openness of the gulch. As we watched two got to their feet and seemed to be standing looking at us. The shot was possible but it was too bloody long to be certain and as I lay, watching, I felt somebody touch me on the arm and Garrick, who had crawled up, whispered throatily, "Piga! Piga, B'wana! Doumi! Doumi!" saying to shoot, that it was a bull. I glanced back and there were the whole outfit on their bellies or hands and knees, the Wanderobo-Masai shaking like a bird dog. I was furious and motioned them all down.

So that was a bull, eh, well there was a much bigger bull that M'Cola and I had seen lying down. The two sable were watching us and I dropped my head, I thought they might be getting a flash from my glasses. When I looked up again, very slowly, I shaded my eyes with my hand. The two sable had stopped looking and were feeding. But one looked up again nervously and I saw the dark, heavy-built antelope with scimitar-like horns swung back staring at us.

I had never seen a sable. I knew nothing about them, neither whether their eyesight was keen, like a ram who sees you at whatever distance you see him, or like a bull elk who cannot see you at two hundred yards unless you move. I was not sure of their size either, but I judged the range to be all of three hundred yards. I knew I could hit one if I shot from a sitting position or prone, but I could not say where I would hit him.

Then Garrick again, "Piga, B'wana, Piga!" I turned on him as though to slug him in the mouth. It would have been a great comfort to do it. I truly was not nervous when I first saw the sable, but Garrick was making me nervous.

"Far," I whispered to M'Cola who had crawled up and was lying by me.

"Yes."

"Shoot?"

"No. Glasses."

We both watched, using the glasses guardedly. I could only see four. There had been seven. If that was a bull that Garrick pointed out, then they were all bulls. They all looked the same color in the shadow. Their horns all looked big to me. I knew that with mountain sheep the rams all kept together in bunches until late in the winter when they went with the ewes; that in the late summer you found bull elk in bunches too, before the rutting season, and that later they herded up together again. We had seen as many as twenty impalla rams together up on the Serenea. All right, then, they could all be bulls, but I wanted a good one, the best one, and I tried to remember having read something about them but all I could remember was a silly story of some man seeing the same bull every morning in the same place and never getting up on him. All I could remember was the wonderful pair of horns we had seen in the Game Warden's office in Arusha. And here were sable now, and I must play it right and get the best one. It never occurred to me that Garrick had never seen a sable and that he knew no more about them than M'Cola or I.

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"Too far," I said to M'Cola.

"Yes."

"Come on," I said, then waved the others down, and we started crawling up to reach the edge of the hill.

Finally we lay behind a tree and I looked around it. Now we could see their horns clearly with the glasses and could see the other three. One, lying down, was certainly much the biggest and the horns, as I caught them in silhouette, seemed to curve much higher and farther back. I was studying them, too excited to be happy as I watched them, when I heard M'Cola whisper "B'wana."

I lowered the glasses and looked and there was Garrick, taking no advantage of the cover, crawling on his hands and knees out to join us. I put my hand out, palm toward him, and waved him down but he paid no attention and came crawling on, as conspicuous as a man walking down a city street on hands and knees. I saw one sable looking toward us, toward him rather. Then three more got to their feet. Then the big one got up and stood broadside with head turned toward us as Garrick came up whispering, "Piga, B'wana! Piga! Doumi! Doumi! Kuba Sana."

There was no choice now. They were definitely spooked and I lay out flat on my belly, put my arm through the sling, got my elbows settled and my right toe pushing the ground and squeezed off on the center of the bull's shoulder. But at the roar I knew it was bad. I was over him. They all jumped and stood looking, not knowing where the noise came from. I shot again at the bull and threw dirt all over him and they were off. I was on my feet and hit him as he ran and he was down. Then he was up and I hit him again and he took it and was in the bunch. They passed him and I shot and was behind him. Then I hit him again and he was trailing slowly and I knew I had him. M'Cola was handing me cartridges and I was shoving shells down in the damned-to-hell, lousy, staggered, Springfield magazine watching the sable making heavy weather of it crossing the watercourse. We had him all right. I could see he was very sick. The others were trailing up into the timber. In the sunlight on the other side they looked much lighter and the one I'd shot looked lighter, too.

They looked a dark chestnut and the one I had shot was almost black. But he was not black and I felt there was something wrong. I shoved the last shell in and Garrick was trying to grab my hand to congratulate me when, below us across the open space where the gully that we did not see opened onto the head of a valley, sable started to pass at a running stampede.

"Good God," I thought. They all looked like the one I had shot and I was trying to pick a big one. They all looked about the same and they were crowding running and then came the bull. Even in the shadow he was a dead black and shiny as he hit the sun, and his horns swept up high, then back, huge and dark, in two great curves nearly touching the middle of his back. He was a bull all right. God, what a bull.

"Doumi," said M'Cola in my ear. "Doumi!"

I hit him and at the roar he was down. I saw him up, the others passing, spreading out, then bunching. I missed him. Then I saw him going almost straight away up the valley in the tall grass and I hit him again and he went out of sight. The sable now were going up the hill at the head of the valley, up the hill at our right, up the hill in the timber across the valley, spread out and travelling fast. Now that I had seen a bull I knew they all were cows including the first one I had shot. The bull never showed and I was absolutely sure that we would find him where I had seen him go down in the long grass.

The outfit were all up and I shook off handshaking and thumb pulling before we started down through the trees and over the edge of the gully and to the meadow on a dead run. My eyes, my mind, and all inside of me were full of the blackness of that sable bull and the sweep of those horns and I was thanking God I had the rifle reloaded before he came out. But it was excited shooting, all of it, and I was not proud of it. I had gotten excited and shot at the whole animal instead of the right place and I was ashamed; but the outfit now were drunk excited. I would have walked but you could not hold them, they were like a pack of dogs as we ran. As we crossed the meadow opening where we had first seen the seven and went beyond where the bull had gone out of sight, the grass suddenly was high and over our heads and every one slowed down. There were two washed-out concealed ravines ten or twelve feet deep that ran down to the watercourse and what had looked a smooth grass-filled basin was very broken, tricky country with grass that was from waist-high to well above our heads. We found blood at once and it led off to the left, across the watercourse and up the hillside on the left toward the head of the valley. I thought that was the first sable but it seemed a wider swing than he had seemed to make when we watched him going from above in the timber. I made a circle to look for the big bull but I could not pick his track from the mass of tracks and in the high grass and the broken terrain it was difficult to figure just where he had gone.

They were all for the blood spoor and it was like trying to make badly-trained bird dogs hunt a dead bird when they are crazy to be off after the rest of the covey.

"Doumi! Doumi!" I said. "Kuba Sana! The bull. The big bull."

"Yes," everybody agreed. "Here! Here!" The blood spoor that crossed the watercourse.

Finally I took that trail thinking we must get them one at a time, and knowing this one was hard hit and the other would keep. Then, too, I might be wrong and this might be the big bull, he might possibly have turned in the high grass and crossed here as we were running down. I had been wrong before, I remembered.

We trailed fast up the hillside, into the timber, the blood was splashed freely; made a turn toward the right, climbing steeply, and at the head of the valley in some large rocks jumped a sable. It went scrambling and bounding off through the rocks. I saw in an

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instant that it was not hit and knew that, in spite of the back-swung dark horns, it was a cow from the dark chestnut color. But I saw this just in time to keep from shooting. I had started to pull when I lowered the rifle.

"Manamouki," I said. "It's a cow."

M'Cola and the two Roman guides agreed. I had very nearly shot. We went on perhaps five yards and another sable jumped. But this one was swaying its head wildly and could not clear the rocks. It was hit hard and I took my time, shot carefully and broke its neck.

We came up to it, lying in the rocks, a large, deep chestnut-brown animal, almost black, the horns black and curving handsomely back, there was a white patch on the muzzle and back from the eye, there was a white belly; but it was no bull.

M'Cola, still in doubt, verified this and feeling of the short, rudimentary teats said "Manamouki," and shook his head sadly.

It was the first big bull that Garrick had pointed out.

"Bull down there," I pointed.

"Yes," said M'Cola.

I thought that we would give him time to get sick, if he were only wounded, and then go down and find him. So I had M'Cola make the cuts for taking off the head skin and we would leave the old man to skin out the head while we went down after the bull.

I drank some water from the canteen. I was thirsty after the run and the climb and the sun was up now and it was getting hot. Then we went down the opposite side of the valley from that we had just come up trailing the wounded cow, and below, in the tall grass, casting in circles, commenced to hunt for the trail of the bull. We could not find it.

The sable had been running in a bunch as they came out and any individual track was confused or obliterated. We found some blood on the grass stems where I had first hit him, then lost it, then found it again where the other blood spoor turned off. Then the tracks had all split up as they had gone, fan-wise, up the valley and the hills and we could not find it again. Finally I found blood on a grass blade about fifty yards up the valley and I plucked it and held it up. This was a mistake. I should have brought them to it. Already every one but M'Cola was losing faith in the bull.

He was not there. He had disappeared. He had vanished. Perhaps he had never existed. Who could say he was a real bull? If I had not plucked the grass with the blood on it I might have held them. Growing there with blood on it, it was evidence. Plucked, it meant nothing except to me and to M'Cola. But I could find no more blood and they were all hunting half-heartedly now. The only possible way was to quarter every foot of the high grass and trace every foot of the gullies. It was very hot now and they were only making a pretense of hunting.

Garrick came up. "All cows," he said. "No bull. Just biggest cow. You killed biggest cow. We found her. Smaller cow get away."

"You wind-blown son of a bitch," I said, then, using my fingers, "Listen. Seven cows. Then fifteen cows and one bull. Bull hit. Here."

"All cows," said Garrick.

"One big cow hit. One bull hit."

I was so sure-sounding that they agreed to this and searched for a while but I could see they were losing belief in the bull.

"If I had one good dog," I thought. "Just one good dog."

Then Garrick came up. "All cows," he said. "Very big cows."

"You're a cow," I said. "Very big cow."

This got a laugh from the Wanderobo-Masai, who was getting to look a picture of sick misery. The brother half believed in the bull, I could see. Husband, by now, did not believe in any of us. I didn't think he even believed in the kudu of the night before. Well, after this shooting, I did not blame him.

M'Cola came up. "Hapana," he said glumly. Then, "B'mana, you shot that bull?"

"Yes," I said. For a minute I began to doubt whether there ever was a bull. Then I saw again his heavy, high-withered blackness and the high rise of his horns before they swept back, him running with the bunch, shoulder higher than them and black as hell and as I saw it, M'Cola saw it again too through the rising mist of the savage's unbelief in what he can no longer see.

"Yes," M'Cola agreed. "I see him. You shoot him."

I told it again. "Seven cows. Shoot biggest. Fifteen cows, one bull. Hit that bull."

They all believed it now for a moment and circled, searching, but the faith died at once in the heat of the sun and the tall grass blowing.

"All cows," Garrick said. The Wanderbo-Masai nodded, his mouth open. I could feel the comfortable lack of faith coming over me too. It was a damned sight easier not to hunt in that sun in that shadeless pocket and in the sun on that steep hillside. I told M'Cola we would hunt up the valley on both sides, finish skinning out the head, and he and I would come down alone and find the bull. You could not hunt them against that unbelief. I had had no chance to train them; no power to discipline. If there had been no law I would have shot Garrick and they would all have hunted or cleared out. I think they would have hunted. Garrick was not popular. He was simply poison.

M'Cola and I came back down the valley, quartered it like bird dogs, circled and followed and checked track after track. I was hot and very thirsty. The sun was something serious by now.

"Hapana," M'Cola said. We could not find him. Whatever he was, we had lost him.

"Maybe he was a cow. Maybe it was all goofy," I thought, letting the unbelief come in as a comfort. We were going to hunt up the side hill to the right and then we would have checked it all and would take the cow head into camp and see what the Roman had located. I was dead thirsty and drained the canteen. We would get water in camp.

We started up the hill and I jumped a sable in some brush. I almost loosed off at it before I saw it was a cow. That showed how one could be hidden, I thought. We would have to get the men and go over it all again; and then, from the old man, came a wild shouting.

"Doumi! Doumi!" in a high, screaming shout.

"Where?" I shouted, running across the hill toward him.

"There! There!" he shouted, pointing into the timber on the other side of the head of the valley. "There! There! There he goes! There!"

We came on a dead run but the bull was out of sight in the timber on the hillside. The old man said he was huge,

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he was black, he had great horns, and he came by him ten yards away, hit in two places, in the gut and high up in the rump, hard hit but going fast, crossing the valley, through the boulders and going up the hillside.

I gut-shot him, I thought. Then as he was going away I laid that one on his stern. He lay down and was sick and we missed him. Then, when we were past, he jumped.

"Come on," I said. Every one was excited and ready to go now and the old man was chattering about the bull as he folded the head skin and put the head up on his own head and we started across through the rocks and up, quartering up onto the hillside. There, where the old man had pointed, was a very big sable track, the hoof marks spread wide, the tracks grading up into the timber and there was blood, plenty of it.

We trailed him fast, hoping to jump him and have a shot, and it was easy trailing in the shade of the trees with plenty of blood to follow. But he kept climbing, grading up around the hill, and he was travelling fast. We kept the blood bright and wet but we could not come up on him. I did not track but kept watching ahead thinking I might see him as he looked back, or see him down, or cutting down across the hill through the timber, and M'Cola and Garrick were tracking, aided by every one but the old man who staggered along with the sable skull and head skin held on his own gray head. M'Cola had hung the empty water bottle on him, and Garrick had loaded him with the cinema camera. It was hard going for the old man.

Once we came on a place where the bull had rested and watched his back track, there was a little pool of blood on a rock where he had stood, behind some bushes, and I cursed the wind that blew our scent on ahead of us. There was a big breeze blowing now and I was certain we had no chance of surprising him, our scent would keep everything moving out of the way ahead of us as long as anything could move. I thought of trying to circle ahead with M'Cola and let them track but we were moving fast, the blood was still bright on the stones and on the fallen leaves and grass and the hills were too steep for us to make a circle. I did not see how we could lose him.

Then he took us up and into a rocky, ravine-cut country where the trailing was slow and the climbing difficult. Here, I thought, we would jump him in a gully but the spatters of blood, not so bright now, went on around the boulders, over the rocks and up and up and left us on a rim-rock ledge. He must have gone down from there. It was too steep above for him to have gone over the top of the hill. There was no other way to go but down, but how had he gone, and down which ravine? I sent them looking down three possible ways and got out on the rim to try to sight him. They could not find any spoor, and then the Wanderobo-Masai called from below and to the right that he had blood and, climbing down, we saw it on a rock and then followed it in occasional drying splatters down through a steep descent to the meadow below. I was encouraged when he started down hill and in the knee-high, heavy grass of the meadow trailing was easy again, because the grass brushed against his belly and while you could not see tracks clearly without stooping double and parting the grass to look, yet the blood spoor was plain on the grass blades. But it was dry now and dully shiny and I knew we had lost much time on him when he rim-rocked us on the hill.

Finally his trail crossed the dry watercourse about where we had first come in sight of the meadow in the morning and led away into the sloping, sparsely-wooded country on the far side. There were no clouds and I could feel the sun now, not just as heat but as a heavy deadly weight on my head and I was very thirsty. It was very hot but it was not the heat that bothered. It was the weight of the sun.

Garrick had given up tracking seriously and was only contributing theatrical successes of discovering blood when M'Cola and I were checked. He would do no routine tracking any more, but would rest and then track in irritating spurts. The Wanderobo-Masai was useless as a blue-jay and I had M'Cola give him the big rifle to carry so that we would get some use out of him. The Roman's brother was obviously not a hunter and the husband was not very interested. He did not seem to be a hunter either. As we trailed, slowly, the ground, hard now as the sun had baked it, the blood only black spots and splatters on the short grass, one by one the brother, Garrick, and the Wanderobo-Masai dropped out and sat in the shade of the scattered trees.

The sun was terrific and as it was necessary to track with heads bent down and stooping, in spite of a handkerchief spread over my neck I had a pounding ache in my head.

M'Cola was tracking slowly, steadily, and absolutely absorbed in the problem. His bare, bald head gleamed with sweat and when it ran down in his eyes he would pluck a grass stem, hold it with each hand and shave the sweat off his forehead and bald black crown with the stem.

We went on slowly. I had always sworn to Pop that I could out-track M'Cola but I realized now that in the past I had been giving a sort of Garrick performance in picking up the spoor when it was lost and that in straight, steady trailing, now in the heat, with the sun really bad, truly bad so that you could feel what it was doing to your head, cooking it to hell, trailing in short grass on hard ground where a blood spot was a dry, black blister on a grass blade, difficult to see; that you must find the next little black spot perhaps twenty yards away, one holding the last blood while the other found the next, then going on, one on each side of the trail; pointing with a grass stem at the spots to save talking, until it ran out again and you marked the last blood with your eye and both made casts to pick it up again, signalling with a hand up, my mouth too dry to talk, a heat shimmer over the ground now when you straightened up and let your neck stop aching and looked ahead, I knew M'Cola was immeasurably the better man and the better tracker. Have to tell Pop, I thought.

At this point M'Cola made a joke. My mouth was so dry that it was hard to talk.

"B'wana," M'Cola said, looking at me when I had straightened up and was leaning my neck back to get the crick out of it.

"Yes?"

"Whiskey?" and he offered me the flask.

"You bastard," I said in English and he chuckled and shook his head.

"Hapana whiskey?"

"You savage," I said in Swahili.

We started tracking again, M'Cola

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shaking his head and very amused, and in a little while the grass was longer and it was easier again. We crossed all that semi-open country we had seen from the hillside in the morning and going down a slope the tracks swung back into high grass. In this higher grass I found that by half shutting my eyes I could see his trail where he had shouldered through the grass and I went ahead fast without trailing by the blood, to M'Cola's amazement, but then we came out on very short grass and rock again and now the trailing was the hardest yet.

He was not bleeding much now; the sun and the heat must have dried the wounds and we found only an occasional small starry splatter on the rocky ground.

Garrick came up and made a couple of brilliant discoveries of blood spots, then sat down under a tree. Under another tree I could see the poor old Wanderobo-Masai holding his first and last job as a gun bearer. Under another was the old man, the sable head beside him like some black-mass symbol, his equipment hanging from his shoulders. M'Cola and I went on trailing very slowly and laboriously across the long stony slope and back and up into another tree-scattered meadow, and through it, and into a long field with piled up boulders at the end. In the middle of this field we lost the trail completely and circled and hunted for nearly two hours before we found blood again.

The old man found it for us below the boulders and to the right a half a mile away. He had gone ahead down there on his own idea of what the bull would have done. The old man was a hunter.

Then we trailed him very slowly, onto hard stony ground a mile away. But we could not trail from there. The ground was too hard to leave a track and we never found blood again. Then we hunted on our various theories of where the bull would go, but the country was too big and we had no luck.

"No good," M'Cola said.

I straightened up and went over to the shade of a big tree. It felt cool as water and the breeze cooled my skin through the wet shirt. I was thinking about the bull and wishing to God I had never hit him. Now I had wounded him and lost him. I believe he kept right on travelling and went out of

that country. He never showed any tendency to circle back. Tonight he would die and the hyenas would eat him, or, worse, they would get him before he died, hamstringing him and pulling his guts out while he was alive. The first one that hit that blood spoor would stay with it until he found him. Then he would call up the others. I felt a son of a bitch to have hit him and not killed him. I did not mind killing anything, any animal, if I killed it cleanly, they all had to die and my interference with the nightly and the seasonal killing that went on all the time was very minute and I had no guilty feeling at all. We ate the meat and kept the hides and horns. But I felt rotten sick over this sable bull. Besides, I wanted him. I wanted him damned badly, I wanted him more than I would admit. Well, we had played our string out with him. Our chance was at the start when he was down and we missed him. We had lost that. No, our best chance, the only chance a rifleman should ever ask, was when I had a shot and shot at the whole animal instead of calling the shot. It was my own lousy fault. I was a son of a bitch to have gut-shot him. It came from overconfidence in being able to do a thing and then omitting one of the steps in how it is done. Well, we had lost him. I doubted if there was a dog in the world could trail him now in that heat. Still that was the only chance. I got out the dictionary and asked the old man if there were any dogs at the Roman's place.

"No," said the old man. "Hapana."

We made a very wide circle and I sent the brother and the husband out in another circle. We found nothing, no trace, no tracks, no blood, and I told M'Cola we would start for camp. The Roman's brother and the husband went up the valley to get the meat of the sable cow we had shot. We were beaten.

M'Cola and I ahead, the others following, we went across the long heat haze of the open country, down to cross the dry watercourse, and up and into the grateful shade of the trail through the woods. As we were going along through the broken sunlight and shadow, the floor of the forest smooth and springy where we cut across to save distance from the trail, we saw, less than a hundred yards away, a herd of sable standing in the timber looking at us. I pulled back the bolt and looked for the best pair of horns.

"Doumi," Garrick whispered. "Doumi kuba sana!"

I looked where he pointed. It was a very big cow sable, dark chestnut, white marks on the face, white belly, heavy built and with a fine curving pair of horns. She was standing broadside to us with her head turned, looking. I looked carefully at the whole lot. They were all cows; evidently the bunch whose bull I had wounded and lost, and they had come over the hill and herded up again together here.

"We go to camp," I said to M'Cola.

As we started forward the sable jumped and ran past us, crossing the trail ahead. At every good pair of cow

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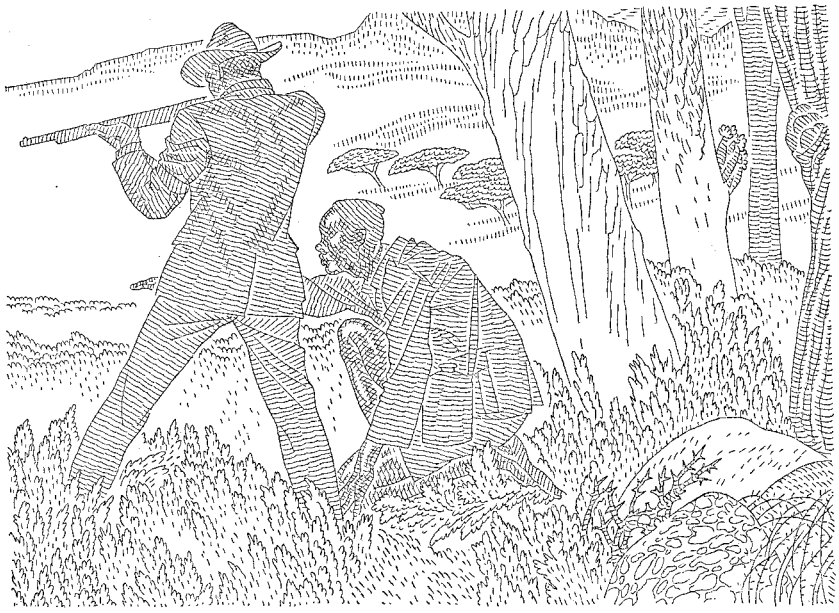

horns Garrick said, "Bull, B'wana. Big, big bull. Shoot, B'wana. Shoot, oh, shoot!"

"All cows," I said to M'Cola when they were past, running in a panic through the sun-splashed timber.

"Yes," he agreed.

"Old man," I said. The old man came up.

"Let the guide carry that," I said.

The old man lowered the cow sable head.

"No," said Garrick.

"Yes," I said. "Bloody well yes."

We went on through the woods toward camp. I was feeling better, much better. All through the day I had never thought once of the kudu. Now we were coming home to where they were waiting.

It seemed much longer coming home although, usually, the return over a new trail is shorter. I was tired all the way into my bones, my head felt cooked, and I was thirstier than I had ever been in my life. But suddenly, walking through the woods, it was much cooler. A cloud had come over the sun.

We came out of the timber and down onto the flat and in sight of the thorn fence. The sun was behind a bank of clouds now and then in a little while the sky was covered completely and the clouds looked heavy and threatening. I thought perhaps this had been the last clear hot day; unusual heat before the rains. First I thought: if it had only rained, so that the ground would hold a track we could have stayed with that bull forever; then, looking at the heavy, woolly clouds that so quickly had covered all the sky, I thought that if we were going to join the outfit, and get the car across that ten-mile stretch of black cotton road on the way to Handeni, we had better start. I pointed to the sky.

"Bad," M'Cola agreed.

"Go to the camp of B'wana M'Kuba?"

"Better." Then, vigorously, accepting the decision, "N'Dio. N'Dio."

"We go," I said.

Arrived at the thorn fence and the hut, we broke camp fast. There was a runner there from our last camp who had brought a note, written before P. O. M. and Pop had left, and bringing my mosquito net. There was nothing in the note, only good luck and that they were starting. I drank some water from one of our canvas bags, sat on a petrol tin and looked at the sky. I could not, conscientiously, chance staying. If it rained here we might not even be able to get out to the road. If it rained heavily on the road, we would never get out to the coast that season. Both the Austrian and Pop had said that. I had to go.

That was settled so there was no use to think how much I wanted to stay. The day's fatigue helped make the decision easy. Everything was being loaded into the car and they were all gathering up their meat from the sticks around the ashes of the fire.

"Don't you want eat, B'wana?" Kamau asked me.

"No," I said. Then in English, "Too bloody tired."

"Eat. You are hungry."

"Later, in the car."

M'Cola went by with a load, his big, flat face completely blank again. It only came alive about hunting or some joke. I found a tin cup by the fire and called to him to bring the whiskey, and the blank face cracked at the eyes and mouth into a smile as he took the flask out of his pocket.

"With water better," he said.

"You black Chinaman."

They were all working fast and the Roman's women came over and stood a little way away watching the carrying and the packing of the car. There were two of them, good-looking, well built, and shy, but interested. The Roman was not back yet. I felt very badly to go off like this with no explanation to him. I liked the Roman very much and had a high regard for him.

I took a drink of the whiskey and water and looked at the two pairs of kudu horns that leaned against the wall of the chicken coop hut. From the white, cleanly picked skulls the horns rose in slow spirals that spreading made a turn, another turn, and then curved delicately in to those smooth, ivory-like points. One pair was narrower and taller against the side of the hut. The other was almost as tall but wider in spread and heavier in beam. They were the color of black walnut meats and they were beautiful to see. I went over and stood the Springfield against the hut between them and the tips reached past the muzzle of the rifle. As Kamau came back from carrying a load to the car I told him to bring the camera and then had him stand beside them while I took a picture. Then he picked them up, each head a load, and carried them over to the car.

Garrick was talking loudly and in a roostery way to the Roman's women. As near as I could make out he was offering them the empty petrol boxes in exchange for a piece of something.

"Come here," I called to him. He came over still feeling smart.

"Listen," I told him in English. "If I get through this safari without socking you it's going to be a bloody marvel. And if I ever hit you I'll break your mucking jaw. That's all."

He did not understand the words but the tone made it clearer than if I had gotten something out of the dictionary to tell him. I stood up and motioned to

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the women that they could have the petrol tins and the cases. I was damned if I could not have anything to do with them if I would let Garrick make any passes.

"Get in the car," I told him. "No," as he started to make delivery of one of the petrol tins, "in the car." He went over to the car.

We were all packed now and ready to go. The horns were curling out the back of the car, tied onto the loads. I left some money for the Roman and one of the kudu hides with the boy. Then we got in the car. I got in the front seat with the Wanderobo-Masai. In back were M'Cola, Garrick, and the runner, who was a man from the old man's village by the road. The old man was crouched on top of the loads in back, close under the roof.

We waved and started, passing more of the Roman's household, the older and uglier part, roasting up piles of meat by a log fire beside the trail that came up from the river through the maize field. We made the crossing all right, the creek was down and the banks had dried and I looked back at the field, the Roman's huts, and the stockade where we had camped, and the blue hills, dark under the heavy sky, and I felt very badly not to have seen the Roman and explain why we had gone off like this.

Then we were going through the woods, following our trail and trying to make time to get out before dark. We had trouble, twice, at boggy places and Garrick seemed to be in a state of great hysteria, ordering people about when we were cutting brush and shovelling until I was certain I would have to hit him. He called for corporal punishment the way a showing-off child does for a spanking. Kamau and M'Cola were both laughing at him. He was playing the victorious leader home from the chase now. I thought it was really a shame that he could not have his ostrich plumes.

Once when we were stuck and I was shovelling and he was stooping over in a frenzy of advice and command-giving, I brought the handle of the shovel, with manifest un-intention, up hard into his belly, and he sat down backwards. I never looked toward him, and M'Cola, Kamau, and I could not look at each other for fear we would laugh.

"I am hurt," he said in astonishment, getting to his feet.

"Never get near a man shovelling," I said in English. "Damned dangerous."

"I am hurt," said Garrick holding his belly.

"Rub it," I told him and rubbed mine to show him how. We all got in the car again and I began to feel sorry for the poor, bloody, useless, theatrical bastard, so I told M'Cola I would drink a bottle of beer. He got one out from under the loads in back, we were going through the deer-park-looking country now, opened it, and I drank it slowly. I looked around and saw Garrick was all right now, letting his mouth run freely again. He rubbed his belly and seemed to be telling them what a hell of a man he was and how he had never felt it. I could feel the old man watching me from up under the roof as I drank the beer.

"Old man," I said.

"Yes, B'wana."

"A present," and I handed what was left in the bottle back. There wasn't much left but the foam and a very little beer.

"Beer?" asked M'Cola.

"By God, yes," I said. I was thinking about beer and in my mind was back to that year in the spring when we walked on the mountain road to the Bains de Alliez and the beer-drinking contest where we failed to win the calf and came home that night around the mountain with the moonlight on the fields of narcissus that grew on the meadows and how we were drunk and talked about how you would describe that light on that paleness, and the brown beer sitting at the wood tables under the wisteria vine at Aigle when we came in across the Rhone Valley from fishing the Stockalper with the horse chestnut trees in bloom and Chink and I again discussing writing and whether you could call them waxen candelabra. God, what bloody literary discussions we had; we were literary as hell then just after the war, and later there was the good beer at Lipp's at midnight after Mascart-Ledoux at the Cirque de Paris or Routis-Ledoux, or after any other great fight where you lost your voice and were still too excited to turn in; but beer was mostly those years just after the war with Chink and in the mountains. Flags for the Fusilier, crags for the Mountaineer, for English poets beer, strong beer for me. That was Chink quoting Robert Grave's then. We outgrew some countries and we went to others but beer was still a bloody marvel. The old man knew it too. I had seen it in his eye the first time he saw me take a drink.

"Beer," said M'Cola. He had it open, and I looked out at that park-like country, the engine hot under my boots, the Wanderobo-Masai as strong as ever beside me, Kamau watching the grooves of the tire tracks in the green turf, and I hung my booted legs over the side to let my feet cool and drank the beer and wished old Chink was along. Captain Eric Edward Dorman-Smith, M.C. of His Majesty's Fifth Fusiliers. Now if he were there we could discuss how to describe this deer-park country and whether deer park was enough to call it. Pop and Chink were much alike. Pop was older and more tolerant for his years and the same sort of company. I was learning under Pop, while Chink and I had discovered a big part of the world together and then our ways had gone a long way apart.

But that damned sable bull. I should have killed him; but it was a running shot. To hit him at all I had to use him all as a target. Yes, you bastard, but what about the cow you missed twice, prone, standing broadside? Was that a running shot? No. If I'd gone to bed last night I would not have done that. Or if I'd wiped out the bore to get the oil out she would not have thrown high the first time. Then I would not have pulled down and shot under her the second shot. Every damned thing is your own fault if you're any good. I thought I could shoot a shot-gun better than I could and I had lost plenty of money backing my opinion but I knew, coldly and outside myself, that I could shoot a rifle on game as well as any son of a bitch that ever lived. Like hell I could. So what? So I gut-shot a sable bull and let him get away. Could I shoot as well as I thought I could? Sure. Then why did I miss on that cow? Hell, everybody is off sometime. You've got no bloody business to be off. Who the hell are you? My conscience? Listen, I'm all right with my conscience. I know just what kind of a son of a bitch I am and I know what I can do well. If I hadn't had to leave and pull out I would have

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got a sable bull. You know the Roman was a hunter. There was another herd. Why did I have to make a one night stand? Was that any way to hunt? Hell, no. I'd make some money some way and when we came back we would come to the old man's village in trucks, then pack in with porters so there wouldn't be any damned car to worry about, send the porters back, and make a camp in the timber up the stream above the Roman's and hunt that country slowly, living there and hunting out each day, sometimes laying off and writing for a week, or writing half the day, or every other day, and get to know it as I knew the country around the lake where we were brought up. I'd see the buffalo feeding where they lived, and when the elephants came through the hills we would see them and watch them breaking branches and not have to shoot, and I would lie in the fallen leaves and watch the kudu feed out and never fire a shot unless I saw a better head than this one in back, and instead of trailing that sable bull, gut-shot to hell, all day, I'd lie behind a rock and watch them on the hillside and see them long enough so they belonged to me forever. Sure, if Garrick didn't take his B'wana Simba back in there and shoot the country out. But if he did I'd go on down beyond those hills and there would be another country where a man could live and hunt if he had time to live and hunt. They'd gone in wherever a car could go. But there must be pockets like this all over, that no one knows of, that the cars pass all along the road. They all hunt the same places.

"Beer?" asked M'Cola.

"Yes," I said.

Sure, you couldn't make a living. Every one had explained that. The locusts came and ate your crops and the monsoon failed, and the rains did not come, and everything dried up and died. There were ticks and flys to kill the stock, and the mosquitoes gave you fever and maybe you got blackwater. Your cattle would die and you would get no price for your coffee. It took an Indian to make money from sisal and on the coast every cocoanut plantation meant a man ruined by the idea or making money from copra. A white hunter worked three months out of the year and drank for twelve and the Government was ruining the country for the benefit of the Hindu and the natives. That was what they told you. Sure. But I did not want to make money. All I wanted was to live in it and have time to hunt. Already I had had one of the diseases and had experienced the necessity of washing a three-inch bit of my large intestine with soap and water and tucking it back where it belonged an unnumbered amount of times a day. There were remedies which cured this and it was well worth going through for what I had seen and where I had been. Besides I caught that on the dirty boat out from Marseilles. P. O. M. hadn't been ill a day. Neither had Karl. I loved this country and I felt at home and where a man feels at home, outside of where he's born, is where he's meant to go. Then, in my grandfather's time, Michigan was a malaria ridden state. They called it fever and ague. And in Tortugas, where I'd spent months, a thousand men once died of yellow fever. New continents and islands try to frighten you with disease as a snake hisses. The snake may be poisonous too. You kill them off. Hell, what I had a month ago would have killed me in the old days before they invented the remedies. Maybe it would and maybe I would have gotten well.

It is easier to keep well in a good country by taking simple precautions than to pretend that a country which is finished is still good.

A continent ages quickly once we come. The natives live in harmony with it. But the foreigner destroys, cuts down the trees, drains the water, so that the water supply is altered and in a short time the soil, once the sod is turned under, is cropped out and, next, it starts to blow away as it has blown away in every old country and as I had seen it start to blow in Canada. The earth gets tired of being exploited. A country wears out quickly unless man puts back in it all his residue and that of all his beasts. When he quits using beasts and uses machines, the earth defeats him quickly. The machine can't reproduce, nor does it fertilize the soil, and it eats what he cannot raise. A country was made to be as we found it. We are the intruders and after we are dead we may have ruined it but it will still be there and we don't know what the next changes are. I suppose they all end up like Mongolia.

I would come back to Africa but not to make a living from it. I could do that with two pencils and a few hundred sheets of the cheapest paper. But I would come back to where it pleased me to live; to really live. Not just let my life pass. Our people went to America because that was the place to go then. It had been a good country and we had made a bloody mess of it and I would go, now, somewhere else as we had always had the right to go somewhere else and as we had always gone. You could always come back. Let the others come to America who did not know that they had come too late. Our people had seen it at its best and fought for it when it was well worth fighting for. Now I would go somewhere else. We always went in the old days and there were still good places to go.

I knew a good country when I saw one. Here there was game, plenty of birds, and I liked the natives. Here I could shoot and fish. That, and writing, and reading, and seeing pictures was all I cared about doing. And I could remember all the pictures. Other things I liked to watch but they were what I liked to do. That and ski-ing. But my legs were bad now and it was not worth the time you spent hunting good snow any more. You saw too many people ski-ing now.

Now, the car making a turn around a bank and crossing a green, grassy field, we came in sight of the Masai village.

When the Masai saw us they started running out and we stopped, surrounded by them, just below the stockade. There were the young warriors who had run with us, and now their women and the children all came out to see us. The children were all quite young and the men and women all seemed the same age. There were no old people. They all seemed to be our great friends and we gave a very successful party with refreshments in the shape of our bread which they all ate with much laughing, the men first, then the women. Then I had M'Cola open the two cans of mince meat and the plum pudding and I cut these into rations and passed them out. I had heard and read that the Masai subsisted only on the blood of their cattle mixed with milk, drawing the blood off from a wound in a vein of the neck made by shooting an arrow at close range. These Masai,

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however, ate bread, cold mince meat, and plum pudding with great relish and much laughter and joking. One very tall and handsome one kept asking me something that I did not understand and then five or six more joined in. Whatever this was they wanted it very badly. Finally the tallest one made a very strange face and emitted a sound like a dying pig. I understood finally; he was asking if we had one of those, and I pressed the button of the klaxon. The children ran screaming, the warriors laughed and laughed, and then as Kamau, in response to popular demand, pressed the klaxon again and again, I watched the look of utter rapture and ecstasy on the women's faces and knew that with that klaxon he could have had any woman in the tribe.

Finally we had to go and after distributing the empty beer bottles, the labels from the bottles, and finally the bottle caps, picked up by M'Cola from the floor, we left, klaxoning the women into ecstasy, the children into panic, and the warriors into delight. The warriors ran with us for a good way but we had to make time, the going was good through the park-like country and in a little while we waved to the last of them standing straight and tall, in their brown skin garments, their clubbed pigtails hanging, their faces stained a red-brown, leaning on their spears, looking after us and smiling.

The sun was almost down and as I did not know the road I had the runner get up in front to sit with the Wanderobo-Masai and help direct Kamau and I sat in the back with M'Cola and Garrick. We were out of the park country and onto the dry bush-spattered plain before the sun went down and I had another bottle of the German beer and, watching the country, saw, suddenly, that all the trees were full of white storks. I did not know whether they were there in migration or were following the locusts but, in the twilight, they were lovely to see and, deeply moved by them, I gave the old man a good two fingers of beer that was left in the bottom of the bottle.

On the next bottle I forgot and drank it all before I remembered the old man. (There were still storks in the trees and we saw some Grant's gazelles feeding off to the right. A jackal, like a gray fox, trotted across the road.) So I told M'Cola to open another bottle and we were through the plain and climbing the long slope toward the road and the village, the two mountains in sight now, and it almost dark and quite cold when I handed the bottle to the old man, who took it where he was crouched up under the roof, and nursed it tenderly.

At the village we stopped in the road in the dark, and I paid the runner the amount it said to give him in the note he had brought. I paid the old man the amount Pop said to pay him and a bonus. Then there was a big dispute among them all. Garrick was to go to the main camp to get his money. Abdullah insisted upon going along. He did not trust Garrick. The Wanderobo-Masai insisted pitifully that he go. He was sure the others would cheat him out of his share and I was fairly sure they would, too. There was petrol that had been left for us to use in case we were short and for us to bring in any event. We were overloaded and I did not know how the road was ahead. But I thought we might carry Abdullah and Garrick and squeeze in the Wanderobo-Masai. There was no question of the old man going. He had been paid off and had agreed to the amount, but now he would not leave the car. He crouched on top of the load and hung onto the ropes saying, "I am going with B'wana."

M'Cola and Kamau had to break his handholds and pull him off to re-load, him shouting, "I want to go with B'wana!"

While they were loading in the dark he held onto my arm and talked very quietly in a language that I could not understand.

"You have the shillings," I said.

"Yes, B'wana," he said. That was not what it was about. The money was all right.

Then, when we started to get in the car he broke away and started to climb up through the back and onto the loads. Garrick and Abdullah pulled him down.

"You can't go. There isn't room."

He talked to me softly again, begging and pleading.

"No, there is no room."

I remembered I had a small penknife and I got it out of my pocket and put it in his hand. He pushed it back in my hand.

"No," he said. "No."

He was quiet then and stood by the road. But when we started, he started to run after the car and I could hear him in the dark screaming, "B'wana! I want to go with B'wana!"

We went on up the road, the headlights making it seem like a boulevard after where we had been. We drove fifty-five miles on that road in the dark night without incident. I stayed awake until after we were through the bad part, a long plain of deeply rutted black cotton where the headlights picked out the trail through bushes and then, when the road was better, I went to sleep, waking occasionally to see the headlights shining on a wall of tall trees, or a naked bank, or when we ground in low gear up a steep place the light slanting up ahead.

Finally, when the speedometer showed fifty miles, we stopped and woke a native in his hut and M'Cola asked about the camp. I slept again and then woke as we were turning off the road and on a track through trees with the fires of the camp showing ahead. Then as we came to where our lights shone on the green tents I shouted and we all commenced to shout and blew the klaxon and I let the gun off, the flame cutting up into the dark and it making a great noise. Then we were stopped and out from Pop's tent I saw him coming, thick and heavy in his dressing gown, and then he had his arms around my shoulders and said, "You god damned bull fighter," and I was clapping him on the back.

And I said, "Look at them, Pop."

"I saw them," he said. "The whole back of the car's full of them."

Then I was holding P. O. M. tight, she feeling very small inside the quilted bigness of the dressing gown, and we were saying things to each other.

Then Karl came out and I said, "Hi, Karl."

"I'm so damned glad," he said. "They're marvellous."

M'Cola had the horns down by now and he and Kamau were holding them so they could all see them in the light of the fire.

"What did you get?" I asked Karl.

"Just another one of those. What do you call them? Tendalla."

"Swell," I said. I knew I had one no one could beat and I hoped he had a good one too. "How big was he?"

"Oh, fifty-seven," Karl said.

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"Let's see him," I said, cold in the pit of my stomach.

"He's over there," Pop said, and we went over. They were the biggest, widest, darkest, longest-curling, heaviest, most unbelievable pair of kudu horns in the world. Suddenly, poisoned with envy, I did not want to see mine again; never, never.

"That's great," I said, the words coming out as cheerfully as a croak. I tried it again. "That's swell. How did you get him?"

"There were three," Karl said. "They were all as big as that. I couldn't tell which was the biggest. We had a hell of a time. I hit him four or five times."

"He's a wonder," I said. I was getting so I could do it a little better but it would not fool anybody yet.

"I'm awfully glad you got yours," Karl said. "They're beauties. I want to hear all about them in the morning. I know you're tired tonight. Good night."

He went off, delicate as always, so we could talk about it if we wanted to.

"Come on over and have a drink," I called.

"No thanks, I think I better go to bed. I've got a sort of headache."

"Good night, Karl."

"Good night. Good night, Poor Old Mamma."

"Good night," we all said.

By the fire, with whiskey and soda, we talked and I told them about it all.

"Perhaps they'll find the bull," Pop said. "We'll offer a reward for the horns. Have them sent to the Game Department. How big is your biggest one?"

"Fifty-two."

"Over the curve?"

"Yes. Maybe he's a little better."

"Inches don't mean anything," Pop said. "They're damned wonderful kudu."

"Sure. But why does he have to beat me so bloody badly?"

"He's got the luck," Pop said. "God, what a kudu. I've only seen one head killed over fifty in my life before. That was up on Kalal."

"We knew he had it when we left the other camp. The truck came in and told us," P. O. M. said. "I've spent all my time praying for you. Ask Mr. J. P."

"You'll never know what it meant to see that car come into the firelight with those damned horns sticking out," Pop said. "You old bastard."

"It's wonderful," P. O. M. said. "Let's go and look at them again."

"You can always remember how you shot them. That's what you really get out of it," Pop said. "They're damned wonderful kudu."

But I was bitter and I was bitter all night long. In the morning, though, it was gone. It was all gone and I have never had it again.

Pop and I were up and looking at the heads before breakfast. It was a gray, overcast morning and cold. The rains were coming.

"They're three marvellous kudu," he said.

"They look all right with the big one this morning," I said. They did, too, strangely enough. I had accepted the big one now and was happy to see him and that Karl had him. When you put them side by side they looked all right. They really did. They all were big.

"I'm glad you're feeling better," Pop said. "I'm feeling better myself."

"I'm really glad he has him," I said truly. "Mine'll hold me."

"We have very primitive emotions," he said. "It's impossible not to be competitive. Spoils everything, though."

"I'm all through with that," I said. "I'm all right again. I had quite a trip, you know."

"Did you not," said Pop.

"Pop, what does it mean when they shake hands and get hold of your thumb and pull it?"

"It's on the order of blood brotherhood but a little less formal. Who's been doing that to you?"

"Everybody but Kamau."

"You're getting to be a hell of a fellow," Pop said. "You must be an old timer out here. Tell me, are you much of a tracker and bird shot?"

"Go to hell."

"M'Cola has been doing that with you too?"

"Yes."

"Well, well," said Pop. "Let's get the little Memsahib and have some breakfast. Not that I'm feeling up to it."

"I am," I said. "I haven't eaten anything since day before yesterday."

"Drank some beer though, didn't you?"

"Ah, yes."

"Beer's a food," Pop said.

We got the little Memsahib and old Karl and had a very jolly breakfast.

A month later P. O. M., Karl, and Karl's wife who had come out and joined us at Haifa, were sitting in the sun against a stone wall by the Sea of Galilee eating some lunch and drinking a bottle of wine and watching the grebes out on the lake. The hills made shadows on the water, which was flat calm and rather stagnant looking. There were many grebes, making spreading wakes in the water as they swam, and I was counting them and wondering why they never were mentioned in the Bible. I decided that those people were not naturalists.

"I'm not going to walk on it," Karl said, looking out at the dreary lake. "It's been done already."

"You know," P. O. M. said, "I can't remember it. I can't remember Mr. J. P.'s face. And he's beautiful. I think about him and think about him and I can't see him. It's terrible. He isn't the way he looks in a photograph. In a little while I won't be able to remember him at all. Already I can't see him."

"You must remember him," Karl said to her.

"I can remember him," I said. "I'll write you a piece some time and put him in."

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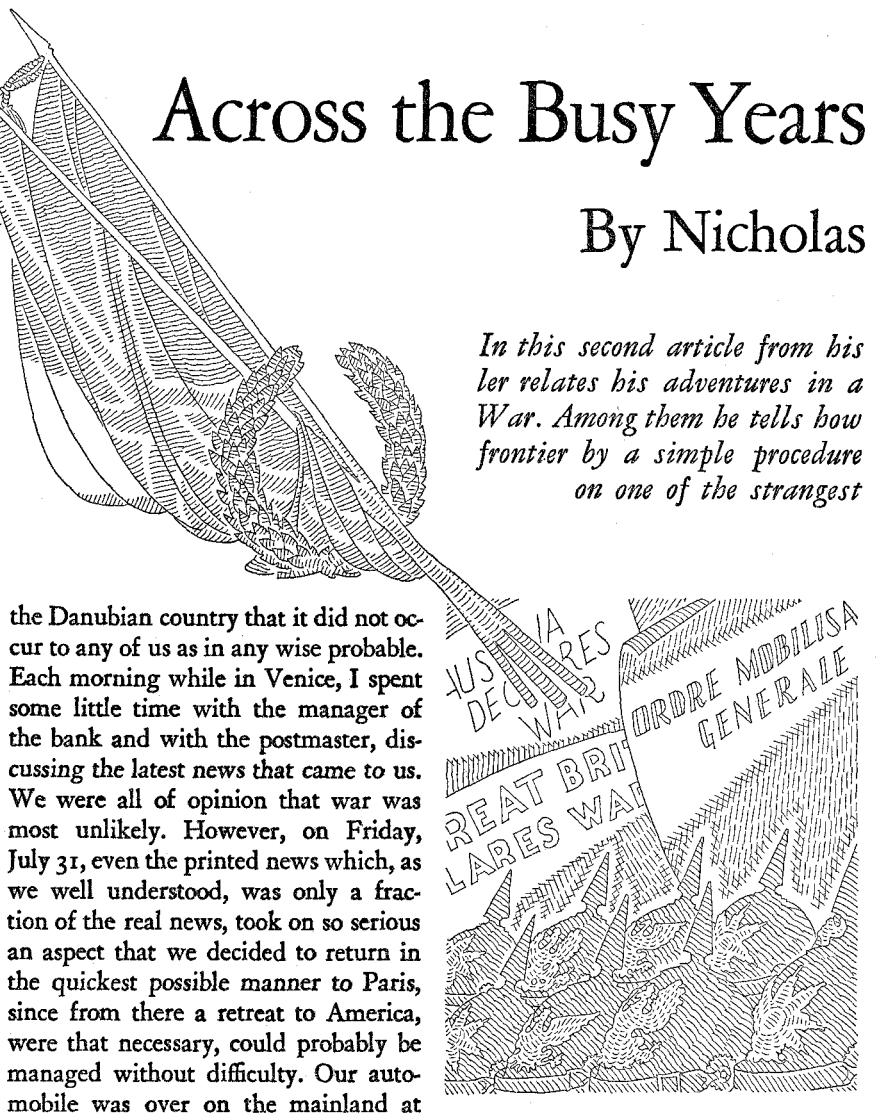
Across the Busy Years

By Nicholas

In this second article from his ler relates his adventures in a War. Among them he tells how frontier by a simple procedure on one of the strangest



On Sunday, June 28, 1914, my wife and I, then in Paris, drove out with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Henry Olin of New York, to the charming hotel in the Forêt de Compiegne for luncheon. We went out by Senlis, Pierrefonds, and Soissons, all of which were destined to become names very familiar to the whole world within a few weeks. In the quiet of the Forest on a beautiful summer's day, there could be no possible hint that within seven weeks from that moment the general staff of the invading German army would have made its headquarters at that very hotel. When we returned to Paris late in the afternoon, extra copies of the newspapers were being sold on the boulevards with loud shoutings. These extra editions of the newspapers announced the killing of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo a few hours earlier. Olin and I looked at each other inquiringly and the same thought passed through the mind of each of us: "What does this mean? What is going to happen now?"

A few days afterwards we started on a delightful automobile trip to the south of France, and after refreshing our memories of the old Roman remains in the valley of the Rhone, of Carcassonne, of the charming university town of Montpellier and of the Riviera, went on to that most delightful of all resting places, the Villa d'Este on Lake Como. From there, after a few days, we crossed Italy in leisurely fashion, stopping at Bergamo, at Brescia, and at Verona, to Venice, from which point we were to go to Cortina in the Dolomites for a stay of some length. During these days the happenings, even as imperfectly reported in the public press, were by no means reassuring. Austria was openly threatening Serbia and that there was restlessness in Russia and in Germany was quite obvious. Nevertheless, a general European war, to say nothing of a world war, seemed so grotesque an outcome of even the tragic happenings in the Danubian country that it did not occur to any of us as in any wise probable. Each morning while in Venice, I spent some little time with the manager of the bank and with the postmaster, discussing the latest news that came to us. We were all of opinion that war was most unlikely. However, on Friday, July 31, even the printed news which, as we well understood, was only a fraction of the real news, took on so serious an aspect that we decided to return in the quickest possible manner to Paris, since from there a retreat to America, were that necessary, could probably be managed without difficulty. Our automobile was over on the mainland at Mestre, and between six and seven o'clock on Saturday morning, August 1, we were there with our hand luggage, having shipped our trunks by rail to Milan. We started quickly across Italy, going this time via Padua, Mantua, and Lodi. At Este we stopped for an early *déjeuner* and there found a crowd about the little inn, straining their eyes to read the headlines of an extra edition of the local newspaper. It contained the announcement of the murder on the previous evening of M. Jaurès at a café on Montmartre. This was serious news indeed, for it revealed a state of opinion in Paris which was, of itself, grave. The death of M. Jaurès saddened me inexpressibly, for only six weeks earlier he and I had taken luncheon together. He seemed in excellent health, though greatly disturbed over the European outlook. As we walked in the garden after luncheon on a quiet Sunday afternoon, he praised in unmeasured terms the ideals and activities of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and said in the last words that I ever heard fall from his lips: "Do not let anything discourage you. Keep at it. You are bound to win one of these days." It was with these solemn words ringing in my ears that we sped on our way across Italy to Milan.

Coming to Milan in the early evening, we went to the Hotel Cavour where we had always been in the habit of stopping, and found it almost empty, as would naturally be the case in midsummer. No one seemed particularly disturbed except ourselves. On the following morning, Sunday, August 2, we started to cross the Simplon hoping to get at least as far as Lausanne before nightfall. As we drove out of Milan, to our great surprise we found the road blocked by enormous numbers of cavalry and artillery moving north. It was this which opened our eyes to what was

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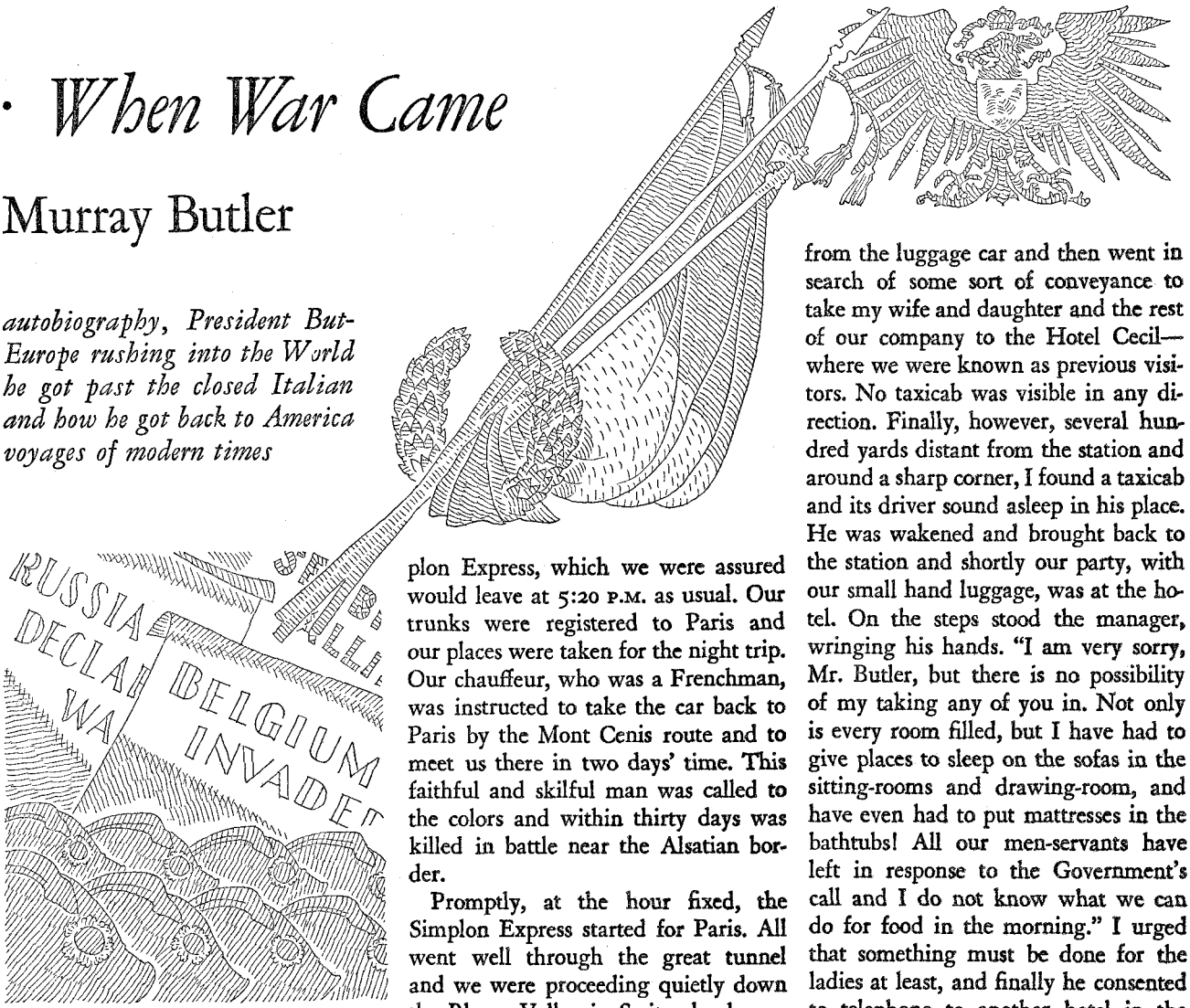
When War Came

Murray Butler

autobiography, President But- Europe rushing into the World he got past the closed Italian and how he got back to America voyages of modern times



really going on just below the horizon of public information. So delayed were we that we did not reach Stresa on the way to the foot of the Pass, where we should have been by nine o'clock, until nearly noon. After a quick luncheon, we were re-entering our motor when the concièrge asked with great unconcern where we were going. We replied, "Over the Simplon and, if possible, as far as Lausanne." "Oh," he said, "the Simplon is closed. You cannot go over it." That was impossible, we replied, because at the moment there were scores of automobiles in plain sight coming down by the road that led to the Pass. "Oh, yes," was the answer, "you can come into Italy by the Simplon, but you cannot go out." There was nothing to do but to turn right about face and dash back to the Milan station. It was after four o'clock when we reached it. We spent almost our last ready money in purchasing tickets to Paris by the Simplon Express, which we were assured would leave at 5:20 P.M. as usual. Our trunks were registered to Paris and our places were taken for the night trip. Our chauffeur, who was a Frenchman, was instructed to take the car back to Paris by the Mont Cenis route and to meet us there in two days' time. This faithful and skilful man was called to the colors and within thirty days was killed in battle near the Alsatian border.

Promptly, at the hour fixed, the Simplon Express started for Paris. All went well through the great tunnel and we were proceeding quietly down the Rhone Valley in Switzerland on a superb moonlight night. We went to bed expecting to be awakened within an hour of Paris and to be back at our hotel for breakfast. At about eleven-thirty, however, there came a knock on the door and the conductor of the train said to us, in perfectly quiet and passionless words, that the French frontier was closed at Pontarlier and that this train would not go beyond that point. My reply was that I had been at Pontarlier and did not desire to go there again. What time would the train reach Lausanne? "At about one o'clock," was the answer. So we dressed and, when the train rolled into the perfectly quiet and deserted Lausanne station, got out upon the perron. Not a human being of any sort or kind was in sight, save those who, like ourselves, were alighting from the Simplon Express. The moonlight was superb, but everything save the moonlight was death itself. With my own hands I unloaded our trunks from the luggage car and then went in search of some sort of conveyance to take my wife and daughter and the rest of our company to the Hotel Cecil—where we were known as previous visitors. No taxicab was visible in any direction. Finally, however, several hundred yards distant from the station and around a sharp corner, I found a taxicab and its driver sound asleep in his place. He was wakened and brought back to the station and shortly our party, with our small hand luggage, was at the hotel. On the steps stood the manager, wringing his hands. "I am very sorry, Mr. Butler, but there is no possibility of my taking any of you in. Not only is every room filled, but I have had to give places to sleep on the sofas in the sitting-rooms and drawing-room, and have even had to put mattresses in the bathtubs! All our men-servants have left in response to the Government's call and I do not know what we can do for food in the morning." I urged that something must be done for the ladies at least, and finally he consented to telephone to another hotel in the hope that we might get in there. He was successful to a limited degree, and the five members of our party were distributed around between sofas in sitting-rooms and bathtubs. At that hotel, also, they were informed that there would probably be no food in the morning and, as a matter of fact, my wife herself made the coffee in the hotel kitchen for our company when early morning came. There was no sleep for me and in an hour or two I went back to the station to see what the situation really was. There I found a solitary human being. He was a German Swiss who held an official position in the railway service and was perhaps something over seventy years of age. He looked me over very carefully to make sure that I was not an enemy or a spy, and then we entered into a most interesting conversation. He told me that the reason why nobody was in sight was that the men had all been called to the colors,

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since an invasion of Switzerland was expected on the part of the Austrian Army and that his own three sons had been taken. He said that he himself would not have to go since he was too old, and that he had been in the War of 1870–71. Then he added this never to be forgotten bit of wisdom: "Sir," he said, "this is not a people's war. This is a kings' war. When it is over, there may not be so many kings." Words of truer prophecy were never uttered by human being. I then asked where I should find my trunks.

"What trunks?"

"Those that came in last night on the Simplon Express."

"Were they taken off?"

"Yes, I took them off myself."

"Then they are precisely where you left them, since there is no one here to touch them."

Together, the old man and I got a luggage truck and went down the perron for my trunks and brought them back to the platform from which trains departed to the south. How could I get to Paris, I asked.

"You cannot get to Paris. The French frontier is absolutely closed."

"Why can I not take a boat across the Lake to Evian?"

"Because the French Government will not permit you to land," was the reply.

"Then, there is nothing for it," I said, "but to go back to Milan."

"You cannot do that either," he said, "since the only passengers allowed are returning Italians who have been summoned home."

The alternative, apparently, was to stay at Lausanne and starve, since what possible adjustments could be made in such a situation were not, at the moment, in any wise evident. Then, an idea occurred to me. I said to the old fellow, "What is that first-class railway carriage up there, with the sign on it marked 'Reserved'?"

"Oh," he said, "that is the carriage that the public officials use when they go about."

"Who is using it now?"

"Nobody."

"Very well," I said, "let's loosen the brake and bring it down the track."

"What for?" he said.

"I shall show you," was my reply.

So we brought it down the track and he helped me put our trunks into the luggage compartment at its rear end.

"That will not help you any," he said.

My reply was to inquire when the next train with returning Italians was expected to leave.

He said, "According to my information, it is going at eight-twenty this morning."

With this information in hand, I went back to the hotel, got my party together and returned to the station in order to put them into this first-class carriage which was standing on the side-track. At about eight-fifteen the train pulled in southbound and I stepped up to the conductor, saluted and said in my most official French, "This is the special reserved car that you had instructions to take back with you to Milan." He touched his hat politely, backed his train up to the reserved car and in five minutes we were headed toward Montreux and then south up the Rhone Valley, through the Simplon tunnel and back to Milan. It was a long, hot and tiresome journey, with crowds of Italians mounting the train at every stop and a tremendous fuss when the frontier was reached at Domo d'Ossola. By six o'clock on that evening, which was Monday, August 3, we were back at the Hotel Cavour in Milan. What a change there was! The hotel which had been empty on Saturday night was crowded on Monday night, chiefly with Americans who had come down from points in Switzerland and the Italian mountains, as the news grew steadily worse. We can never be grateful enough to the manager of that hotel for his generous kindliness and helpfulness. When our party reached Milan, I was the proud possessor of the equivalent of twenty-seven cents in Italian currency. I had only that twenty-seven cents until August 24, when I reached New York, and yet lived in the lap of luxury all the intervening days, took part in chartering a trans-Atlantic steamer and in bringing home four hundred of my fellow Americans. One member of our party was able to draw ten dollars each day on his letter of credit and that helped us greatly in the matter of small incidental payments. The manager of the Hotel Cavour simply said, "You do not need any money." And he not only postponed payment of our hotel bill, but furnished the funds with which to buy tickets for the trip to Genoa on Wednesday, August 5, and telephoned to the manager of the Hotel Eden in Genoa, to have him make the same financial arrangement there that he himself had made in Milan. Moreover, both the manager of the Hotel Cavour in Milan and the manager of the Hotel Eden in Genoa said that if I knew any of the Americans who were in those cities and would introduce them, they would extend credit to them in the same fashion. Of course, all this was possible only because some of our group were well known and that it included Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, whose name was itself a tower of strength to us. Nevertheless, it was a very fine thing to do and these men were repaid not only in money, but what is still much more important, in grateful appreciation and thankfulness.

Having reached Genoa, the next step was to find out where to go from there. The American Consul was beside himself with excitement and worry. He had several hundred Americans on his hands, rapidly increasing in number and all asking for money or for help to get home. There was nothing that he could do and he told us that his cables to the State Department remained unanswered, which is quite in accordance with the precedents long set by that branch of our governmental organization. Therefore, those of us who were private citizens had to do something. By great good fortune, there turned up at the hotel in Genoa, R. A. C. Smith of New York, one of the best and most experienced of our American shipping men; Frederick W. Vanderbilt, who came down from Switzerland; Gano Dunn, the distinguished engineer; and a few other men of prominence who drifted in during the days that we were at work in trying to find a way to get home. In conference, Mr. Smith, Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Dunn, and myself quickly came to the conclusion that there was no way to get home save to charter a ship, and that required money. None of us had any money and none of us could get any money. Nevertheless, we went out in the harbor in a row-boat and inspected the vessels at anchor there. Mr. Smith quickly selected the one which he said was the best for our purpose. It was the *Principe di Udine* of the Lloyd Sabaudo Line, a ship of about 8000 tons, which ran regularly on the service to Buenos Aires and, having just returned, was about to

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be laid up for a few weeks of overhauling and cleaning. Smith and I went at once to the office of the Lloyd Sabaudo, asked for a meeting with the Director and his Executive Committee, and inquired whether we could charter the *Principe di Udine* for a voyage to New York, leaving at the earliest possible date and at what cost. After conference among themselves and some discussion during which it was intimated that they did not think the ship should go to sea again until she had been overhauled and cleaned, they agreed to let us have it for the trip to America for 400,000 lire. We promptly signed the contract on these terms, the amount being payable on Monday, August 10, at noon. Not having any money and not being able to get any, the charter price was largely a matter of indifference. I think, as a matter of fact, we would have signed the contract just the same if 4,000,000 lire had been asked. Within an hour or two we found that there was a misunderstanding between ourselves and the Lloyd Sabaudo Executive Committee. They had supposed that we were only chartering the first-cabin accommodations and that we would comply with the regulations under which their Atlantic service was conducted and would call both at Naples and at Palermo for steerage passengers. We told them that this was absolutely impossible, that we intended to sail straight from Genoa to New York by the shortest route and that we wished none on board but American citizens, save the officers and crew of the vessel itself. We did not propose, if we could help it, to get into any new complications growing out of the war conditions which had now come to prevail. There was farther consideration of the whole matter and, finally, the charter price on these terms was raised to 500,000 lire, to which we promptly agreed.

Two important matters remained to be settled—first, how were we to get the money to make the payment which became due on the following Monday at noon and, second, how were we to choose from the hundreds of clamoring Americans those whom we should take with us on this ship? In order to answer the first question, R. A. C. Smith and I proceeded on independent but parallel lines. I went to the office of the Banca Commerciale Italiana and asked the manager what American banks or trading companies had an account there and what their balances were. These questions led to a long and angry dispute, during which the manager informed me that the information I desired was necessarily confidential, that he could not and would not give it to me and that I should not have asked for it. My response was that this was war, that I had to ascertain these facts and that I would not leave the Bank until I had learned them. He went off and was gone about an hour. When he came back, he very crossly told me what large American concerns had a credit at the Bank and in round numbers what those credits amounted to. I thanked him and replied that that was all I wanted to know. He answered with a sneer, "That information will do you no good. Our banks are all under restriction by the Government and you will not be permitted to draw out anything approaching that sum." To this, my answer was that I did not want to draw it out. It could stay in the Bank, but what I proposed to do was to get it transferred temporarily to the credit of the Lloyd Sabaudo Company, so that the terms of our contract would be met. Meanwhile, Smith was cabling the Guaranty Trust Company and was on tenter-hooks because his earliest cable was not delivered and it took forty-eight hours to get an answer. Finally, however, as the result of our joint and several efforts, we were in possession in Genoa, despite war conditions, of sufficient credit to meet the terms of the contract with the Lloyd Sabaudo Company without the transfer of any cash whatsoever. Here too, we were placed under the deepest obligations to the managers of the Lloyd Sabaudo Company, for Smith's cable from the Guaranty Trust Company stated that the credit would be given in Genoa, through London. Immediately, the Genoa bank demanded confirmation from London which was quite as impossible as confirmation from the North Pole. After conference, the managers of the Lloyd Sabaudo stated that since they were building a vessel on the Tyne and would have considerable payments to make in England in the near future, they would accept the Guaranty Trust Company's cable as satisfactory evidence that the credit had been established in London. Under all the circumstances that prevailed, this was a very fine and large-minded thing to do. Had it not been done we could not have gone forward with our sailing.

The next step was to select those whom we could take with us on the ship. This was no easy matter. We found that by crowding the dining-saloon we could seat two hundred persons and, therefore, we proposed to take four hundred and have two services of luncheon and dinner. Since, of course, we had no office or bureau of any kind in Genoa, we persuaded a contractor who was putting up a new building to let us use the second floor of his uncompleted structure for a few days as our headquarters. There we assembled and spent hour after hour in choosing the four hundred who were to go by the *Principe di Udine*. We gave preference to those who were alone, to those who were older and to those who, for some good reason, were entitled to special consideration. It was a difficult job but was well managed by R. A. C. Smith, Gano Dunn, and Henry S. Haskell of the Carnegie Endowment staff, who had come down from Switzerland to join us. We arbitrarily fixed the rates for passage at $250, first cabin, $150, second cabin, and $75 between decks. As a matter of fact the accommodations between decks were in many ways the most satisfactory, apart from their lack of privacy. Since the ship was fifty-five feet wide and both portholes and hatches were all kept open throughout the voyage, there was plenty of air for that group of passengers. The men between decks were all placed forward and the women aft. In order that we might carry as many passengers as possible, often putting three in a room, we assigned all the men to the starboard side of the ship and all the women to the port side. There were only four exceptions where man and wife were placed in two-berth rooms, because of special circumstances arising from their health or their age. In this way we were able to care, with reasonable comfort, for the largest possible number of passengers.

Moreover, we accepted in payment of passage money any form of financial credential which our fellow passengers happened to offer. Letters of credit, American Express Company notes (which at the moment could only be cashed in very limited amounts), personal checks on American banks, and in

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one case a simple I.O.U., were taken in payment of passage money. It is of some interest to record the fact that of the 399 passengers, not more than twenty or twenty-five were known to any of us personally, and that they came from thirty-seven states. Nevertheless, thirty days after all this miscellaneous collection of checks and drafts had been placed in the hands of the Guaranty Trust Company for collection, we were notified that every single piece had been redeemed at its face value. The passage money fell far short of meeting the cost of chartering and equipping the vessel, but that is another matter.

The health of the passengers was, of course, a primary consideration. By great good fortune, there were in Genoa, seeking opportunity for return to the United States, four outstanding physicians, one of whom had been of high rank in the United States Navy. On learning this, we told the Lloyd Sabaudo people that if their surgeon would look after the staff of the ship, we would look after the passengers. We made an infirmary out of three or four well-placed rooms and Doctor John C. Boyd, who had been many years in the Navy, saw that it was properly equipped and that adequate instruments and medicines were provided—all this again on credit. As luck would have it, we found in Genoa a young woman who had been trained as a nurse in one of the best New York hospitals and, since she had her nurse's uniform with her, offered her free transportation if she would be our ship's nurse. Similarly, we came upon a young woman from Indiana who was alone, desperately anxious to return home, and who served in the same way as our stenographer and clerk.

All sorts and kinds of obstacles were put in our way before we sailed. We were told that the Italian Emigration Officer thought we were violating the statutes of Italy. We were told that the Italian Health Officer would not give us a certificate to sail. Finally, we were told that the British had blockaded the Straits of Gibraltar and that we should have to come back, not being allowed to go out into the Atlantic. Fortunately, one of our number who had a close friend highly placed in the British admiralty sent him a message describing our plans and hopes, and intimating that any advice as to how to meet unforeseen emergencies would be most helpful. Within forty-eight hours there were received by us in Genoa, through a personal visit of some one who was attached either to the British Embassy at Rome or to the British Consulate at Genoa, some helpful advice and a password which we might use if challenged by any British naval vessel. This brought us great comfort.

We received all these admonitions and prophecies with stolid unconcern and went forward with our plans to sail on Wednesday, August 12, precisely at noon. At that very moment, the ship's whistle blew and we put out to sea on the voyage of a refugee ship. We did not draw a long breath until we were outside the three-mile limit, because we did not know what fresh obstacles might be found and put in our way, but, once outside the three-mile-limit, we bade farewell to all our woes and after a week of sleeplessness and nervous strain, settled down to comparative quiet and rest.

All went well without incident until early on Saturday evening, the 15th, when we approached Gibraltar. Daylight was fading and as we came up to the Rock, our ship answered promptly the electric signals which were made from shore. Suddenly, and without a word of warning, a bright flashlight fell upon the bridge where I was standing with the captain and below us on the port side, quite close at hand, was a British destroyer. A young officer in pea-jacket called to us through a megaphone, "And who are you?" Since our captain spoke no English, it was my duty to reply. "The Italian ship *Principe di Udine,*" I said, "chartered by a company of returning Americans and entitled to use the password"—which I gave him.

"Follow me through the straits," was his reply.

For more than an hour we wound in and out of the heavily mined straits of Gibraltar, following our destroyer guide. The mines appeared to cover a distance of several miles. Finally, when we had passed out into the Atlantic, the young British officer, again throwing his light on our bridge, said, "Bon voyage," and vanished into darkness.

Our captain, who had never made the voyage to New York, then offered a very helpful suggestion. It was that instead of taking us west by the ordinary route, he should follow parallel thirty-seven. He remarked that our passengers were nervous and excited and many of them unwell and that on thirty-seven we would find the sea quieter and smoother and meet with fewer vessels than by taking the ordinary route, which would carry us up as high as forty-one. Of course, his advice was taken, with excellent results.

An exciting incident occurred on Thursday afternoon, August 20. Some time after luncheon I was summoned to the bridge, where the captain was looking out through his glass over the stern on the starboard side. He said to me with some concern, "We are being followed. There is a vessel overtaking us."

My reply was, "That seems impossible. We are going at seventeen or eighteen knots and you have been of opinion that there was no faster vessel than that in these particular waters."

"Nevertheless," he replied, "she is faster than we are and she is catching us."

In a short time this fact became evident to the naked eye and we were not a little concerned. Soon our passengers on the main deck discovered what was happening and not a few of them became hysterical, since their first thought was of capture by a German naval vessel with the prospect of spending some time in a German prison. In a few moments the second officer, who was on the upper bridge in charge of the ship during that watch, came down bringing with him a code signal which had just been received from the vessel that was following us. When we looked up its meaning in the code book, we discovered it meant *Fermate immediamente.* There was nothing to do but stop at once, which we did, and rapidly the following vessel came nearer. She would answer none of our inquiries and we were completely at a loss to know what sort of ship it might be. The second officer was convinced that it was a Cunarder, but the rest of us scoffed at this notion, since it seemed quite impossible that a Cunarder could be down in those waters at such a time. In a few moments, however, when she had come within two miles of us she broke out the British admiralty flag and we saw in a moment that it was the Cunard S.S. *Caronia,* armed and crowded with British naval reserve

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men. The second officer was right. It was new evidence of the tremendous efficiency of the British navy, that this merchant vessel had been so speedily adapted and equipped for patrol work and was already down in that section of the Atlantic in little more than two weeks after war had broken out. The moment that we told our story, the *Caronia* turned on her course and left us in peace.

On the following day we sighted what appeared to be another British patrol vessel, and in our eagerness to avoid either examination or detention we promptly sent to her by radio a statement of the circumstances under which we were making the voyage, of course giving the name of our vessel. We were rather amused to receive back the curt reply, "We know who you are. Bon voyage."

The next incident was the very heartening one of sighting Fire Island Light about nine o'clock on Sunday night, the 23rd. At Quarantine the following morning we were all eagerness to know the news and whether the world was still in existence or not. During the voyage we had received only the barest information by radio and all this had been carefully scanned by Gano Dunn before being posted for the information of passengers, to the end that nothing might be done to increase their alarm and disquiet. One intercepted message which reached us was from Cardinal Merry del Val in Rome to his family in Spain, announcing the death of Pope Pius X.

We soon reached the pier which had been arranged for us by R. A. C. Smith and it may well be believed that a sigh of relief was heaved when the gangplank went down and we found ourselves safely on a New York dock. It was nearly noon, August 24, just twelve days after the sailing of the ship from Genoa.

The company that came with us contained some very interesting and important Americans. We had among our fellow passengers, former Mayor George B. McClellan of New York, and his wife; General S. E. Tillman, formerly Commandant at West Point, and his wife; our American Minister to China, Mr. Paul S. Reinsch of Wisconsin, and his wife; Jacob G. Schmidlapp of Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. John S. Sheppard of New York; Professor and Mrs. Henry S. Munroe of Columbia University; Professor and Mrs. William R. Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania; Doctor and Mrs. Stewart Paton, then of Princeton, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore W. Noyes of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Horace E. Andrews of New York; Doctor W. O. Bartlett of Boston; Park Benjamin of New York; Professor and Mrs. Eugene Byrne, then of the University of Wisconsin; and numerous others almost as well known.

When we landed on the dock in New York on Monday, August 24, that capital sum of twenty-seven cents, established on Monday, August 3, was unimpaired. Nevertheless, we had learned something of what war does to the processes of an orderly and peaceful civilization.

THE DARK HOUSE

By W. Ellery Sedgwick

STANDS in the darkness
on the stairs
of the dark house
a life so young—he stands there
tiptoe to question;
stands in the darkness on a stair
makes tentative the silence there.

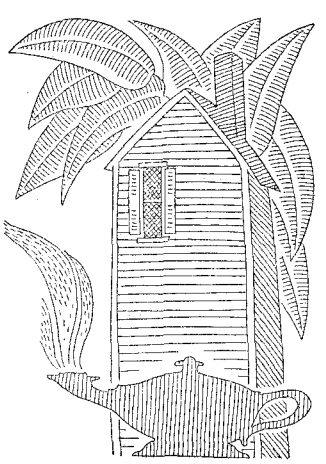
and near him there
(nowhere)
chipped by a clock
bright moments fly
upward;
are only there dark hours
and he waits for me.

across the obscure accumulation of my days
and undecided ways
he waits.

and I'll not come.

out of the emptiness I'd bring
I should not answer anything.

where I have been, he is;
where I shall be, he is before
and where he asks no more.



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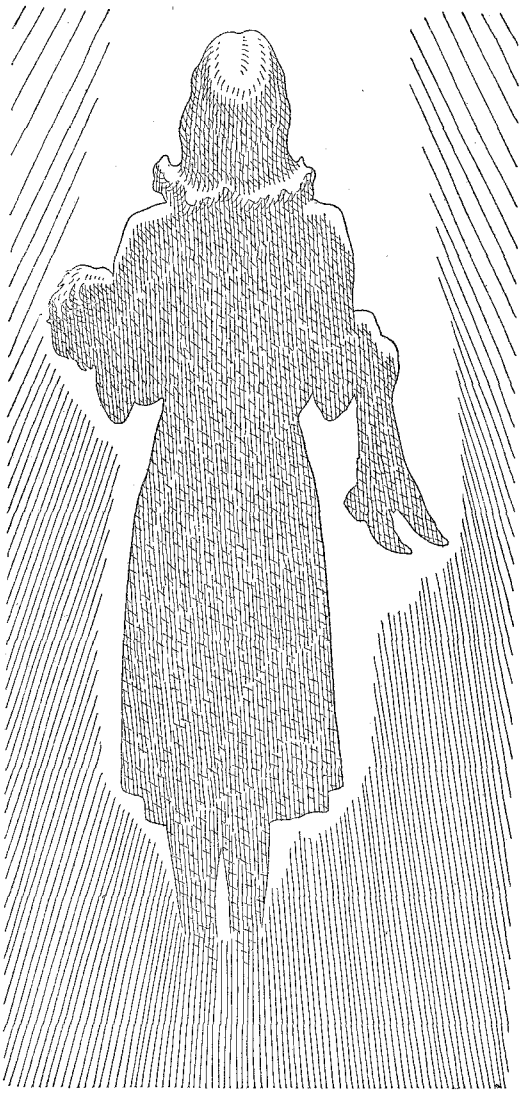
The Precious Lamb

A First Story by a New Writer

M. L. Dun



I HADN'T seen Anne in fifteen years. It was summer and it was hot in the city. Even if it was going to be quite as hot in Connecticut, I knew that seeing a stretch of green grass would make it seem cooler.

Green grass! Anne's place was lovely. It was just outside of an old New England village; and I could sit on the wide porch at the side of the austere old house and look at green fields climbing low hills with a cloudless blue sky above them. The way the old stone fences rambled aimlessly up those hills or across the fields held my fascinated attention.

Anne joined me on the porch dressed in a fresh cotton frock. Ruffles at the shoulders and ruffles from the waistline to the hem of the skirt. She had driven me from the village station in a rattling old car and she had sent me to my room for the hot tub and the cold shower she knew I felt were imperative after the stifling ride on the train.

"Iced tea or iced coffee?" she asked.

"Tea," I said. "And hot. Cold drinks make you feel warmer on a hot day."

Bridget brought hot tea. Anne sipped at it valiantly. The expression on Bridget's round red face had been dour as she placed the tray with its steaming contents close to Anne.

"Bridget is very partisan," Anne advised me. "You mustn't appear to dominate me too much while you're with us, Sabina."

I sniffed at the arrogance of the Bridgets in the world. "Hot tea is a tonic on hot days," I said.

"Yes," Anne conceded. "And being with you again, Sabina, is a tonic for me."

Compliments embarrass me.

"Where are your children?" I asked. I've always been abrupt with Anne. I roomed with her through our four college years. She was too pretty, I thought. She had too much charm. Something in the quality of her frivolous point-of-view had been a challenge to me. I was unremittingly stern with her from the first day she and I discovered we had been put together as freshmen in the college dormitory.

"Margot's upstairs in her own room," Anne said with a sudden new quietness in her voice. I hadn't really looked at Anne as we drove from the station to her home; that is, I hadn't looked with any degree of perception. Now that I did look, I saw that she was thin and white, and that her eyes, even when she smiled, were shadowed. "Margot has been tutoring this summer. She is studying now, I believe."

"Tutoring?"

"Well, Sabina," said Anne, "she's only thirteen; and she had a difficult time with algebra last year." Her voice took on a defensive edge. "I'm glad she has a tutor. I don't believe in long idle summers for children."

No more did I. Still, no more did I believe there was any excuse for any child having a difficult time with algebra.

I have seven sisters; all married and living in the same town where I live in the Middle West. I'm not married. But I have scorned fifteen nephews and nieces out of having a difficult time with algebra.

I had never before seen Anne look wretched. If she had a miserable child who must be tutored in algebra, then I decided to refrain from remarks on the subject, and I said, "But you have two other children, Anne. Two little boys. Younger than Margot. You wrote me about them two or three years ago. You do remember?"

"Yes," said Anne, "I remember."

The tone of her voice was so flat that I jerked around in my chair to stare at her.

Anne's hands were twisting in her lap. She had set her tea-cup down on the tray at her left; she had scarcely tasted the tea.

"Sabina," Anne said. Her voice was shaking and her hands trembled as she attempted to light a cigarette. "Sabina, will you make me one promise? Just *one* promise?"

I continued to stare at Anne.

"You don't need to say yes or no,"

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Anne said all at once. "I know, Sabina, that you'll keep any promise I ask. I *did* have two little boys until six months ago. David, five. Jerry, three. David was struck down by a car. There's only Jerry left. That's all."

"And the promise?" I asked.

"Don't mention David while you're here. It's so important right now that you don't know anything about David."

Anne wasn't even looking at me. She was gazing out across the garden, but I knew she wasn't aware of the garden or the sky beyond.

I rose abruptly from my chair. I stalked down the three low porch steps and out into the garden. If Anne wasn't going to look at the garden, I said to myself, at least I was.

Anne came swiftly after me. Anne never stalked; she ran on light feet. She faced me on the garden path. For a fleeting moment I caught the old dancing light in her eyes. Her hair wasn't gray, like mine. It was even more red-gold than I had remembered it, the color of brilliant copper in the glow from the setting sun.

"It's fun seeing you again, Sabina," she said. "The quality of your soberness brightens me. You'll forever and forever remain sober and sane; won't you, Sabina?"

"Please, Anne," I said, "I've listened to enough nonsense since talking to you. May I be alone in your garden for a while?"

Anne almost laughed—not quite. Except for that terror in her eyes she would have been able to laugh.

"I'm driving the old flivver back to the station, now," she said. "It's practically time for Geoff's train to arrive."

She was married to Geoffrey Rand. Geoffrey was a well-established lawyer in New York City. I had been unrelenting with Anne when we had been in college together; she had had so many beaux; and she had thrilled at the addition of each one. But Geoffrey had come from her home town; Geoffrey had been in love with her for years; and Geoffrey, in my opinion, stood head and shoulders above all other aspirants. It was Geoffrey who had said to me fifteen years ago, after I had walked stiffly up the aisle of the church as Anne's maid-of-honor, "I wouldn't have Anne now, Sabina, if it hadn't been for you pounding some sense into her head."

Anne was gone. I was to have a half-hour's peace in her garden: the garden which was beautiful—and riotous—as Anne had once been.

Quite without warning, I saw, across the garden from where I stood, the figure of a twelve or thirteen-year-old girl. She had emerged from the old red barn that was used as a garage. She had a battered tin-basin in her hands. I couldn't see her face distinctly because of the shock of heavy black hair that hung like a dark sinister curtain to her shoulders. She marched up the slope of the hill in the rear of the barn without a backward glance at me. I sensed that she knew I was in the garden, staring after her; but that in her young insolence she had a desire to put me definitely in my place.

Up the hill, back of the barn, was a fenced-in plot of earth. The girl opened the wire gate, stepped inside, and scattered grain at the hens that came flocking around her. Then with a gesture, as if to say, Well, that's done, she came out and flung the gate to, behind her. She marched down the hill with the same rigidity of carriage I had noted as she went up. I walked across the garden and confronted her.

"Are you Margot?" I asked. I stood directly in her path.

Her dark smouldering eyes stared through me. She made it defiantly evident to me that she wasn't going to look into my face.

"Yes," she said. "I know who you are. You're one of mother's oldest and best friends. You've come to pay us a visit." It was obvious she felt that I, as a guest at this time, was intruding.

"I've known your father for a long time, too," I said.

There was no further response. I studied the child's face. She was dark like Geoffrey—but forbidding. With none of Geoffrey's delightful amiability. A bitter sullen quality quite her own, I concluded.

Turning my back on her with a shrug of dismissal, I resumed my survey of the garden. I could hear her going down the path to the red barn again. Then I heard a voice sing out behind me, a deep, sweet, vibrant voice, "Margot—darling—we have time for a bit of tennis before your father comes home."

I turned sharply around and looked in the direction from which this new voice had come. A blond slip of a young person stood at the rear of the house. "Must be the tutor," I told myself; I found myself wondering how any one could call the child "Margot darling" in that gay, convincing way.

I stood riveted to the ground, openly watching. Margot came out from the barn. She did not smile, but in justice to her, I'll have to say that I thought her face was softer in expression than it was when I blocked her path. Yet, I checked myself. The softness could easily have been an illusion created from the light of the sun low in the west.

"No," said Margot, to her tutor. "You go home, Lucy. You're supposed to leave here at six o'clock."

A screen door banged. Bridget stood on the rear stoop.

"Miss Margot's right, Miss Lucy. They'll be waiting supper on you. You go on home. Anyway, Jerry's been askin' for Miss Margot for the last half hour. *That* precious lamb won't ever go to sleep lest Miss Margot goes up to his room to tell him good-night."

Lucy laughed.

"All right, Bridget. I'm on my way." As Lucy went past Margot, she dropped a kiss lightly on top of that heavy black hair. She climbed into an old car quite as disreputable as the one Anne owned. Before she started the deafening motor, she called out to Margot, "If it's cooler tomorrow, and the sun is out, perhaps your mother will say we may drive to the beach for a swim."

I made an attempt to become absorbed in the garden again. But the attempt had been frustrated by my curiosity and resentment in regard to this child they called Margot.

I sat down on a wooden bench cleverly hidden in a half-circle of lilac bushes. My mind turned to Jerry. For Anne's sake, I hoped I wasn't going to find him the same kind of disagreeable child Margot appeared to be. I had heard Bridget call him a precious lamb. Did Bridget think of Margot as a precious lamb, I wondered. Certainly in the brief glimpse I had had of the three of them together—Bridget, and the tutor, Lucy, and Margot—the attitude expressed by Lucy and Bridget was that Margot was the most precious lamb of the fold.

Were they blind? Was I blind?

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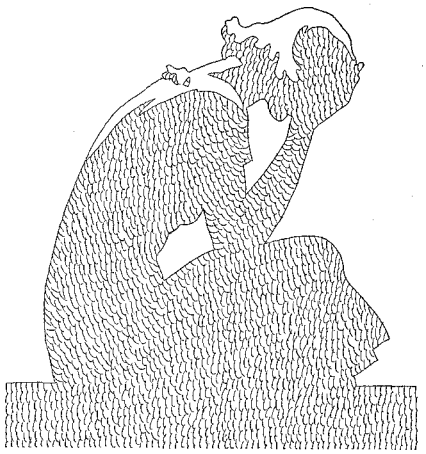

Then I heard Anne's noisy puffing car come up the driveway and Anne's lilting voice crying out above the din, "Hello! Hello, Sabina. Geoff's here."

Margot joined us at the dinner table in a severely tailored white linen frock. It was in striking contrast to Anne's soft white cotton ruffles.

"Hello, Beautiful," Geoff let out with a shout; and Bridget, who was at his side with a platter of fresh asparagus, waited, with beaming approval on her broad red face, until he had gallantly held Margot's chair for her.

"Margot darling," Anne said, "I want you to know Miss Sabina Hastings."

Margot's dark eyes flickered briefly across my face; she granted me a reluctant nod.

"We've met, Anne," I said, with emphasis. "While I was in the garden."

"Oh," said Anne, glancing from Margot to me. "Then you did feed the chickens, Margot?" Anne turned toward me. "Margot never forgets to feed the chickens. And we do have better eggs and more eggs than any of our neighbors. You wait and see, Sabina. Bridget will make you a marvelous omelet for breakfast."

Geoffrey laughed fondly. "Margot doesn't like eggs," he said. "She won't eat them. That's what makes her such a good girl. She knows her old Dad likes his egg for breakfast."

Margot's dark eyes flashed up to her father's face. For an instant, her face was dimly lit.

"Listen, Honey," Bridget said, when she came around the table with the dessert, "I made your favorite cottage pudding—with chocolate sauce and all. Take just a little bit." But Margot shook her head in decided negative.

Bridget was not nonplussed by Margot's fierce rejection of her favorite dessert. Margot had made not one single contribution to the dinner-table conversation. Anne and Geoffrey seemed not at all disturbed.

After dinner, we had coffee served in the living room. Margot started to bolt up the stairs. It was Geoffrey who called her back.

"Margot," he said, and his voice was low and gentle, strangely unlike the hearty booming voice I had associated with Geoffrey. "I want you to come in and listen to me for a few minutes."

Margot stood, hesitant, in the doorway.

"I talked to your grandmother in Chicago today over long distance telephone," I heard Geoffrey say. "She wants you and Jerry to come to Chicago right away. The people from whom she's renting the cottage on Lake Michigan can only let her have it for a month. So I've bought your tickets and reservations. I've made arrangements at the office. I'll not go in tomorrow morning on the eight-nineteen. I'll go in after lunch with you and Mother and Jerry, and we'll get you and Jerry off on the four-forty-five for Chicago." He reached out a hand to Margot. "You get a good sleep tonight; and Mother and I will help you and Jerry pack in the morning."

"You mean Jerry and I are going tomorrow afternoon?" Margot asked.

"Yes," said Geoffrey.

For a moment I thought the child was going to collapse. I saw her face turn deadly white.

"I can't go tomorrow, Daddy," she said. "We didn't tell Lucy. She's coming to help me with algebra. I'm getting along well with algebra, Daddy. Ask Lucy. Please don't make me go." The anguish in the child's voice sent a chill up my spine.

Anne went over to her; a quiet, calm, controlled Anne whom I did not know. They all seemed to have forgotten that I was in the room. Anne put an arm around Margot and with an indescribable tenderness drew her over to a low chair beside Geoffrey.

"We can explain to Lucy," Anne said. "You'll only be gone a month. Lucy needs a vacation, too. She'll be back to tutor you again as soon as you've come home."

Margot sank on the chair beside Geoffrey. Obviously she was suffering from both terror and fury. "But you don't get your vacation, Daddy, until August. You told Mother and me you'd have to wait until August. This is only the middle of July. I won't go—I won't—I won't! Not unless you and Mother take that trip to Nova Scotia for a month.

"Yes," said Geoffrey, laying a restraining hand on Margot's shoulder, "I did promise you, Margot. I'm going to keep that promise. At the office today they let me push my vacation ahead. Mother and I will start out in the old flivver the day after you and Jerry have left."

I didn't feel that I could ever learn to like Margot, but I found myself wanting to see some color come back into her face.

"What's this? What's this?" I heard myself saying. "If you're going with your little brother for a month on Lake Michigan, you're a very *lucky* girl. When I was a girl, I used to spend many summers on Lake Michigan. Looked after small sisters, too. You'll like it better than the seashore in lots of ways."

There! I thought; deal with the child with finality and get results that would do away with any incipient hysteria.

Margot gave me one straight level look of dark concentrated scorn.

Anne began smoothly stroking Margot's heavy black hair; the strokes even and controlled. My own mind flashed back to Anne's hands that had twisted in her lap at tea-time, when she had asked me to pretend that I had never known there was a David in the family. Anne was being tortured inwardly, I knew; I was aware of a different Anne from any Anne I had ever known; aware of an agonizing, heart-rending Anne.

A five-year-old David—crushed beneath a car. A three-year-old Jerry whom I had not yet seen. A thirteen-year-old Margot whom Geoffrey and Anne treated as if she were the most fragile and lovely thing on earth. Even Bridget, and the young person they called Lucy, were contributing their share of solicitude in regard to Margot.

I began, perforce, searching my own mind for the reason. The reason for kindness toward a child who left me thoroughly chilled.

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In the room in which I lingered, there was a portrait over the mantel-piece of a fair-haired boy whom I judged around five years old. A boy who looked strikingly like Anne.

I stole furtive glances at his face. He must have been, quite naturally, I decided, Anne's favorite of her children.

Anne must have grieved very deeply when he had been killed. "Struck down by a car," Anne had said. How horrible for Anne! Margot must have sensed the great depth of Anne's grief, I reflected, and she had become jealous. But Anne! Could she know so little of child psychology? Anne—with her swift intuition—Anne should have known that the way they were handling the child would not help rid her of jealousy. Bitterly, I felt, they should not allow such selfishness to grow in Margot. Selfishness, itself, could make a child sick and miserable. They were shielding Margot, I decided, from the fact of Anne's grieving.

Geoffrey's voice suddenly boomed forth; and while I was used to Geoffrey's booming voice, it seemed to me at this moment that he was over-doing his act.

"Come, Margot," he said. "We'll go upstairs to my study for a game of checkers before you go to bed." He was on his feet, shouldering Margot, with rough gentleness, out of the room. He turned to face Anne. "Let her stay up an hour or two late. She'll sleep better on the train tomorrow night. She'll sleep so soundly that if Jerry kicks her when he turns in his sleep, she won't even feel the kick."

Anne laughed. It wasn't a shaky laugh. "Go on, Margot darling," she said, "and put your father in his place. You can beat him at checkers, if you put your mind to it. He does make some very rash moves."

Then they were gone—Margot and Geoffrey. And Anne, who had not given Margot even a lingering caress before she left the room, sat twisting her hands again in her lap, staring at the dark well of the stairway in the hall from which Margot and Geoffrey had disappeared.

"Anne," I said, jerking forward in my chair, "I must speak to you. Has your mind retrogressed?"

"Please, Sabina," Anne said, still staring at the dark hall from which the staircase led. "Please, Sabina, I know what you want to say—but I can't talk to you about Margot—not now—not until after the time we've put her on that train."

I wasn't to be restrained. I felt Anne needed a jolt. I didn't want to look any longer at those twisting hands.

"Sending her on the train isn't any intelligent way out," I said. "As a matter of fact, you shouldn't force her to go. She's terror-stricken, being sent alone on an over-night journey. In addition to asking her to take the trip with no older person along, you're asking her to assume the responsibility of Jerry—a very small child. You're giving her too great a fright."

"Margot's really very competent," Anne said dully. "It's not the trip out on the train, alone with Jerry, that she can't manage. She'll manage it beautifully."

Was Anne crazy, I wondered. Had David's death unbalanced her mind? No normal human being could have failed to read the terror that was in Margot's face when she had begged her mother not to force her to go alone to Chicago with her small brother Jerry.

Presently Anne crossed the room and began to wind the clock, her hands quite steady again. She turned and faced me—all color wiped from her face.

"Sabina," she said, "you will have to *trust* me. Don't interfere—it's too important. In less than twenty-four hours, Margot and Jerry will be gone. They will be alone on a train that is to carry them to Chicago to my mother. My mother understands. So do I. So does Geoffrey. I can explain to you after they are gone. But not now. Not now."

For the first time in my life, I believe, I felt humble in the presence of Anne. "Don't explain," I urged hastily. "I did think you were being cruel. But I don't understand. I'm just a sharp, prying, old spinster. Don't explain."

Anne laughed. It wasn't a very natural laugh. "Margot's so capable," Anne said. "She'll get Jerry through even better than I or Geoffrey could."

I found myself staring straight at David's portrait above the mantel shelf. Anne must have followed my gaze. Suddenly, I was aware that she was trembling from head to foot.

"I love Margot," she was saying

fiercely, "I love Margot. She's so beautiful, Sabina. You don't know how beautiful she is."

"Come, Anne," I said frigidly. "Enough of all nonsense." I got up from my chair and stalked out of the room. "I'm going to bed," I flung back at Anne.

There was a brief interval of silence. I climbed the stairs. Then I heard Anne's voice singing after me, with a touch of its former lilting quality, "Thank you, Sabina. You're like a dash of cold water in the face. You're heavenly, Sabina."

I woke early the next morning, took a cold shower, dressed with quick precision; and I went down into the garden again. For an hour only Bridget was up, I could hear her banging around cheerfully in the kitchen. Then I heard the rear screen door swing on its hinges and Bridget's voice calling, "Stay close to the house, Lamb. Breakfast will be ready in a minute."

Was Margot coming out? I wheeled in the garden path with conflicting emotions surging inside of me. But it wasn't Margot.

The sturdy figure of a three-year-old boy was running toward me. He was the exact image of Margot except for the fact that his face was shining with a zest for life—in vivid contrast to the brooding, forbidding face of Margot.

"Want to pick flowers," he said, smiling up at me. "Want to pick flowers to take to my grandmother in Ch'cago."

I helped him get together a handful of mixed flowers. Bridget called to us to come to breakfast. Jerry stuck a fat little fist into my hand and walked with me toward the house.

I was still holding his hand when we

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reached the dining-room. Margot was at the table. Jerry was very young. He forgot his grandmother in Chicago. He broke away from me and ran to Margot.

"See," he said, thrusting the flowers close to her face, "see what I got for you."

Bridget appeared in the doorway with steaming bowls of cereal.

"Wait a minute," she said, placing the tray on the table, "I'll get a bowl for the flowers, Master Jerry." She took them from him.

Margot rose from her chair, guided Jerry to a higher chair, lifted him, and began tying a white linen bib under his chin. Bridget returned with the flowers in a blue vase and put the vase in the center of the table.

"Bridget," Margot said, standing aloofly beside Jerry's chair, "I don't want anything but cereal. May I take a bowl of cereal upstairs?"

"Yes, Miss Margot," Bridget said. Quickly and deftly, she sprinkled a bowl of cereal with brown sugar, poured cream over it with a lavish hand, and gave the bowl to Margot. "Run along now," she said. "Your mother and father will be down soon; and Master Jerry and I can look after Miss Hastings until they come."

And then Margot was gone without so much as a glance in my direction. Jerry smiled at me. "Jerry will look after you," he volunteered; and he began with gusto spooning cereal into his engaging self.

I didn't come face to face with Margot again that day until we started in the car for the trip to New York. We left after an early lunch. Margot hadn't appeared at the luncheon table. Bridget had packed a picnic lunch for Lucy and Margot and Jerry; and the three had climbed the hill back of the house and seated themselves on the ground under an old apple tree. I saw them climbing the hill as I was wandering through the garden. Lucy was very gay; her laugh floated back to my attentive ears from time to time. Jerry was dancing from excitement and stumbling over the rough rocky field. He was clinging to Margot's hand. Margot was climbing the hill with the same rigidity of carriage I had noted in her from the very first sight I had had of her. I thought to myself, "Even with her back to me, I can see that heavy smouldering expression on her face. I know it hasn't changed. Just watching her—any one would know." But I had to admit her unfailing awareness of Jerry. Whenever he stumbled forward and lurched over the rocky soil, Margot caught him—both hands quickly and expertly under his arms to prevent his falling.

"Anne's right about her being capable," I said to myself. "She will get Jerry to Chicago quite as competently as any older person could get him there."

Of course, there was something, I acknowledged, that I didn't understand—some mysterious hidden thing that with all my claim to astuteness I hadn't been able to fathom. They couldn't—Bridget and Lucy and Geoffrey and Anne—be so gentle in their treatment of this astoundingly rude and unresponsive child without some reason. Some reason that was *sane*.

We didn't pile into Anne's noisy puffing car to drive the seventy-odd miles to the Grand Central station. A big smooth-running car with a chauffeur in uniform had come up the driveway after lunch; and Geoffrey had gone out with Margot's and Jerry's travelling bags and piled them neatly and inconspicuously in front next to the driver's seat.

"It's your kind of car, isn't it?" Anne said, giving me a quick discerning smile. "The car and chauffeur belong to friends of Geoffrey; and they insisted upon sending it over for us."

"Very nice," I admitted. "I really wouldn't enjoy chugging all the way to New York in your car."

It was a beautiful afternoon in July; but I can't recall much about the drive to New York except the fact that Geoffrey and Anne made futile attempts to break down the icy exterior Margot presented. Geoffrey and Anne and I sat in the full-cushioned rear seat; Margot and Jerry on the two folding chairs directly in front of us.

I remember fragments of conversation. From Geoffrey, as we drove through Rye, "Margot, do you remember three years ago when I brought you here for the merry-go-rounds and the loop-the-loops?" A scarcely perceptible nod from Margot. Then from Anne, "Margot, I'm afraid I forgot to pack tooth-paste. Geoffrey, have you given Margot money for her purse?"

It was only Jerry who succeeded in eliciting any articulate response from Margot. Over and over again he tugged at her sleeve and pointed at some object in the road or landscape that captured his attention. "Look, Margot, look!" he would cry. And Margot would turn her wooden self and look. "Yes, Jerry, I see," she would say.

Then somehow we found ourselves on the train. Geoffrey had tipped the porter for carrying the bags and had dismissed him; Geoffrey had given the pullman porter a folded bill and asked him to look after the two children through to Chicago; and we had only a few minutes before we must leave the train. I stood wedged in the compartment that was Margot's and Jerry's until the very end.

I saw Geoffrey pick up Jerry, toss him above his head, and bring him down to give him a big hearty hug. "Well, Old Man," I heard Geoffrey say, "take good care of your sister." Jerry was chuckling with delight and a sense of importance.

Anne stooped over, after Geoffrey had bounced Jerry back onto the car seat. She kissed Jerry lightly on the top of his rough dark hair. "Good-bye, Big Boy," she said. Anne was trembling.

Suddenly Geoffrey's voice was husky. Deep, but no longer booming. He was shaking hands with Margot—Margot who was standing stiff and erect in front of him. "Good-bye, Old Timer," he said. "I'm going to miss you. The dining-car's the next car back. See that you and Jerry have a good supper. And lots of marmalade for breakfast."

Then Geoffrey bolted.

Anne turned to Margot. I caught my breath in unbelief. Tears were streaming down the child's face—unheeded; and through the tears she was smiling at her mother. Smiling at Anne.

Margot was beautiful! Looking at her face was like looking at a lamp that I had never before seen lighted. And the fierce pride that was Margot's kept her from any acknowledgment of the tears that were spilling down to the crisp white front of her blouse.

Anne never touched her. "My baby girl," she said. "My beautiful, beautiful baby girl!"

We were outside on the platform with Geoffrey; the train was gaining speed as it pulled away from the station.

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"She smiled at me," Anne said to Geoffrey. "She smiled at me, Geoff. She wanted us to make her go. She's glad we made her see it through."

"Don't talk," Geoffrey said. "Don't talk. Let's get back to the car."

As we went back through the Grand Central Station to the car, it was Anne who stalked. Geoffrey didn't speak to her. He kept a firm savage hold on her arm. That was all.

Back in the car, Geoffrey between Anne and me in the luxurious rear seat (the two folding seats now closed up so that we could stretch out our legs), the chauffeur drove us expertly through and out of the traffic of the city.

No one of the three of us made any effort at conversation. But quite suddenly, when we had left the lights of the city on the far horizon, Geoffrey shifted his position, turned to Anne, and put an arm around her to draw her close to him. Anne went all to pieces. She began to cry, and cried as if her heart were breaking. She buried her head in his shoulder. Geoffrey took off her hat and automatically placed it in my lap. His free hand caressed her hair.

"It's all right, Old Girl," he kept saying. "It's all right. You put up a good fight—and you won. Cry your heart out."

I sat aching with the pain that was inside of me. It was the first time I had ever heard Anne *really* cry. I sat, shrinking in the corner of the car, staring out at the night. I was relieved that Anne had Geoffrey. I had never before fully realized the compassion that men had latent in themselves. I knew, too, that Geoffrey was right; I knew that Anne needed to cry her heart out.

I knew, even in the short time that I had been in Anne's house, that for some obscure reason, she had never permitted herself to cry because of David's death. I knew the shock it must have been to Anne to have had that sunny-looking, flaxen-haired boy "struck down by a car." I knew Anne hadn't been able to permit herself to cry because of Margot. I had seen that proud lift of Margot's head when she had turned to her mother—that smile of Margot's that was like magic transforming the child's face.

No, Margot hadn't been jealous of Anne's grieving for David. I had become convinced of that fact when I had seen Margot smiling at Anne. In that smile, Margot had been thanking Anne for seeing her through—ignoring her terror—compelling her to walk right up to face the thing she was afraid of. But my mind was neither clever enough nor subtle enough to comprehend the situation.

We turned abruptly in at the driveway to Anne's and Geoffrey's house. For the past half hour, Anne's sobs had been diminishing in volume; we were hearing now only long drawn-out quivering breathing from Anne. I believe that Geoffrey and I both thankfully realized that while Anne was physically exhausted, her nerves were at last relaxed.

Anne straightened and sat up, Geoffrey's arm still across her shoulders. She had a powder compact out from her purse, and she was powdering her nose.

The car stopped in front of the entrance of the house. Geoffrey became brusque and businesslike.

"You two girls come in," he said, "and I'll shake up some cocktails. They will be good for all of us." And I, who rarely had an inclination for a cocktail, knew Geoffrey was right.

Bridget met us at the door. She gave Anne one brief appraising glance. "Dinner ain't ready, ma'am," she said sturdily. "Wouldn't you like for me to go upstairs and draw you a warm tub?"

Anne smiled tremulously at Bridget. "Oh, Bridget, yes." She turned to Geoffrey and me. "Would you mind? Are you hungry?"

"Dinner ain't ready yet," Bridget insisted, and strode with belligerence up the stairs.

Geoffrey laughed and steered Anne toward the stairs. "Of course it's ready, we know it is; but she'll manage to keep it warm for us. You go ahead, and I'll shake up a cocktail or two."

With the cocktail shaker on a low table between us, Geoffrey took out his pipe, filled it, and slumped into a big easy chair.

"Drink your cocktail, Sabina," he said. "Do you mind if I take whisky and soda?"

"Geoffrey," I asked, "can you tell me about Margot now? I'm leaving in the morning. I don't want to ask Anne."

"Yes," said Geoffrey.

There had been a sudden change in weather; a damp chill in the air. We were seated in front of an old iron grate filled with softly glowing coals; Bridget had brought the coals to a comforting glow before we arrived. Above the mantel shelf was the portrait of a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of five. Geoffrey sat a long time in silence, puffing at his pipe. I gazed frankly up at the portrait; no longer stealing furtive glances at it.

Geoffrey hunched himself forward in the chair. "You're right, Sabina. We'll get it over before Anne comes down."

His face tightened; set itself into hard grim lines. "Let's see. It was five months—no, six months ago." He began speaking rapidly, mechanically. "There was ice on the ground. A thin layer of snow. Lucy—you've met Lucy?—lived here at the house with us then. She looked after the two boys, and tutored Margot at nights. One Saturday afternoon, she drove into the village to do some shopping for Anne. Jerry was ill. The doctor was guarding against pneumonia. We had a trained nurse, but Anne wouldn't leave Jerry's room."

"I know how it is when children have pneumonia," I said. "Two of my nieces had pneumonia last winter."

"Lucy asked Anne to let her take David to the village with her," Geoffrey continued. "Margot wanted to go. *David* wanted Margot to go. Margot was so—so gay." He turned on me with a definite challenge in his voice. "You don't believe it—do you?"

"I can believe anything about Margot that you tell me," I said.

"She was very young," Geoffrey went on. "They reached the village and the two children went from store to store with Lucy. The last shopping Lucy had to do for Anne was to buy some yarn for her. Anne was knitting a red sweater for Jerry; and she wanted to finish the sweater during the hours she was at Jerry's bedside." He paused and stared unseeingly at the fire.

"Lucy had parked the car in front of the moving-picture house. They had come back to the car when Lucy remembered about the red yarn. The shop for the yarn was just across the

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street. Margot had met a young friend of hers—Ellen Thayer, I believe. Margot and her friend were both excited about the movie that was being advertised in the foyer of the Playhouse." Geoffrey leaned forward and buried his face in his hands. An unmistakable groan escaped from his throat. "Margot never went to see a movie after that day."

I swallowed my cocktail in one gulp. "Go on, Geoffrey," I said, with a ruthlessness that was hard even for me to accept as my own.

Geoffrey straightened, a grim smile twisting his lips.

"Sorry," he said. He began puffing again at his pipe. "Lucy wanted to take David across the street with her to buy the yarn. But David clung to Margot —didn't want to go. Margot told Lucy she would keep David with her. It was all right about Lucy. I would have done the same thing." His pipe had burned out; he struck a match. "Margot and this Ellen Thayer were just the age to be frantically excited about the pictures. Perhaps it was Greta Garbo. I don't think so. I think it was Janet Gaynor."

"Anne will be downstairs soon," I urged.

"I suppose David let go of Margot's hand—I suppose Margot wasn't for the moment conscious of David. Margot was so young."

"Margot is so young," I reminded him.

"David must have grown restless. He must have seen Lucy across the street. And then—then Margot heard Lucy screaming at her. Screaming at Margot. Lucy must have gone out of her head. Every one on the block heard Lucy scream. Oh, my God," he said.

"Go on, Geoffrey," I commanded.

"Margot—Margot turned in time to hear the grinding of brakes and to see David crushed beneath a car. Thank God," Geoffrey rose from his chair and buried his face in his arm crooked on the mantel-shelf, "thank God, David was killed outright. They all say—they all say, he never even knew he had been struck."

I poured more whisky into Geoffrey's tall glass. I went to him with the glass in my hand and I shook him roughly. "Here," I said. "Drink it. Drink it straight. Anne is coming downstairs."

Geoffrey took the whisky. "Can't you see," he all but shouted at me, "can't you see why Anne has had to plot and scheme to force Margot to take some serious responsibility in regard to Jerry?"

"Yes," I said, "I see." And I added, talking to myself rather than to Geoffrey, "Jerry is still a baby."

"But Margot will come through all right," Geoffrey said.

"Yes," I agreed, "Margot will come through all right."

Anne entered the room. Bridget appeared simultaneously in the doorway with a steaming glass on a tray. "It's hot brandy, Mrs. Rand," Bridget said. "Don't you go drinkin' any old cold whisky. I put in just a touch of lemon and sugar."

Anne drained the glass. Bridget waited. But Bridget was talking.

"When you get a telegram tomorrow that the children have reached Chicago, you're to start right out for Nova Scotia," she said. "I'll begin packin' for you early in the morning."

Anne put down the emptied glass on a nearby book-shelf. Her face was still very white and her eyes big and apprehensive. She reached out and hugged Bridget. Bridget's arms went around her in a warm embrace.

"I'm glad there're still Bridgets in this world," I said half-aloud.

Anne stood off from Bridget, her hands on Bridget's shoulders.

"Margot smiled at me," she said. "Margot smiled at me, Bridget, before she left."

"Oh," said Bridget, "oh, the precious lamb!"

OFFSHORE

By Charles Norman

AFT
the wind scudded,
ghost sails, ghost wake;
the gulls touched wings
with undersea gulls
in the glass of the sea.

The porpoise raced
the bobbing bow,
the cleaving prow.

Over green acres
plunged the sea horses,
pawed the gunwales,
ankles in foam-flowers,
dripping spindrift.

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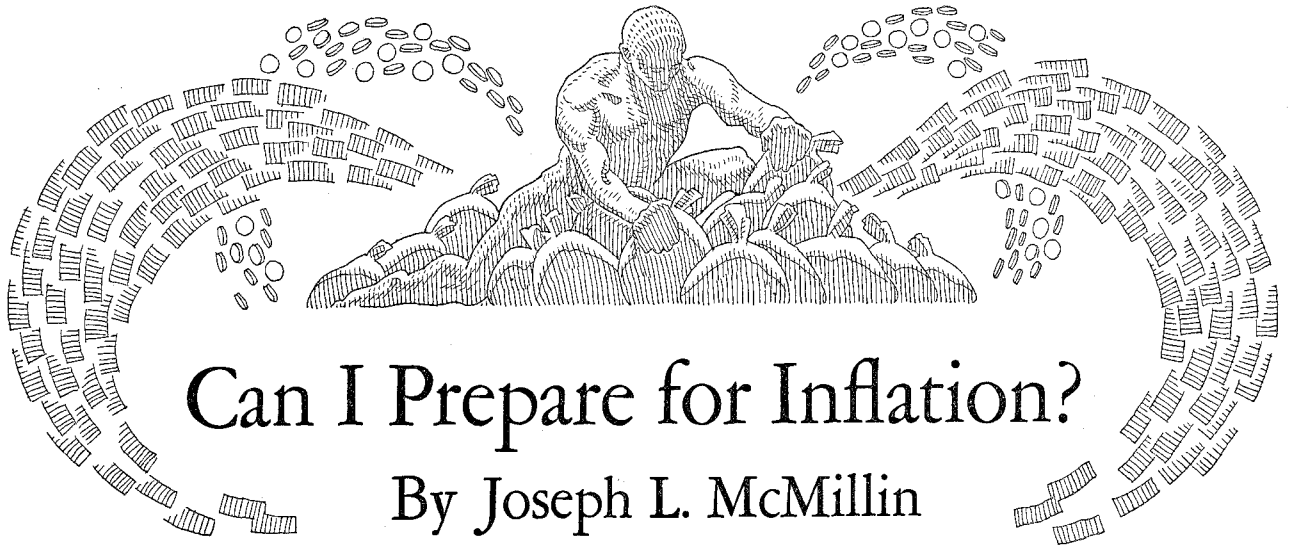
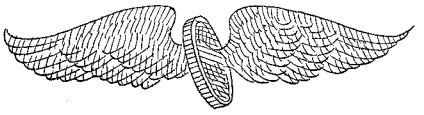


Can I Prepare for Inflation?

By Joseph L. McMillin

The first of several articles presenting various aspects of life insurance as it affects individual and family security. Mr. McMillin here presents the case for a conservative investment program, inflation or no inflation



For two or three years a new song has been sweeping our land. It is a confused medley of varied voices: professional alarmists, economic gossips, people who make their living prophesying; certain gentlemen who are connected with the issue, sale, and re-sale of speculative securities; owners of doubtful equities; professional stock gamblers; "suckers" who have been left holding the bag with "cat and dog" investments; politicians with personal axes to grind. While all join in one accord in the chorus—"Inflation is coming"—obviously the voices of these are not in harmony. There are two distinct groups of singers, rendering radically different versions. One warns us that inflation is inevitable and is to be intolerable unless we prepare ourselves through the purchase of doubtful equities in real estate and securities: it is a siren song appealing to our gambling instincts. The other version is to the effect that inflation means our financial salvation, and that it will solve every economic problem: it is a lullaby soothing us to cease our financial struggles, and rest and sleep.

The above figure of speech is not intended as a reflection on those who are sincerely fearful of inflation and are intelligently working to counteract it. It is intended to drive home the fact that many of the prognostications that inflation is right ahead are fathered by the wishes of those who hope to profit by their prophecies or to reap personal benefits by the occurrence of inflation itself. However, it is not designed to minimize the danger or the likelihood of inflation, but rather to emphasize that in addition to the influence of strong economic forces, powerful selfish interests are doing everything in their power to promote and hasten it, and that it is high time every individual ask himself the question, *Can I personally prepare for inflation?* For practically all schools of economics, as well as most of our astute men of affairs, are agreed that we are entering upon an inflationary period. They are agreed further that every individual should take the possibility of inflation into account in planning his personal investment program.

Before we can answer this question intelligently we must determine what we mean by being "prepared"; then we must define and understand certain aspects of inflation and clearly see the issues involved.

Being prepared must not be as hopeless as was implied by the negro youth who in affirming his ardent devotion to his sweetheart said, "Honey, I'se just crazy about you,—I'se so crazy I could go to Hell for you, ef I was just prepared"; as we shall see later there is a type of inflation against which all preparation is futile. What we mean by being prepared is that our investments will not be decimated or destroyed by inflation; that they will continue to function if we are relying on them for a part or all of our living income; if we are deferring the income until the time of our retirement or to support our dependents in the event death overtakes us, that they will ride safely through the storms of inflation to the port of fulfillment of the purposes for which we saved and invested. Can I prepare for inflation, then, means can I adopt an investment program that will insure personal and family financial security in spite of the destructive forces of inflation.

Whether we can invest so as to withstand its onslaughts, and if so, what the determinants of such an investment program are, require that we discover the kind of inflation we are likely to have, and the way it does its destructive work. While there are many subdivisions of each, for the purpose of our study we can make two general classifications, *credit* and *currency* inflation.

Credit inflation is the one business men are ever hoping and working for because it results in increased activity. This kind of inflation is beneficial until it produces too much stimulation, in which case it becomes positively dangerous. Wild credit inflation has been the principal cause of our American depressions: Exhibit A is the boom times of 1925–1929 with the inevi-

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tably consequent depression from the chaos of which we have not yet fully emerged.

In spite of our recent experiences—which more or less parallel the ill effects of other like periods in our economic history—the tragic effects of such a cycle do not alarm many people. The realities of a credit inflation do not disturb us although we are afraid of the term "inflation." In support of this statement note that during the years 1925–1929 there were few voices raised in warning; the prophets were practically all on the inflationary band wagon; a few sound thinkers who did point to the catastrophe ahead were like voices crying in the wilderness; the boom period had brought into full swing an era of "easy come, easy go." And yet we were experiencing a wild jamboree of inflation during which through credit processes money was made almost as fast as the printing presses could print it. Another evidence that we are afraid of the name and not of the reality is that most of those who are today alarmed over the possibility of inflation are anxious for real-estate values to increase in dollars, hope their stocks will go up, and denounce every move of the Government that would tend to prevent the recurrence of another boom period. From a study of the financial history of America it will be found the same attitude existed prior to and during all of our inflationary periods. We American people, while we have severe headaches afterwards, have always welcomed the opportunity of going on inflationary jags. It is this aspect of the problem, as well as this trait in human nature, that makes it imperative that each of us intelligently consider the question: Can I individually prepare for inflation?

The second kind is currency inflation. We have also had such periods in this country, but in the main they have been comparatively mild in their intrinsic import—the principal occurrences being the issue of greenbacks after the War between the States, and the gold devaluation of our New Deal days. These doses of inflation have not hurt us; in fact, mild inflation of any kind may be positively beneficial. The danger is that once started the effects are such they are likely to grow from *mild* to *wild*.

Currency inflation is the form that is striking fear into the hearts of the thrifty. The experiences of middle Europe, particularly Germany, are fresh in our minds. However, the real danger is that we shall become so frightened over a possible *currency* inflation that we shall let a wild *credit* inflation creep upon us and bring wreck and ruin in its wake.

A still further danger is that in trying to protect ourselves from a currency inflation we shall hasten and intensify an abortive boom period that will spawn another frightful collapse. That is precisely what will happen if enough individuals listen to the advice of those who are prophesying an extreme currency inflation and urging the abandonment of sound investment practices for speculative activities. Preachments like "Do not save what you cannot afford to lose," and injunctions to purchase only equities, if followed by the general public, will cause a gambling orgy that will be nearly as disastrous as a currency inflation of considerable proportions. In view of this dilemma it is well for us to do some sane, careful thinking, if our objective is to prepare for personal and financial security. To help us in such thinking there are certain well-established facts which we shall briefly review.

The first important fact is that inflation is always followed by deflation. The periods of extreme inflation are of short duration, with the financial machinery breaking down under the burden of over-capitalization, and logically sinking into the bog of deflation.

One of the major dangers from an inflationary period is that investors will yield to the temptation to sacrifice sound securities in order to invest in doubtful equities. This is precisely what was done during the boom period of 1925–1929 and it is what has happened in every inflationary period. That such a course is disastrous is shown by the following: if before or during the inflationary period we prepare for it by buying equities (which usually means we must sell our sound securities in order to get the money for the speculative investment) we may find ourselves temporarily during the boom "in the easy money," but when the crash comes the deflationary period not only robs us of our easily gained wealth, but usually wipes out our remaining equities.

A study of past inflations and a reasonable consideration of the factors involved prove that if we are to have a wild currency inflationary period there is nothing the average man can do to protect himself from it unless he knows the following facts to scientific precision: *the exact kind of inflation that is coming; to what extent it is likely to go; the precise time of its coming; its absolute duration.*

In this connection, William A. Stark, Vice President and Trust Officer of the Fifth Third Union Trust Company of Cincinnati, made this statement in an address last year: "For the average man protecting himself from inflation is like playing with dynamite and is as likely to be disastrous as inflation itself would prove to the rank and file of our nation."

In this same connection, Mr. Alfred Fairbanks, Vice President and Trust Officer of the Boatmen's National Bank of St. Louis, Mo., in an address before the National Bankers Association made the following statement from a careful study his committee had made on the subject of German and French inflation: "If the experiences of France and Germany are to be adjudged at all relevant to our own situation, then we can generalize that hedging against inflation on the stock market will require the intelligence of a genius, the agility of an acrobat, and the courage of a centurion, together with a liberal admixture of pure luck and the help of Divine guidance."

Another fact we should remember is that most of our commitments are to a large extent obligations to pay in currency and not in goods. Thus for the payment of debts, insurance, instalment payments on furniture, electrical appliances, automobiles, and notes given for real estate, etc., the individual should pin his faith to the standard currency, and should rely upon sound securities rather than assume the risks inherent in speculative investments.

A study of the French inflation presents one very hopeful view to those who are genuinely worried over an impending American currency inflation. Eleanor L. Dulles, in her book, *The Dollar, the Franc, and Inflation*, says "French experience destroys many dangerous illusions. It shows above all that the landslide can be stopped if

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public opinion stiffens to resist the decline." Therefore, while the individual will find it practically impossible to manipulate his investments in such a way that he will be prepared for a wild inflationary period, he should reflect very seriously upon this thought, that he can act collectively with other individuals to prevent an occurrence of either a disastrous currency or credit inflation.

There are conditions existent in our American situation which not only demand that we prevent a repetition of what happened in Germany and France, but which also give the necessary collective machinery to prevent the occurrence of such a catastrophe. For instance, at the present time sixty millions of American people own and are largely dependent upon life insurance for the future security of their families, and for their own retirement years in the event they live to old age; there is approximately one hundred billions of dollars of such insurance in force in America. (This figures about one-third of our national wealth.) The savings banks of this country and the savings departments of other banks have deposits of approximately thirty-nine billions of dollars. To these figures should be added the aggregate of bonds and preferred stocks running into billions. For the year 1933 the payments of life insurance companies to policyholders and beneficiaries in the United States amounted to over three billions of dollars, and the interest payments from bonds and savings deposits amounted to over six billions, a total of nine billions, or nearly one-fifth of our national income.

With the individual and family security of the nation largely dependent upon these sources of income, it is absolutely imperative that we prevent currency inflation, and put checks upon a wild credit inflation. Fortunately, the people owning this form of property represent the majority of American voters, and in them we have a collective strength that can prevent such a debacle.

Though we are not likely to have a serious currency inflation, we shall have credit inflation, for the financial cycles while not as regular in their timing, and of varying degrees, are just as inevitable as the ebb and flow of the tides. Therefore our question practically reduces itself to whether or not we can invest for credit inflation. The determinants of the investment program we should use in our preparation for such a contingency are evident from the facts we have considered about this type of inflation, and the nature of our investment objective.

Let us keep in mind that our objective is personal and family security; also that to attain such security an individual must acquire enough income-producing property to take the place of earned income when that ceases, and in addition furnish funds for emergencies that may make too great a requirement on current earned income. This demands that our preparation must provide certain income for the retirement years, unfailing income for our dependents against death, and reserve funds for emergencies prior to death or retirement.

Let us also take into consideration the three steps essential to attaining this objective: the individual through his savings and investments must first create or acquire such property; then he must conserve this property until it is needed; finally when the crisis comes he must be able to convert it into regular, adequate income.

In the face of the destructive effects of business cycles these three steps are difficult even for those who have accumulated a fair measure of capital, as millions who were once considered wealthy can testify. The cards are stacked against the individual succeeding in such a difficult undertaking unless he has available a financial device with certain characteristics the so-called capital investments do not give. The requirements are: it must be the safest device known to finance; it must not be at the mercy of financial cycles; it must be elastic or flexible enough to meet changing conditions; it must run for the life of the individual, and extend beyond his life to give income to dependents as long as they live; it must be available on the instalment plan so that it can be acquired out of the savings from current income, without the usual dangers that accompany instalment buying; in a word, it must lift the individual out of the futile insufficiency of one person and give him a share in the collective strength of society.

Is there such a device? Emphatically there is, and it has withstood booms and depressions in this country for nearly a hundred years. It is the finest achievement of the financial world—*legal reserve life insurance*.

Here then is a practical program in preparation for inflation:

For emergency funds—savings banks, and the highest grade securities purchased for income.

For protection against death and old age—legal reserve life insurance with its varied and finely flexible life insurance and annuity contracts that may be acquired in single payments (for those with capital) or by instalments from current income.

The above program seems logical, for one of three things is likely to happen: First, we shall not have inflation of any kind; Second, we shall have credit inflation; Third, we shall have currency inflation. If we have no inflation of any considerable intensity, then by far the best procedure is the conservative investment policy herein recommended. If we are to have a credit inflation, the best preparation is to adopt a sound investment program, and the only way to prepare for the inevitable depression that will follow is to invest in securities and contracts that have proved strong enough to last through deflationary periods. If a currency inflation is imminent, then history teaches us there is no way to prepare ourselves through investment for withstanding its assault, and that what we should do is to take steps to prevent its occurrence. We should use our influence, individually and collectively, with various members of Congress to forestall any such debacle, but the best way for us to prevent our nation from following such a disastrous course is for the rank and file of us to adopt sound individual investment programs.

The adherence to a sound investment program by the majority of us will do more to prevent the recurrence of a dangerous credit inflation than any amount of legislative or governmental planning. It will tend to prevent inflation because it will correct abuses that bring about the demands for such radical departures from sound economy. It will help insure us against our Government embarking upon the unwise experiment of issuing fiat money—for

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in the end we cannot expect our Governmental policies to differ greatly from the thoughts and practices of the individuals who make up the nation. We individual Americans are responsible for the boom times that brought on our recent tragic depression. Our national financial difficulties are largely due to our behavior as individuals: our desire for quick profits, and the use of short cuts to attain financial independence; our surrender to the gambling instinct; failure to apply scientific thinking to the problem of personal economics; our investment objective of capital accumulation rather than safety and certainty of income; in a word, our individual financial *planlessness*.

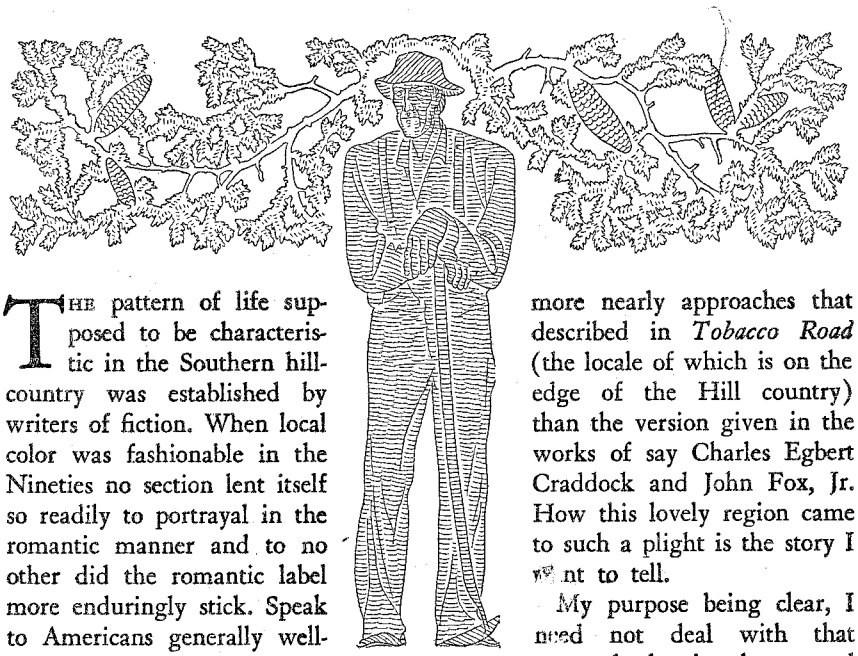
In the present—as in the past—our greatest danger is not from without but from within. In this connection I am reminded of a story from my boyhood days.

In a little Southern college town there was a negro who lived and worked on the college campus. He had a sweetheart whose home was in the country just a mile from the town by one road, but three miles by another route. The short road went through the village cemetery and we children learned that when he went to see his sweetheart in the daytime he always went the short route, but that at night he always took the three-mile road. We teased him about it and taunted him with his fear of ghosts. Here was his reply: "Now chillun, I knows there ain't no sich thing as ghosts. I knows there ain't nothin' out there goin' to hurt me. On the other hand sumpin might sort of git up out there and make me hurt *myself!*"

The greatest danger from the talk of inflation is that, moved by fear, or actuated by the gambling instinct, or influenced by both, we shall follow a foolish course and hurt ourselves. Yet there is as much peril in a negative policy of individual planlessness as in unwise positive action. The sound course for the individual to pursue irrespective of the size and character of his extraneous estate, is to adopt the definite objective of personal and family security and then in the light of reason refrain from all speculative activities until he has attained the goal of financial independence through sound, time-tested investments, and life insurance and annuity contracts.

Trouble in the Hills

By C. Hartley Grattan



THE pattern of life supposed to be characteristic in the Southern hill-country was established by writers of fiction. When local color was fashionable in the Nineties no section lent itself so readily to portrayal in the romantic manner and to no other did the romantic label more enduringly stick. Speak to Americans generally well-informed about conditions in romantic California or romantic Florida and they will sardonically refer to the true conditions beneath the shining, publicity-created surface, but as to the Hills they preserve their pristine illusions. Of course there is nothing to be gained by denying the essential appeal of unspoiled Hill life with its non-pecuniary values, its folk culture, and its all-around humanness. But the point to be made is that this potentially valuable way of life has become as a sound apple may become, rotten at the core.

Sociological economists have long known as much but their dull and somber analyses have largely passed unnoticed. Only one point seems to have sunk into the public mind: that the hill people who have been drawn out of their lonely haunts into the coal mines of Kentucky and West Virginia and the textile mills of the Piedmont have somehow fallen from a happy estate to which justice demands that they be returned. The note is struck in that lucid and intelligent novel, *Call Home the Heart*. But insofar as this means returning the emigrants to the Hills whence they came, the solution is impossible, for life in the Hills today, especially on the super-romantic ridges, more nearly approaches that described in *Tobacco Road* (the locale of which is on the edge of the Hill country) than the version given in the works of say Charles Egbert Craddock and John Fox, Jr. How this lovely region came to such a plight is the story I want to tell.

My purpose being clear, I need not deal with that part of the background which is useful in explaining the appealing phases of the life but rather I may plunge *in medias res* economic. The most important occupation—the "natural" occupation—of the Hill people is farming. It was on the basis of farming that the structure of Hill civilization was raised, but it was not absolutely "self-sufficing" farming as many observers have stated. From the earliest days the hill farmer found it necessary to look beyond the narrow confines of his jealously cherished acres for that part of his family living which would raise him above grinding poverty. In the beginning beneficent nature played directly into his hands: he could add game from the forest to the family larder; and he could raise hogs for the commercial market by running them in the woods to feed on "mast," as well as cattle and horses on the natural pastures when they were available, these three being "exportable" commodities. All accurate historical accounts of the region emphasize that whatever cash income the residents had during the early period (*circa* 1800–1870) was gained in this fashion. The isolation on which so much stress has been laid was, therefore, relative and not absolute.

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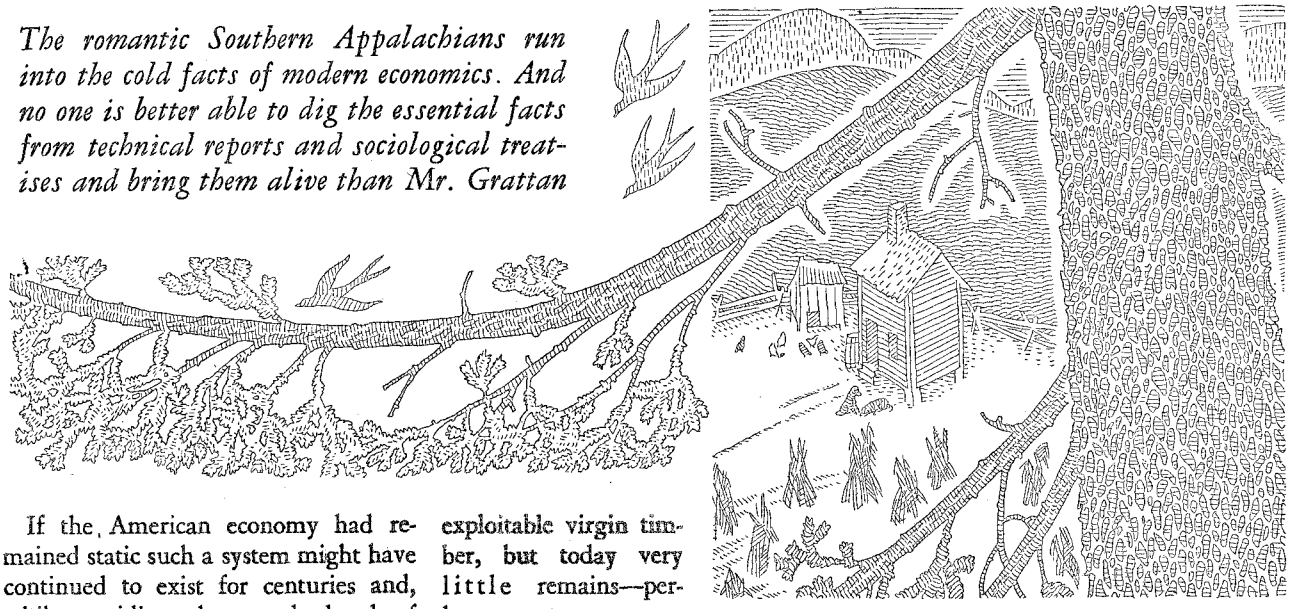
The romantic Southern Appalachians run into the cold facts of modern economics. And no one is better able to dig the essential facts from technical reports and sociological treatises and bring them alive than Mr. Grattan



If the American economy had remained static such a system might have continued to exist for centuries and, while providing a low-standard scale of living, would have been a fairly adequate basis for a way of life not without charm. The economy, however, was dynamic by nature. In its progression it created a demand for the exploitable natural resources of the region—timber and coal. The new industries provided many with that supplementary income without which hill life is insupportable and they tended to draw some workers into them full time. Unfortunately there were many in this region where the rate of population increase has always been high who were unable or unwilling to take advantage of the new employment or to migrate out of the region. Constantly increasing numbers were forced to establish farms on poor and hilly lands which eroded into worthlessness with great rapidity. In short, the population did not change its economic base to a sufficient extent to balance the decline in agricultural resources. To cap the climax, the new regional industries did not prove to be permanent employment resources nor did the industries outside the region which had attracted workers prove to be stable enough to hold them permanently. This combination of circumstances drove many of those suffering unemployment because of the depression back to the Hills, further intensifying the pressure on agricultural resources. Internal and external pressures are thus working together to create a situation which is only describable as appalling.

Practically all of the Southern Hill-country was at one time covered with exploitable virgin timber, but today very little remains—perhaps 2,000,000 acres. The exploitation began in the seventies, reached a peak of regional production in 1909, and continues to the present day even though the absolute exhaustion of supply is an imminent possibility. As is usually the case with natural resources in regions which stand to one side of the areas of high development, this exploitation was only incidentally of benefit to the local population. The product went chiefly to the rapidly expanding areas of the nation: to the northeastern, central, and midwestern markets. Within the history of the enterprise are several cycles of change which contribute to the understanding of it. Before the coming of the railroads, when the only usable means of transportation were the numerous small streams, only the finest trees of the highest commercial value, usually hardwoods, were cut and sent down-stream for processing and marketing. As the railroads penetrated the region, more intensive and general cutting was possible and, when the species of high commercial value were exhausted, kinds at first scorned were taken. As the years passed also, trees of smaller and smaller "diameter breast high" were found acceptable to the buyers. Finally, when the densely covered, extensive areas were cut over, permanent bandsaw mills and the attached works which required heavy capital investments, were abandoned and replaced by the less costly portable mills. Many counties today in which lumbering has long since ceased to be a major industry still report a few portable saw mills. They represent, in large measure, the final stage of decline and when they cease to operate the area is, in all likelihood, denuded of merchantable timber.

Since so much of the virgin country has been cut over, the greater part of what is now commercially valuable is second-growth stand and it is on this that the future of the lumber industry in the Hills depends. While three-fifths of the region is suitable for forestation and indeed should be devoted to that purpose instead of farming, little is being done to encourage the maximum growth of the desirable species, perhaps because nine out of ten acres in second growth are privately owned and timber-growing by private operators is rare in the United States. However that may be, the essential point is clear: ruthless exploitation of the virgin stand following 1870 and the failure to make adequate provision for replacement through forestation activities have transformed a natural resource which should be a tremendous employment resource into a social liability. It has been of declining significance in terms of employment for twenty-five years and today, under depression conditions, it is practically no resource at all. Moreover, it must remain an unimportant resource for as many years as it takes to bring the forests back into production.

As in the case of timber, the exploitation of coal has not proved to be the needed basis for extensive supplementary employment. Intensive coal oper-

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ations did not begin until two decades ago and the rapid rise took place during the World War period. In counties where both resources were present, coal tended to follow after timber. The building of railroads was of strategic importance in this development also, for they were in some instances constructed especially to reach the deposits while in others their presence stimulated the opening of the mines. Naturally this region did not escape the general post-war depression in coal or the horrors of the coal camps. Harlan County, Kentucky, is a notorious sore spot and the outrageous conditions imposed and enforced by the dominant operators, which were exposed some five years ago by "outside agitators" chiefly from New York City, were recently and belatedly substantiated by a commission appointed by Governor Laffoon, as follows:

> There exists a virtual reign of terror, financed in general by a group of coal mine operators in collusion with certain public officials; the victims of this reign of terror are the coal miners and their families . . . we found a monster-like reign of oppression, whose tentacle reached into the very foundations of the social structure and even into the Church of God. . . . There is no doubt that Theodore Middleton, Sheriff of Harlan County, is in league with the operators. . . . The proof shows that the homes of union miners and organizers were dynamited and fired into, that the United States flag was defiled in the presence of and with the consent of peace officers who were sworn to uphold the principles for which it stands. . . . It appears that the principal cause of existing conditions . . . is the desire of the mine operators to amass for themselves fortunes through the oppression of their laborers, which they do through the Sheriff's office.

Such conditions do not contribute materially to improving the condition of the hill people. Indeed, while the mines caused considerable relocation of population, a necessity as will be shown, they failed miserably not only to give tolerable conditions of life and labor but also a sufficient volume of part-time or full-time work to any considerable number of the people. Unlike timber, however, there is no question about the availability of coal in large quantities and while the method of mining has been as wasteful here as elsewhere, only a fraction of the deposit has been tapped. Unfortunately, the mere presence of coal has long since ceased to be a guarantee of prosperity. Coal is the sick industry of the world, not of the Hills alone, and since the Southern Hills themselves are sick they cannot be made well by placing their faith in a derelict industry.

Very little more hopeful, under current and immediately prospective conditions, is manufacturing. Unlike timber and coal, this employment resource has two aspects: it has existed, and probably will further develop in the area itself; and the industries outside the region have tended to draw certain numbers of Hill workers to them. The regional industries are diverse in character including many which utilize wood as their basic raw material (rayon, furniture, wooden utensils, print stock, tanning extract), others rely on iron, many on cotton, some on clay and stone, while of importance are a printing establishment, an aluminum works, and a camera plant. The factors drawing industry to the region are the presence of raw materials, cheap power, "cheap and contented labor," and subservient civic authorities. The latter two factors do not make for social health and the Hills are not, therefore, the paradise for which the industrial decentralizers are seeking. Rather they are becoming an industrial sore spot, a low-wage and bad-working-conditions pool. Outside industries drawing workers from the Hills are even more diverse than those locally established, as any one can see by studying the industrial development of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan. Two are outstanding, textiles to the east and south and automobiles to the north. There is a section in Detroit known as "Hill-billy Town." All these industries, of course, are dependent upon the market and when the market declines, workers are discharged. They tend to pour back to their homes in the Hills.

The recurring note in all this discussion is *the pressure of population on employment resources*. While there is a constant outward pressure, it is constantly repulsed and driven back on itself. Indeed the significance of population pressure as the immediate explanation of conditions in the region can hardly be exaggerated, for until it is relieved it is difficult to see what can be done to improve conditions. The outward pressure on the farming population can be objectively measured by the fact that between 1900 and 1930 the "sub-regions that gained most in total population are those containing the larger cities, and those in which coal-mining and other non-agricultural industries have expanded"; and the point is substantiated by the fact that the natural rate of increase is lowest for the region in urban areas, indicating that the gross increase is a product of migration from other parts of the region. The place to study the population problem *in situ* is, therefore, the rural areas. When fanatical lovers of the Hills begin to leave them, conditions must be very bad indeed.

Expert opinion has it that "there appears to have been a decrease between 1910 and 1930 of approximately 100,000 in the number of persons living on the farms in the Southern Appalachians." Naturally the decrease has come in those areas in which the pressure on resources is least supportable, for "decreases in the number of persons living on farms, due to depleted soils or unprofitable commercial production in competition with more favored areas, come about slowly. Many farm people, especially in the older generation, are loath to leave the familiar scene and faces and will make painful reductions in their standard of living, if necessary, hoping that better times in the future will compensate them for their sacrifices." It is the young, then, who leave most readily, but unfortunately where the pressure is greatest, there the educational preparation for successful migration is least and too frequently the shift results in augmenting the already large unskilled labor population attached to industry. Persons from the most depressed areas, it seems, migrate chiefly *within* the region, while those who look beyond it for employment come more frequently from the areas where general economic and hence educational conditions are better. When they return, however, both groups tend to settle on the very poorest land—all that is available to them for purchase at a low price or for squatting.

By this somewhat circuitous route we come back to the farms and arrive with a fundamental distinction all but stated: there is a vast difference between conditions in the valleys and on the hills of the Southern Appalachians. As far as one can judge, conditions in the former are not so very inferior to those in the better rural areas of the nation, but in the definitely hilly, or ridge, areas we find conditions which even circumspect South-

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ern academicians have designated "rural slums." They are even compared unfavorably with urban slums, for, as R. P. Vance and T. J. Woofter, Jr., point out, "The slum dwellers of the city are likely to have access to up-to-date and efficient municipal services in education, public health, and recreation, but the rural slum dwellers lack the minima of such services, since their poverty is such that the public revenue barely supports the minimum functions of government."

Analysis of such a condition must begin with the size of the farms. Government specialists state that "in 1930 almost one-half of the farms were under fifty acres in size, and fully one-fourth of these were farms under twenty acres in size. Largely because of the rough topographic features, less than one-third of the land in farms was crop land in 1929." The lack of good crop land is naturally most acute on the ridges, where, also, the farms are generally smallest. The small farms are usually of the so-called self-sufficing type in this region, that is to say, they grow little for sale. Indeed they constituted more than two-fifths of all farms in 1930 under the very generous governmental system of classification. It was estimated that over half of all farms sold, traded, or used at home, farm products valued at less than $600 *gross* in the year 1929 and that less than one-tenth of the farmers sold, traded, or used products of a gross value of $1500. The latter figure implies a standard of living below the average for farmers in New York, Missouri, Iowa, and Kansas, but not very much lower, while the former implies slum conditions.

In small budgets the proportion of the income going for food is large and by the same token, on farms of the subsistence type, the chief utility of the acreage is for food production. If such a farm cannot produce a decent diet, it is hardly worth occupying. Diets followed vary widely from farm to farm, since crops grown are partly a matter of individual caprice but, in an old region, they are also a matter of tradition and tend to conform to a common pattern. In the present instance the universal and basic crop is corn. In the hilly slum-country the acreages per farm in corn are small and the yield is low, over a wide area the total production averaging less than one hundred bushels per farm. Yet this grain is the principal food for animals and very important for humans. It is prepared for the latter chiefly as bread and plays a strategic rôle in the diet. Unfortunately its universal production only serves to exacerbate the problem of wresting a living from the soil:

> . . . erosion has been greatly hastened by the fact that corn is the dominant crop. This crop requires plowing in the spring, and the furrows often run up and down instead of around the hill, with the result that gullies frequently grow out of the furrows. Then the corn is cultivated during the summer with consequent exposure to washing by the heavy summer rains; and after harvest the land continues to remain exposed to the rain in the winter. The freezing and thawing in the winter also promotes the movement of the soil downhill, while erosion of the unprotected surface soil continues, retarded only by the dead roots of the corn and the weeds.

From this situation the Hill farmer seeks to escape, not by adopting a less destructive crop, but by developing a land-use cycle something like the following: clearing of land, cropping, eroding beyond use for crops, pasturing, reversion to woodland, reclearing. . . . Worse still, the struggle does not stop at this point, for "the difficulties of maintaining a few patches of crop land against the inroads of briers and sprouts tend to convince the farmer who is confronted with these difficulties that he needs the help of a large family in the struggle." Thus the very condition, overpopulation, which has pushed him onto poor, hilly land, becomes a stimulus to further increase the population, setting in train the factors which will lead to the progressive debasement of living standards.

Other home-grown food products consumed are milk, eggs, fruit, vegetables and meat. If all of these, and corn, were produced and consumed in the proper proportions on every farm, there would be no nutrition problem in the Hills. This, unfortunately, is not the case. Expert nutritionists who have studied in the area are of the opinion that too much salt meat of questionable protein value is eaten, fresh meat being available only at butchering time, while for a considerable part of the year only the inferior portions of the hog are available, thus still further reducing its food value. Moreover, fresh vegetables are eaten in the slum areas in quantities "so small as to be almost negligible and few are stored for winter"; very little fruit is grown in spite of the adaptability of the soil to such use and wild edible berries are not used to the extent desirable; and eggs are not so much eaten as considered items of merchandise and accumulated for sale. An intensive study of the diet problem concluded that milk "was alike the best feature of the better diets and the salvation of the poorer ones . . . it was the one redeeming feature of the whole food situation." But, alas, it was not always available, or was available in insufficient quantity, or irregularly. In 1929 there were 65,000 farms in the region on which no cows were milked. As a consequence of all this, thousands of the inhabitants of the Hills are under-nourished or ill-nourished and are victims of diseases and "complaints" derived from this basic cause.

As to shelter, slum farms of the type described are naturally incapable of producing an income sufficient to enable the family to build a suitable house. The following notes describe typical conditions:

> Some of the houses were no more than board sheds with open cracks in the walls and floors, and no boards or banking at the base to keep out the wind; some, equally poor, were timeworn, one- or two-room log cabins with ample space between the logs and the flooring and around the doors and windows to allow the air to enter freely; some were new shanties with one small window or perhaps with none at all. The old log houses, though often picturesque, were commonly far from desirable habitations. In many the chinking had fallen from the cracks, the floor was sagging, and the doors and windows were loose, so that at a dozen or more places the cold air had free access.

> The President of Union College, located at Barbourville, Kentucky, is quoted as saying, "The squalor and poverty in which the mountains of Kentucky are plunged beggar description. A trip through the region shows that many kinds of structures—stables, pole-pens with roofs, many dilapidated abandoned houses—offer shelter to the many families who have recently returned to the land or to the poorer families who have never left."

In Breathitt County, Kentucky, dwellings had an average value of $258 in 1929 and other farm buildings averaged but $80 per farm in value. The absence of improvements in these establishments should occasion no surprise. In 1929 Breathitt County had 3118 farms of which 43 had a telephone, 21 electric lights, 10 water piped into the house, and 8 a bathroom. The lack of bathrooms is not so bad and is indeed fairly characteristic of farming areas, but what is disturbing is the lack of any kind of outside toilet on many Hill

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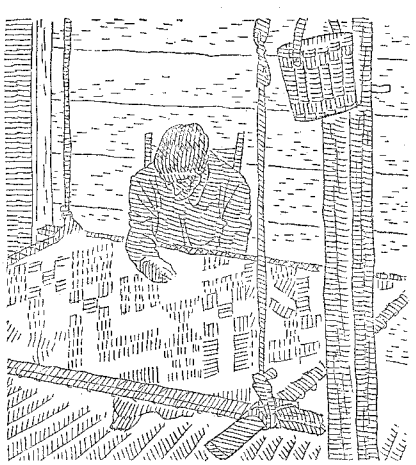
farms, the barn, the chicken house, the yard, or God's green woods being the only places in which to tend to the natural needs of man.

It is now clear, I think, to how low a level of living it is possible to sink in rural slums and it should be clear why, as Vance and Woofter pointed out, the social services tend to sink to the same level also. The residents enter upon a spiral which constantly carries them downward: health follows diet, housing, and sanitary conditions, lack of money reduces the public health work and also the number of doctors and dentists trying to vend their services, and, while patent medicines enjoy a good sale, they hardly improve conditions. Moreover, as a consequence of poverty, schools are kept for very short terms in badly built, inadequately equipped structures and are instructed by poorly trained, underpaid teachers. Churches, though numerous, are on a par, physically and intellectually, with the schools. Books in homes are rare, except the Bible, magazines and newspapers uncommon, and illiteracy a plague that affects not only the older but the rising generation as well. Lawlessness is rife and morals are bad: an observer, the general tenor of whose report is highly sympathetic, declares that "mountain women, in respect to chastity, have . . . been easily violable. . . . Even incest . . . arouses nothing like the horror one might expect," and concludes savagely that "civilization's two chief gifts to Southern mountaineers thus far [are]—a vastly increased drunkenness [because of the great demand for moonshine during prohibition which augmented local supplies and consumption] and an introduction of venereal disease." (Hill-country urbanized areas have high rates of syphilis and gonorrhea and they get carried back to the farms.)

The ridiculous merry-go-round on which the Hill people have been riding cannot go on forever. Indeed, it is slowing to a disastrous stop at the present time. The region has an abnormally high relief rate and an abnormally large proportion of the relief recipients are young married couples with children. As one would expect, they are located where it would be outrageous folly to attempt to rehabilitate them "in place." What is to be done?

As is true in comparable situations of which the Lake States Cut-Over Area, discussed in SCRIBNER'S for May, 1935, is an example, the realizable improvements are palliatives. In some instances they will not even be that unless they are carefully safeguarded. A tremendous step forward would be taken if the good land now held out of use were appropriated and the families resident on hopelessly eroded farms moved onto it. This would not, of course, be an absolute relief from population pressure, but it would assist in bringing the human and the natural resources into better adjustment. Once this is done there will be some point to the attempt to teach the farmers to raise a better dietary by correlating crops with soil values. All this, however, will be of small use if supplementary employment is not found. Since thousands cannot hope to gain more than subsistence from the land, to give them access to it and nothing more would be a folly of the greatest magnitude. They could be kept from slipping into as bad, or worse, degradation than is their lot at present, only by permanent governmental subsidies, a course no one can contemplate with equanimity.

The necessary supplementary employment will not be found, it is plain, in lumbering, which is declining rapidly, or in woodworking industries, whose supplies are dwindling, a harbinger of decline. There will be work for a minimum number in the extensive reforestation activities which have been initiated and in those which should be initiated. A few more may find refuge in the recreation industry for which the region is admirably adapted by climate and scenic values, but only a few. Nor can much be expected of coal. At best it will provide work on a semi-permanent basis only for a minimum number who have the good luck to be attached to especially economic mines as, for example, those producing smokeless coal.



We are left with manufacturing. Will industry expand in the Southern hill-country? The Population Redistribution Study, directed by Professor Carter Goodrich, reports that American industry is moving but rarely to small towns and isolated communities and then only to escape union control and high wages. If to these two we add the cheap power the TVA may make available, we have all the inducements which may take industry into the Hills. It can hardly be argued that such industry will be socially desirable. There is no need for more Gastonias and Harlan Counties. If, then, industry is to be the eventual outlet for these Hill people, it is a social necessity that the development be accompanied by social legislation of an advanced type and by unionization. It will be a disaster of the first order if the Hills should increasingly become a center of crude industrial exploitation and employer-engineered repression. Closely allied is the matter of the so-called mountaineer handicrafts. A recent study sponsored by the government made it clear that, as organized at present, the handicrafts offer lower wages, longer hours, and worse working conditions than the local factories. By various devices such as co-operative selling, they can be made more profitable to the workers, but at best they seem to be a resource to women, girls, and incapacitated men who are home-bound.

Co-operatives, indeed, would seem an important aspect of any rehabilitation program. They can, with immediate benefit to the Hill dwellers, invade both the wholesale and retail fields—and both selling and buying. However they may relieve economic pressure, they cannot cure the fundamental ills. None of the measures thus far proposed can do that. Yet something must be done—and done quickly. All measures that promise the slightest alleviation of present conditions should, therefore, be pushed to the limit that what is good in them may be made available until the ultimate solution is achieved: the creation of those conditions in the national economy which will lead to the expansion of the labor market and the full-time employment of all the Hill workers.

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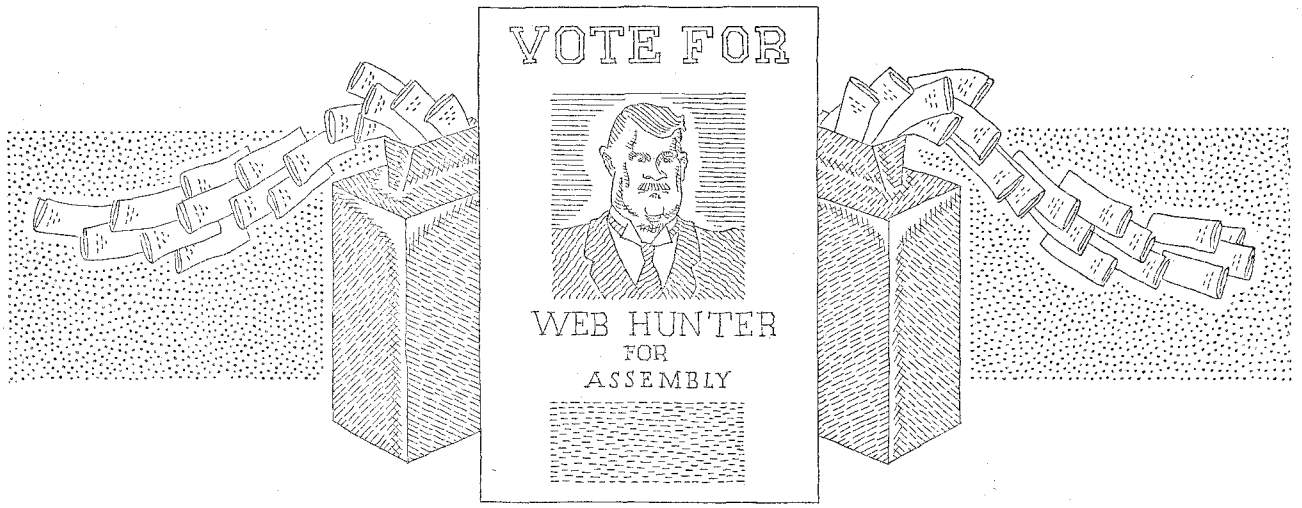

Now Is the Time for All Good Men. . .

A Story of Gus Elker's Political Revenge

By August W. Derleth

My Great-Uncle Joe Stoll used to say that Gus Elker was a little touched in the head, but after the last election he came to hesitate about speaking that way of his crony and neighbor, he would put up a fat hand, push back his hat, and say, "Well, now, I be dog if I didn' used t' think Gus was just a ornery damn' fool, but I ain't straight yet on what happened t' Web Hunter last election. . . ."

The trouble about Web Hunter started in July, at a district school meeting to which I went with my great-uncle, though there had been some trouble between Gus Elker and Web Hunter for years. I was sitting next to my great-uncle in the small, old-fashioned country schoolhouse waiting for the meeting to begin. My great-uncle's neighbors were all there, almost all the farmers in the district around Grell's mill were there, but Gus Elker had not yet come. My great-uncle was talking casually with Ed Burke, whose land on the east made a triangle of good proportions with Gus Elker's on the northwest and my great-uncle's on the southwest, when Gus came in.

Gus stood for a moment on the threshold, a strange figure. He was wearing a straw hat pushed far back on his head, baggy overalls rolled above his ankles, and a blue shirt open at the neck. His usually lugubrious face was irate, and the odd yellowish moustache that curved around the corners of his mouth was more straggly than ever. He soon saw my great-uncle and came over, hailing Ed Burke casually as Ed turned away.

"You comin' t' school meetin'!" said my great-uncle jokingly. "I like t' die, I didn' know you paid taxes."

Gus was in no mood for joking. "Say, Joe," he said, "you remember that ol' buzzard who had that wooded piece, that northeast twenty off me 'bout five years back? Moved t' Spring Green right after, with me holdin' the bag, no rent, no nothing."

"Oh, Web Hunter, you mean," said my great-uncle after an interval of thought. "Sure I remember him. You ain't aimin' t' tell me he paid you?"

"Ain't had no pay from him, nor aim t' have, I reckon. But, look here what he sent me, the skunk. He's aimin' t' run for representative t' the assembly in Madison."

He pulled a crumpled sheet of paper from his pocket and gave it to my great-uncle, who spread it out and peered at it. It was a circular of a fairly common type, the kind headed by a large black line of print reading, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." It solicited the help of the reader, and was doubtless one of thousands sent out through the mails. This one had a pencilled line at the bottom reading, "Hello, Gus. Don't forget to vote—if you know how. Web."

My great-uncle made a funny noise in his throat that sounded like a strangled laugh. "Nothin' t' this," he said presently. "Had one myself this mornin' mail."

"Hoh! nothin' to it, hey? If I know how t' vote! I say that Web Hunter's a-goin' too far, that's what I say." He snatched the circular from my great-uncle and stuffed it back into the pocket he had taken it from.

My great-uncle smiled, pulled a straw from his jacket and stuck it between his teeth. "Ain't nothin' you c'n do about it," he said. "Ain't no use t' get het up like that, either. Maybe Web Hunter ain't the right kind a man t' represent us in Madison, but you and I ain't a-goin' t' change that any. What ticket's he runnin' on?"

"Republican," said Gus, scornfully.

"Well, with the Democrats and the Progressives lined up against each other, I reckon he's got a good chance a winnin' out," said my great-uncle judiciously.

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Gus Elker sat down and pulled his straw hat off his head, transferring it to one knee. "I can't figger out how any man in his right mind 'd vote for that skunk," he said, faintly indignant at the thought.

"Ain't ever'body knows 's much 's you, Gus," said my great-uncle.

Gus grunted eloquently, my great-uncle's satire having gone completely over his head. Great-uncle sighed.

The school meeting was presently called to a semblance of order and, after a while, business of an indefinite nature was concluded despite a constant talking among the farmers, and the meeting was adjourned. Throughout the short meeting, Gus Elker sat brooding darkly to himself, his chin cupped in his hand, his eyes fixed doggedly on the floor, with no attention for the proceedings.

"Hoh!" snorted my great-uncle, turning to him after adjournment, "don't go t' sleep, Gus. Ain't still thinkin' about Web Hunter, are you?"

"I'm thinkin'," said Gus.

"Likely the first time such a thing happened t' you," said my great-uncle, rising. "If you're on your way home, come along. If you aim t' set there thinkin' about Web Hunter, you set. I got work t' do."

Gus grinned half-heartedly. "Ain't no time I ever seen you not takin' first chance t' get outa work, you old pot-belly," he said.

He rose and came with us. My great-uncle and Gus stood for a while outside the building talking crops, weather and government with other farmers from the vicinity, but in a little while they were ready to leave for home. We had come in a hay-rack, though the distance from my great-uncle's home to the schoolhouse was easily walkable. Gus had walked.

"Ride along," said my great-uncle. "You ain't fit company for man nor beast if you're a-thinkin'. I know, but I guess 'twon't do me much harm. Come on."

Gus swung himself up and stood beside my great-uncle, who whipped up the horses and started us on our way. Gus Elker's sandy moustache blew outward in the wind, and, when he took his straw hat off, the straggly hair on his head fluffed up. The wind got into his overalls and billowed them out so that for the first time it was apparent how large they were; Gus Elker is a fairly small man, about five feet two, and my great-uncle is a tall, fat man, but the overalls Gus had on would have been large for my great-uncle. There was silence between the two men for a considerable distance, until finally my great-uncle spoke.

"I tell you what, Gus," he shouted into the wind, "you oughta support Web Hunter if you feel that way. Bes' thing in the world t' do t' get over it."

Gus looked at him curiously, smiled feebly, and cocked his head to one side while he stroked his ineffectual chin. "You know, Joe," he said presently, "that's the firs' time I ever heard you say anythin' worth listenin' to. I reckon that's jest what I'll do. I guess I'll get me one a those cards they send out where it says when and where the man's gonna speak. And I'll listen t' Web talk hisself out."

My great-uncle looked at him with amused tolerance, but said nothing, thinking this not worthy of a reply, and after a while began to hum in an off-key.

On Gus Elker's face grew an ever-widening grin.

When we swung into my great-uncle's farmyard, Gus clapped him on the back, and jumped from the hay-rack, saying, "By God, I don't even know whether taxes is any higher or not, but I don't care. That give me a idea, Joe, I be dog if it didn'."

"What idea?" asked my great-uncle mildly surprised, he having already forgotten.

"What you said about supportin' Web," replied Gus. "That's jest what I'm aimin' t' do. And somebody's gonna like it."

He scuttled across the barnyard, scattering a group of dust-bathing chickens with loud cries of terror in all directions, and bringing my Great-Aunt Lou to the door of the kitchen, drying her thin hands on an apron and eyeing us over the spectacles slid down her nose. My great-uncle looked after Gus in astonishment and mumbled, "That damn' fool!"

"Oh, it's you," said my great-aunt. "Don't go a-scarin' my chickens. How was the meetin'? Are taxes any higher?"

"Ain't no change," replied my great-uncle.

She looked past us then to where Gus Elker was just disappearing over the ridge toward Stone's Pocket. "What's eatin' off him?" she asked. "Ain't never seen him move so fast before."

"He's got ideas," said my great-uncle, laughing.

"Hoh!" snorted my great-aunt, turning to go back into the house. "All I hope 's you didn't put 'em there, Joe Stoll! I remember the last time you two had ideas."

II

By evening my great-uncle had forgotten all about Web Hunter's affront to Gus Elker, and on the next day, my grandfather Grendon drove out to take me back with him to Sac Prairie. It was late August before anybody remembered Gus Elker's determination to support Web Hunter. On the twenty-seventh, the Sunday school held its annual picnic, and my great-uncle and -aunt came in from the farm for it. They tied up at our place, since the park where the picnic was in progress was just a block away.

In those days a picnic was a social event of the first magnitude, embracing through the devious channels of churchly connections not only the village but the entire countryside and all the neighboring churches, of no matter what denomination. It could safely be estimated that a Sunday school picnic would draw over two thousand people. My mother and grandmother and I went with the Stolls into the park. Almost the first person we met was Gus Elker in a sober black suit so unlike him that Great-Uncle Joe actually failed at first to recognize him.

"My soul and body!" exclaimed my great-aunt, clutching my great-uncle's arm, "if there ain't Gus Elker dressed up fit t' kill!"

My great-uncle, taking him in, said incredulously, "Gut mus' be sick. Ain't never seen him dressed up before. Ain't never knew he had a good piece a clothes."

Gus Elker saw us and came shambling over.

"Hello, all," he said, grinning self-consciously.

My great-uncle grunted and said, "You been to a funeral, Gus? Whose clothes you wearin'?"

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"Hoh! my own, you damn' fool! Whose else? I bought 'em up in Baraboo a while back."

"You don't look comfortable," observed my great-aunt thoughtfully.

"Oh, ma'am, I'm damn' uncomfortable. This here collar's a-pressin' into my neck 's if it was aimin' t' choke me any minute, and them pants feel 's if they was aimin' t' split up and down and sideways, and this coat's so hot I like t' die if I ain't lost five pounds off me by sundown."

"Seems you could have got along without the vest," said my grandmother.

"Goes with the coat and pants," said Gus. "Ain't likely I'll be wearin' this combination again soon."

"You ain't gone churchy, have you, Gus?" asked my great-uncle anxiously.

"Hoh! me, no. Ain't you heard? Where you livin', anyway—in the back woods?" He grinned, spat, awkwardly on account of his collar, and explained. "I been sittin' on the platform waitin' t' support Web Hunter."

"Go ," said my great-uncle scornfully. "This ain't a time for bedtime stories."

"Sure," insisted Gus. "I like t' die if I ain't been sittin' with him. But this here's the firs' good-sized crowd we been up against. Up t' now it's been jest a coupla hunderd here and there, but there's over a thousan' here today. I guess I'm gonna get me my chance t' do some real supportin' today. If it turns out the way I aim it t' turn out, you'll be missin' somethin' you oughtn't to if you don't hear me."

"You gonna speak?" asked my great-uncle incredulously.

"You bet I'm gonna talk," said Gus.

"Hoh! I be dog if this ain't gonna be funny," said my great-uncle, guffawing at the thought.

"It sure is," said Gus, joining in the laughter.

My great-aunt looked at him from the corners of her eyes, her lips pursed in disapproval, and said aside, "Acts like he been drinkin'. Tain't likely Gus got into town without makin' a saloon or two."

"Web's gonna talk in 'bout half an hour," said Gus. "I better be headin' for that platform."

He left us then, and my great-aunt followed him a moment with her eyes before turning to my great-uncle.

"He ain't supportin' Web Hunter?" she demanded.

"Sure looks that way," said my great-uncle. "I can't figger it out a-tall."

My great-aunt looked at him shrewdly. "Sure you ain't had something t' do with this, Joe Stoll?"

"I? No, sure not," said my great-uncle, and then abruptly he remembered. "Why, I be dog if I didn' sorta say somethin' about it, jist in fun, and that damn' fool up and took it serious."

My great-aunt nodded. "I thought so. Tain't likely Gus Elker got such 'n idea by himself."

My great-uncle began to look rather ill at ease, but mother saved him from what might have been his wife's anger by suggesting that we venture on into the park and look for some of our neighbors and friends. I sidled away to find my friends and make the rounds of the refreshment stands until the playing of the band announced the time of Web Hunter's political speech. Then I found my way back to my great-uncle's side. He had been joined by my grandfather Adams, and the two of them were looking above the crowd toward the platform.

Sure enough, on the platform sat Gus Elker, together with one of the local bankers, two other village politicians, and Web Hunter, a fat, lard-faced man with a brushlike moustache and an affected grin of confidence. The candidate was dressed with a certain amount of elegance, and had done his best to conceal the bald spot on his head. He sat in the center of the platform, one leg carelessly across the other, looking out upon the crowd with an air of what he doubtless imagined to be comradeship but which was astonishingly arrogant. Gus sat demurely next to him. Behind the platform, in the circular bandstand, the band played "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and when it had finished, the local banker, a hook-nosed individual with beady eyes and a come-on grin, got up and spoke briefly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "voters of this county, you all know me. I am proud and happy to tell you that we are going to hear today from one who has been raised among you, one who, I trust, will represent us in Madison after the next election. But it is not my honor to introduce Web Hunter. That honor goes to one among you who will have a special appeal for those of you who come from farming centers—and I see a lot of you here—I refer, ladies and gentlemen, to Gus Elker."

He stepped aside and clapped, and the audience clapped, whistled and cheered. The band blared briefly, and Gus Elker got up and came to the front of the platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Gus, "you all know me, Gus Elker. I'm standin' up here today—and I ain't used t' it, and I don't like it, but I know my duty—t' tell you t' vote for Web Hunter come next election. You all don't know how it hurts me t' tell you t' do that, but I ain't got much choice."

Beside me, my great-uncle stirred abruptly, and my grandfather Adams looked quizzically at Gus. On the platform, the smile on Web Hunter's fat face wavered uncertainly and began to fade.

"You see, my friends, I myself aim t' vote the Progressive ticket come election, but I ain't never had much sense anyhow. But I got a good reason for wantin' you t' vote for Web Hunter here. He's gonna get a good salary over there in Madison if you folks let him have it. And a coupla years ago Web here rente[illegible] piece a land from me he ain't n[illegible]id for, and now he wants t' pay f[illegible]t. You all know how that fat skunk run out on his debts, and now I'm askin' you, if you c'n stand his smell, t' elect him t' the Assembly, so he c'n pay his debts 'stead a runnin' around here like a turkey cock."

That was as far as Gus got. By that time the crowd was wild with laughter, and several of Gus Elker's neighbors were calling out to remind Web of old debts, and one of them, calling, "What about them hogs you bought from me and never paid for?" was unquestionably my great-aunt's voice. The local banker had risen and had come forward to stop Gus, and the two politicians were goggling at each other not knowing what to do. Web Hunter had gone a brick red with embarrassment and fury, and suddenly launched himself forward, cursing loudly, to kick Gus off the platform. But Gus jumped before Web Hunter's foot met his posterior, with the result that the candidate went ignobly down, completing havoc. The crowd roared laughter throughout the park, and when at last Web Hunter made an attempt to speak, he was hoot-

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ed from the platform by the few people who remained to see what he might have to say.

Gus turned up presently at my grandfather Adams's house looking none the worse for his burrowing escape through the crowd around the platform. "I come inta town with Web Hunter," he said, "but I reckon I better go home with you, Joe."

"You're welcome," said my great-aunt with relish. "That was a mighty fine speech you made. I don't guess but what Web Hunter might be out our way a-lookin' t' put some lead in you."

Gus laughed feebly, his one essay now over. "I reckon I clipped that bandy rooster's wings some," he said. "I guess it was worth wearin' clothes like these."

He reached up and tore open his collar. "My, that sure feels good," he said.

III

My grandfather Adams followed Web Hunter's disastrous progress in the newspapers with much interest after that, and often read aloud to us at table. Gus Elker had not only clipped the candidate's wings, but he had somehow imparted his idea to voters throughout the county. Wherever Web Hunter went, hecklers were on hand to ask him about his debts. In his concluding and climaxing Baraboo speech, Web Hunter found himself confronted by half a dozen farmers from near Sac Prairie who called out various items he owed from time to time throughout his speech. His defeat at the polls was a foregone conclusion.

Two days after election I went out to my great-uncle's farm with him to spend the night. We drove into the farmyard just as Gus Elker came over the ridge.

"Hello, Joe," called Gus, waving carelessly.

"'Lo Gus," replied my great-uncle. "Where you been these last three days? Ain't seen you since before election."

Gus came up, grinning. "That was some election. What I tell you? Web Hunter got beat five t' one."

"No surprise t' me," said my great-uncle urbanely.

My great-aunt appeared in the doorway of the kitchen and called, "Hello, all. How's Web Hunter a-comin'?"

"He ain't comin', ma'am," said Gus Elker. "He's been and gone."

My great-aunt laughed.

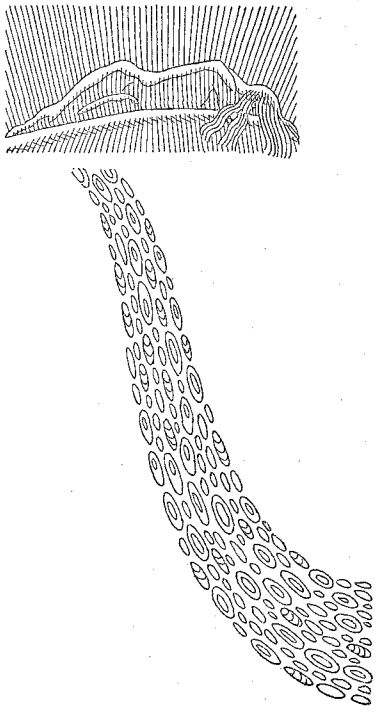
"And the bes' part of it ain't Web Hunter's gettin' beat," said Gus. "No, sir. I got a letter week ago from the Republican Committee up 'n Baraboo with a check for that back rent in it. And they had the guts t' ask me t' make a public speech sayin' it'd been paid. I figgered up whether they had time t' get that check and make a picture of it with my John Henry on it, and I figger they didn't; so I kep' mum."

"Wish he'd paid me for my hogs," said my great-aunt speculatively. "Don't reckon he ever will now."

"Well, it ain't quite the same thing, ma'am," said Gus. "It ain't as if he sent you such a letter. 'Don't forget t' vote—if you know how.' Ain't enough he cheated me outa that rent, but he's gotta get smart besides." Gus shook his head in vigorous disapproval.

My great-uncle looked at him with sudden interest. "Say, come t' think of it, Gus," he said, "I didn' see you at the polls las' Tuesday."

Gus looked at him sadly, his watery eyes expressing mild astonishment. "Me, vote?" he said incredulously. "Why, Joe, I ain't never voted in my life!"



SCATTER IN DEATH

By Lenore G. Marshall

When I had died I was a waterfall
Flying my flag over the jagged wall,
Unfurled I ran to meet
The precipice
With spangled waters
Silvering the abyss,
Across my plumage
Colored sunlight blew
And burred mist clung to me,
But I broke through.

I plunged forever through the waiting air,
Jetted in showers of spray love and despair,
Cascaded the passions
Pent in the skull,
Dissonant company
Channelled too full,
Scattered in death
All fury and suspense.
Fling out, bright drops,
Into inconsequence!

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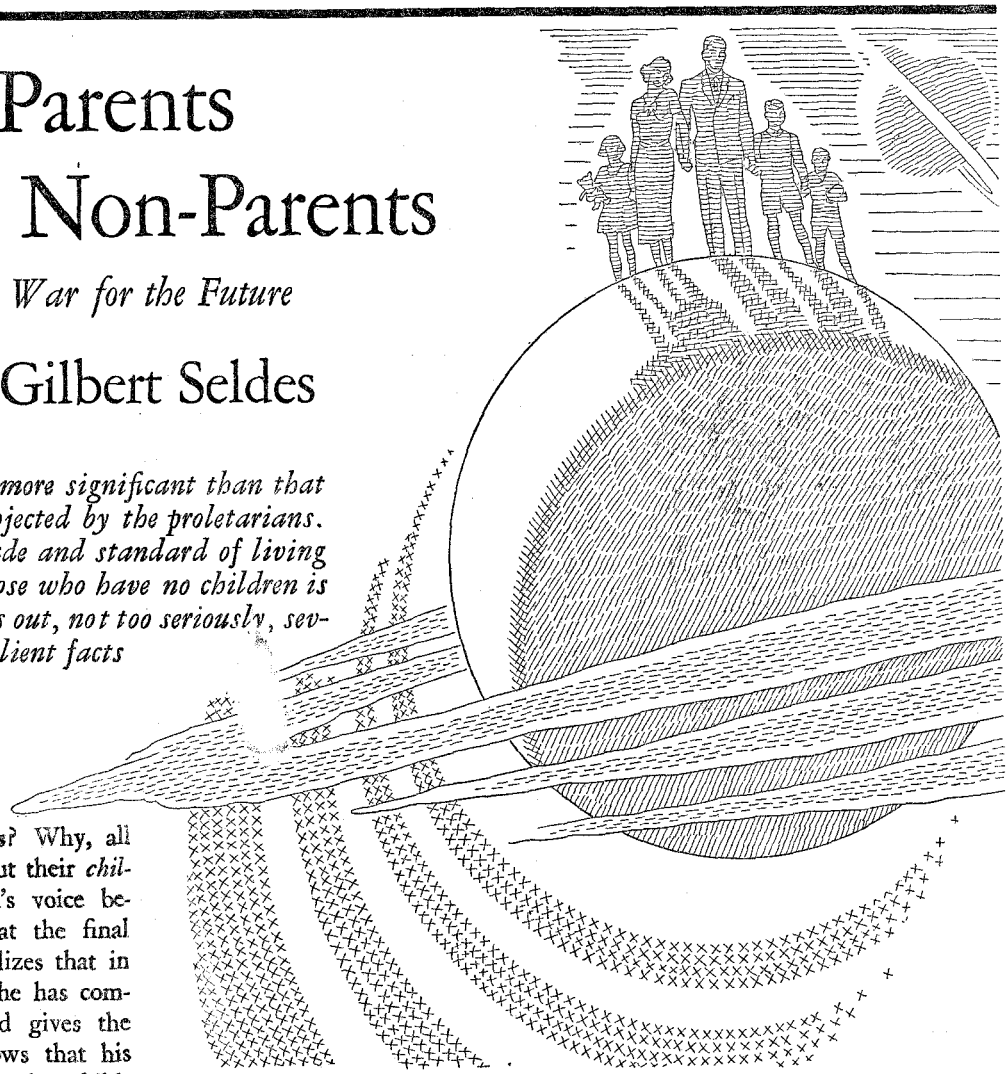
Parents Versus Non-Parents

The War for the Future

By Gilbert Seldes



This new class war is more significant than that other class struggle projected by the proletarians. The difference in attitude and standard of living between parents and those who have no children is wide. Mr. Seldes points out, not too seriously, several salient facts

BILL and Lucy Childs? Why, all they do is talk about their *children!*" Mrs. Knott's voice becomes almost hysterical at the final word, and Jim Knott realizes that in his efforts to be helpful, he has committed a social error and gives the whole thing up. He knows that his wife has spoken the truth: the Childs are agreeable enough and it must be said for them that they do not go about repeating the kind of bright sayings for which tabloids pay a dollar; but they have a tendency to bring their two growing boys and a six-year-old daughter into the conversation when you would least expect it. On the train for instance, last week, when the rubber was ended there was some talk about taxes and relief, and Bill Childs suddenly said, "You know, a few years ago every one was talking about telling youngsters the facts of life. Well, the thing that embarrasses me is to explain to my kids why some people have no work. Last night Johnnie asked me why I had a job and Jimmie Saunders's father had none. I think I blushed." And then when the men started on golf, Bill Childs didn't seem so interested. Probably wanted to go on talking about his kids. Sort of a mania.

Mrs. Knott has experienced similar situations and being one of the smarter hostesses, she has solved her difficulties perfectly. She lives in two sets and makes it a point that, under her roof, at least, they shall not meet. She has found that women who have children or intend to have them, are fairly congenial to one another, but that you can't have two mothers and three or four women who can't be bothered, at the same time.

The thing Annabel Knott doesn't know is that when she utters her heart-cry about the Childs family, she is sniping from under cover in a new class-war, incomparably the most critical ever fought. It is the fundamental war of our time, the struggle for the possession of the future fought on one side by those who have children and on the other by that strange group of human beings for whom there is no specific name, since they are more than childless, they heartily disbelieve in children—you might call them, a little awkwardly, non-parents. To make it easier to identify them, I have named my examples on each side in a simple way. Multiply the Childs by eighteen million and you have the families in the United States who have children; multiply the Knotts by eleven and a half million and you have the families who have no children under voting age. Childs: children; Knotts: not.

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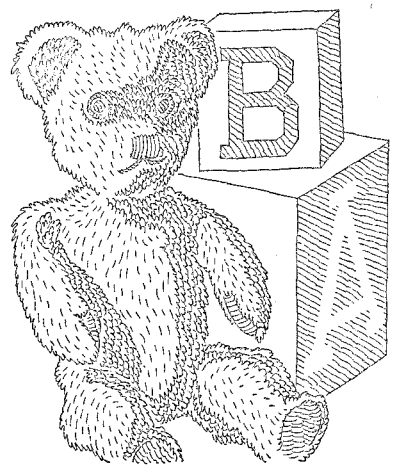

The Knotts and the Childs are both members of the same country club. Last year, the day after Dollfuss was assassinated, Mrs. Pastor, who is almost sixty, held up before their eyes a newspaper with "Italy Mobilizes" in dreadful black print, and said, "It's just like 1914; and it makes my blood run cold." And Mrs. Knott laughed and answered, "Let them have their war, for all of me. Jim's over age for front-line fighting." Another woman hoped we'd be in it and out of it soon, because all her grown-up relatives were too old and her grandchildren too young. Mrs. Childs said, "If it lasted only three years they'd get Arthur out of college." As Mrs. Knott remarked to a friend, "Lucy Childs seemed actually to get more and more depressed, as if her Alfred or Albert or whatever his name is was going right out and die miserably in the trenches just to show what a good mother she is. Really, I mean!"

More immediate than war was the pitched battle of Route 19-a. It was understood that Avondale could have some $85,000 from some branch of that strange, impersonal, and beneficent source, the Federal Government, and it was up to the citizens to choose for what the money would be spent, the only proviso being that it should make work. The Knotts and their friends knew perfectly what Avondale needed. There was a nine-mile stretch after you leave Route 21 which was just the way the ox-cart left it, ruts and mud and, in winter, simply awful. If the money were spent on the road, every one in Avondale would benefit by it, property would go up, and your friends would be more willing to come to see you. Suppose the new road would make it easier to get to the country club? There's no sin in a country club, is there? But the Childs got together a gang—including little Italian farmers and drug clerks and every one who had a vote in the township—to ask for a new school!

It was unreasonable, the way they argued. They wanted chemical laboratories and courses in electrical engineering and all that sort of junk, because they weren't sure that fifteen years from now they could afford to send their children to college or technical schools. They thought a training in science would make it easier for their children to get along in the world of the future —whatever that world might be. And when a lawyer on the Knott side smartly asked, "How do you know what's going to be useful fifteen years from now?" they answered that they didn't know, but had to guess. And there was the road, which wasn't guesswork, but something real and tangible, to use right now, not in the future.

Things were quite strained in Avondale for a time and every time a child ran into the street to chase a ball, the Knotts felt injured and wondered whether they hadn't better move to a town which wasn't run exclusively for the benefit of some one else's brats.

I hate to leave the Childs and the Knotts because the war between parents and the childless is an intensely personal problem; but there are a few general observations to make. One of them, I admit, is a bit startling: some of the Knotts may have children and some of the Childs might just as well never have had them. There are parents who live their lives without thinking of their children and there are childless men and women, married or unmarried, who care about the future—after all, nephews and nieces and little cousins will grow up, too. The second observation I quote from an English writer, Doctor Harry Roberts, and it supplies the reason for bringing into the open the hidden hostility between the two classes: "There can be no doubt," he says, "that at present we are offering rewards to the infertile, and hardships and difficulties to the fertile." And he adds, sardonically, "A stock-breeder who worked on these lines would soon find himself in Queer Street." And for a final warning: "So, obviously, may we."

I will come to those rewards and hardships in a moment. Just now I am impressed by a question: On the great fundamental problems of our time, can the childless have the same attitude as those who have children to think for? On war, on the settlement of our economic and political chaos, on education, on morality? On limiting fortunes, Stalinism, and boycotts? On censorship in the movies, on the quality of broadcasts, on Federal relief, on clean books, on adulterated foods? On speed limits, on comic strips, on free textbooks, on roller skating in parks, on the price of spinach, on high-school fraternities, on advertising methods? On streamline trains, airplanes, and skyscrapers?

Before answering, consider one more thing: at any level of income, the childless are richer than the parents. We all know this in practice: Jones and Williams each earn $40 a week; Jones spends his salary on himself and his wife, Williams on three children, his wife and himself, in that order. The childless Jones has certain liberties and can afford to be indifferent to a number of Williams's perplexities, because he is definitely a richer man. A skyscraper to Jones may be a magnificent building; to Williams it may mean the loss of sunlight for his children; and the streamline train which is only a "stunt" to Jones, may mean a change in the cost of ordinary railfares which will enable the father to make a home for his children in the suburbs two or three years from now. Imagine another great era of boom prosperity in which the airplane goes into quantity production. All the Knotts will buy; most of the Childs will be content with a new motor car, and the battle of Avondale will be repeated on another line, for the Knotts will no longer care for good roads, they will want landing fields out of the taxes collected in Avondale, and the Childs will be the ones clamoring for good roads.

I said, "imagine another great era of boom prosperity," because on the face of it, we all would love to be rich and spendthrift again. But underneath, aren't fathers and mothers worrying more about security than about sudden wealth? Would they speculate? Nine-tenths of them didn't speculate the last time. How many of them want again the kind of boom that ends in the chaos of 1929 and after?

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The Census Bureau, which can tell, at a glance, how many native-born red-headed Anabaptists have radios, has no specific figures on the number of married couples who have never had children—let alone knowing how many will do their damnedest not to have any in the future. There are available, to be sure, statistics on the birth-rate which really do not bear on the specific relation between the begetters and the refusers of children. We know that even the begetters are slackening, that the size of families goes down and that, in a sense, it now takes, to reproduce a child, twice as many people as it did in the great days of Grover Cleveland, because in those days 40 children were born to every 1000 of population and today less than 20 are born. If the birth rate had kept up, we would now send out 5,000,000 announcements of blessed events, actually we send out only 2,000,000.

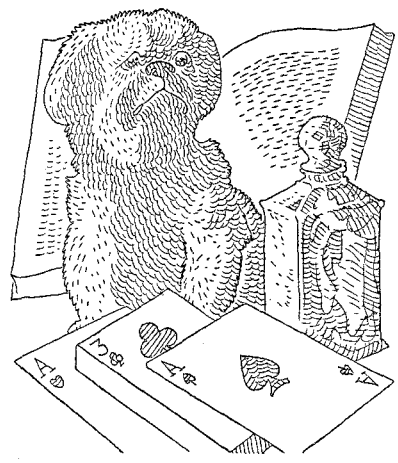
The only important figure we have is that 7,000,000 families in the United States consist of two persons and the percentage of couples without children is moving steadily upward. Even allowing for widows with one child and odd assortments of uncles and nephews making a household, the greater part of these 7,000,000 couples must be truly childless, and the significance of this is that it leaves only some 18,000,000 couples who are parents. As there are 74,000,000 men and women over the age of twenty in the country, this means that considerably less than half of the adult population is bound to protect and nourish and prosper the citizenry of the future. Only the 36,000,000 parents have to think all the time what effect a new beer garden or a new motor road or a new movie house will have on the impressionable and the immature. Only they are compelled to wonder who will pay taxes in 1970 or redeem pledges. Because children are, as Bacon said, hostages to fortune, parents have a claim upon the future. They are singularly incapable of pressing that claim; they are almost unaware that they have a special right and standing in the community.

For instance, there is the question of movie censorship, on which the best Knottish opinion is that you must not reduce the movies to the level of a child's intelligence. Having sat through hundreds of pictures meant for adults, I appreciate any protest against reducing the standard any further, but in the company of the 36,000,000 other men and women who are responsible for children, I come up against a single unalterable fact: that children *will* go to the movies. It thereupon becomes a matter of moment to me that the pictures shown be of a proper nature and while I am not shocked when a lad of six sings a modified version of Frankie and Johnny and his slightly younger sister says "comup'nseemesometime," I know that dozens of pictures have been made which are upsetting to the adolescent mind and hundreds which, setting morals aside, are the product of uncultivated and uninteresting minds, and are therefore vulgarizing. Assuming that, like most parents, I have at least a vague idea of the *rate* at which I wish children to develop, I do not want the process either hastened or retarded by books or movies or plays. My own pleasure, let us incorrectly assume, depends on highly sophisticated movies. Under a strict censorship, I forego them in favor of the sensibilities of children. If I am not a parent, I protest and make brilliant remarks; if I am a parent, I protest dully and stupidly, but I protect my children.

I am not proposing any solution of the cinema-censor problem in all this. I am only noting that the approach to the problem is bound to be basically altered for better or worse by the circumstance of having children. That the childless should determine what movies children shall be in a position to see, is obviously an impropriety. Almost as flagrant an impropriety as limiting the gay and sophisticated non-parents to the movie fodder found fit for children.

I said, above, that I "forego" a pleasure, although accompanying a child to a Silly Symphony is a far greater delight than sitting through most of our major films in the company of adults. The point remains, that parents sacrifice their immediate pleasure to the long-run good of their children. They look toward the future. And it would be a good thing if they looked far enough to make their position, as parents, politically more tolerable. Until parents act politically, they have no control of the future; and paradoxically, they cannot act politically until they forget for a moment that they have children.

You recall the remark of Mrs. Knott:



"All they talk about is their *children!*" And (if you are a parent yourself) you must have recognized in these words a distorted echo of something you and all your parent-friends have said. It is a matter of emphasis. The same words, when parents say them, sound like this: "All they talk about is *their* children!" An important, an essential difference. For the second way concedes the propriety of talking about children and dissents only in regard to a detail: whose children shall be talked about? In the universal *"ours"* which is the answer, lies the root-trouble of parents as a political force. For it isn't talking about children that is important, but thinking about them, and so far parents have thought about *their* children more or less as the enemies of all other children, wanting them to have better chances in life, to be better dressed and have prettier manners, to win more prizes, get bigger scholarships, be in the best dancing classes, and arrive at maturity with a better chance to make more money than any one else. That, I am told, is human nature and I do not propose to change it just now. But when parents learn that the real danger to their children lies not in other parents and other children, but in the great number of childless citizens who are not interested in the remote future, they will bury their rivalries and unite against the common enemy.

I would like to see the Pop-Mom party taking the place of the Republicans, and "Down with Children" substituted for "The New Deal," because a political division with parents on one side and non-parents on the other is far more sensible than any we have experienced so far. Let a political party omit from its platform the customary polite

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phrases about children being the hope of the future, and offer, instead, a change in the income tax law giving an exemption of $2000 a year for each child under the age of seventeen, making up for any deficit by taxing double all large incomes enjoyed by the childless. Then you would have a political campaign which meant something. Let aldermen and mayors run for office with a pledge that on matters of education only parents shall have a decisive word and that on all other pertinent matters, they should have double votes. Let statesmen promise protection to parents now struggling against the intolerable burdens placed upon them, the penalties they suffer for doing the one thing which the state most wants them to do, that is provide citizens for the future.

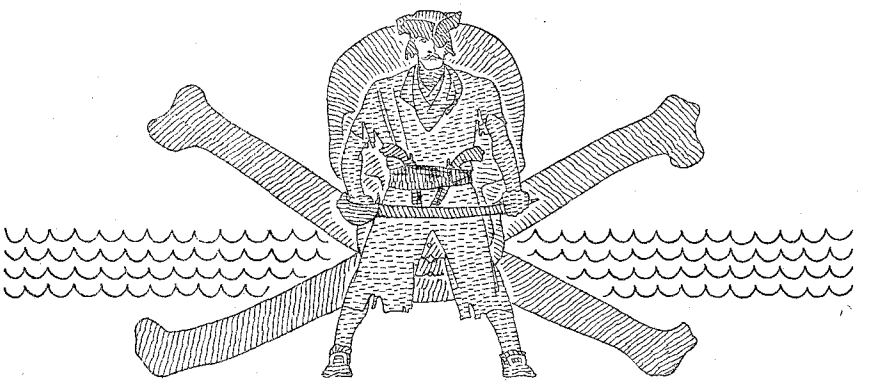
Two exemptions already exist, in a way. First, the father who is the sole support of a family is classed in the lower brackets for duty in war. Mrs. Knott, if she went through the last draft, feels a little resentful about this, pointing out that Jim Knott as an inventor of electrical appliances is irreplaceable, while Bill Childs would never be missed, except by his wife and those ever-erupting children of theirs. Mrs. Knott is dead right. It is not Bill Childs' present value that spares him from active service; it is the circumstance that a few years ago he became a father. A grateful country, eager to remain strong and populous, wishes to reward him and delays his call to the colors; and after the war, it allows him a second exemption: $400 per child from the total on which he pays his income tax. This means that if Bill Childs is around the average, the Government really allows him about $15 a year for each child, which goes a long way, doesn't it? toward paying the $700 for straightening the boy's teeth and the $150 a year for extra milk, with plenty left over for clothes and bicycles and books.

Mrs. Knott says the Childs wanted children and pretend to like having them around, so let them pay. She doesn't know that all of her husband's electrical inventions would be useless if the Childs weren't bringing up children who would in turn found families which would, in turn, buy electrical devices. She doesn't know, in short, how a country lives and what its future depends on. She is willing for the Childs to take the financial rap. The grotesque penalties parents pay for the crime of having children strike her as just about right. Let us accept her judgment.

Because the chief thing is not the present cost of children; it is the virtual impossibility for unorganized parents to control the course of national events and create the kind of future which their children ought to enjoy. These parents may have different aspirations, ranging from Communism to the great ideals based on the McKinley tariff. That does not matter. What matters is that they want to be sure of a future in which their children can live.

Suppose that no war could be declared without the consent of parents; suppose that all social legislation should be submitted first to those whom it will most affect—parents; suppose that parents had the determining vote on the distribution of taxes. Suppose, in short, that life in the United States were guided by the needs of those who have provided life in the United States.

The only thing you can be sure of is that Mrs. Knott wouldn't like it at all. Mrs. Knott would go out in a rage and buy three new dresses to calm her jagged nerves. But Mrs. Childs, sitting calmly at home, would smile and see whether, by a few expert changes, she couldn't make that old coat do another year. She would still have some problems left, but I think she might have a friendlier feeling toward her government.



Are Today's Children Different?

By Charles G. Muller

On the movie screen, *Treasure Island* raced to an exciting climax. Despite the protests of his bes[illegible]ed band that he was raising a shin[illegible] mark for Long John Silver's cannon on the pirated *Hispaniola,* Captain Smollett hoisted Britain's flag above the log-house.

"Strike my colors! No, sir, not I!" cried the brave captain with fine sentiment. "Where that flag flies is England!"

Through the theater spread the slightest ripple of applause.

Then the pirates ran their Jolly Roger up the schooner's masthead. And the mere sight of skull-and-crossbones—connoting robbery and bloodshed and all that is lawless—brought from the youthful audience a spontaneous burst of whistles, shouts, and stamping.

For boys and girls of 1935 are no different from the children who thrilled to *Treasure Island* in 1895 and who since have become law-abiding, upright Captain Smolletts. They still prefer lusty pirates to honest seamen.

To say that boys today are more sophisticated than those of a past era, that modern girls are young ladies at twelve, is to lay oneself open to a charge of reckless judgment. Because until approximately fourteen, normal boys and girls of every generation live in a world that has nothing adult in it.

Their juvenile universe is a simple,

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wholesome place. They guard it jealously from all who do not approach with friendly understanding. And faults of sophistication which grown-ups think they see in children are, for the most part, distorted imaginings of adults who seek unsympathetically to encroach on this juvenile world.

Relishing life with such zest, being capable of so much that is fine, asking only that their naïve juvenile interests be honestly played up to—what a break boys and girls get from critical adults at home, in school, in story books, over the radio, and in films!

Every one but the youngsters grinds an axe! Parents who cannot remember back a week, much less visualize the distant days of their own childhood, force their children to be educated as they vaguely recall they once were educated—so that Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Albert will be proud. Schools and Sunday schools teach boys and girls morals. Librarians push the classics. Radio sponsors are told how to write their programs. Motion picture producers are hedged by don'ts.

Guarding the little dears "for their own good," grown-ups rarely consult with children to find what would be truly good. And while the boys and girls themselves go on, generation after generation, fundamentally unaffected by adult meddling, their censors shift from one idea of goodness to another with the vagaries of the age.

Parents of today's parents frowned on Horatio Alger, an author of wide appeal. There was, well, something trashy about his stories of poor boys who won their way to fame and fortune. Yet a group of important business executives recently acknowledged that the scorned Horatio had taught them more morals, had given them more practical ethical education, than any other institution of their youth. One, a noted collector of Lincolniana, confessed privately that he had risen above an ignorant mother and a drunkard father only because Alger's so-called trashy books had kindled in him a desire to emulate the poor-boy heroes and surmount seemingly insuperable cultural and financial obstacles. He, the boy, had searched out fundamentals; adults of his time allowed the fundamentals to be obscured.

In previous generations children liked to read about, and to play at being, pirates; they still like pirates. They enjoyed cowboys and Indians in the films of earlier days; they still enjoy them. They get fun out of modern gangsters on the radio, and will continue to get fun from them. In years past, adults feared for the effect of the pirate motif and the cowboy-and-Indian motif in then current games, and stories, and pictures. Now, grown-ups worry about the effect of the gangster theme in fiction stories, in the movies, and over the radio.

Forgetful, adults no longer are apprehensive about the pirate motif. To be logical, however, they still should fear the theme of their own beloved *Treasure Island,* which today's children also find thrilling. For, just as modern gangsters drink whiskey, shoot freely, and rob, *Treasure Island's* pirates drink rum, murder, and steal.

Basically there is no difference, no change, in what appealed to children of yesterday and what appeals to today's youngsters. The cutlasses of ancient sea rovers and the machine guns of twentieth century automobile bandits carry in themselves no moral significance. They are merely the peculiar trappings of distinctive eras. And while adults of each era are viewing the outer trappings with alarm, boys and girls are admiring the bravery and loyalty of the men and women beneath the trappings. Pirate, cowboy, bandit—which of these the hero is, is not important; what he is and does, is.

The simple virtues of bravery, loyalty, and fair play are what boys and girls look for. And they ask that their heroes be real people while having these virtues.

Up to and into adolescence, boys and girls are primarily interested in what they have learned of life for themselves out of their own experiences. These experiences are limited to the small joys and sorrows of home and school life, the chores of daily existence, the physical excitements of games and competitions. But in them are the basic virtues of bravery and honor, and the children can weave and reweave these few threads into seemingly endless patterns.

Appreciating this, editors of the old *St. Nicholas Magazine* endeared themselves to thousands of today's outstanding adults by giving their inventive young subscribers boundless opportunity to write about, and to sketch, personal adventures that the boys and girls themselves knew most about. And L. Frank Baum, instead of turning his fertile imagination to the creation of princesses and ogres and dragons alien to the average child's own experience, set a simple gingham-aproned Kansas girl down among idealized commonplaces to create some of the loveliest fairy stories that children have ever favored—the Wizard of Oz books.

Generation after generation of children loved the *St. Nicholas Magazine,* and generations of girls and boys have pored over the adventures of Dorothy in Oz. For children, no matter when they are born or where they live, enjoy most the surroundings and the adventures that they have experienced, or believe they could experience, for themselves.

Their reactions to these experiences are direct. They have no taste for involved adult thinking. They like a thing, or they don't like it. They are vitally interested, or they are utterly bored. And when it comes to the facts of life about which adults so often are disturbed, children are likely to handle the facts with a fine sense of proportion.

Nine-year-old Rollie's mother watched a neighbor's growing daughter whisper to the boy. Sensing what was up, the mother later asked Rollie about the whispering. He was frank.

"Iris told me that if I'd go back of the house, she'd show me what girls are like."

"What did you say?"

"I told her," answered Rollie with complete unconcern, "that I know all about girls because I have a sister."

Doctor K's twelve-year-old boy, Bill, had a teacher who was disquieted over the effect certain popular magazines might have on her pupils. Bill's father, whose loyalty has been constant for twenty-five years to such sound juvenile writers as Ralph Henry Barbour and Kirk Munroe, believed the teacher had no cause for anxiety. Nevertheless he broached to Bill the subject of the moot magazines.

The youngster had no place in his own uncomplicated world for the teacher's self-created bugaboo. His comment, as he looked up from "Four Afloat," was straight to the point.

"Aw, I know more dirt than the guys who write that stuff!"

Given intelligent guidance in han-

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dling their own problems in their own way, boys and girls will make a fine job of living. One father started out to tell his small boy what to do, but ended up happier by falling in with his son's ideas.

"Let children do things they want in their own way, unless there's something they just have to be told," he learned. "The more you allow them to work out their own little plans, the better off they are."

Their own way usually is pretty good, too. At ten o'clock one Sunday morning Ellen, Barbara, and Anne determined to give a play at two o'clock. Their clear attack on the problems of writing, rehearsing, and staging "The Queen of The Tower—10 Cents Admission," was illuminating.

"How do we start?" asked Ellen.

"First, somebody says something," said Barbara.

Which is exactly what happens in every play that was ever written. As directly each difficulty was managed, until half a page of script had been produced.

Then Ellen provoked a discussion.

"We've said enough," she put in. "I think I ought to sing now."

"No, I want to sing," insisted Barbara.

Anne met this delicate situation with a definite statement of fact.

"Barbara can't carry a tune, and Ellen has a lovely voice. The people will like to hear Ellen better."

"All right," agreed Barbara, convinced.

In this simple way, which the three seven-year-old children worked out for themselves, all their problems were effectively solved in quick time. And promptly at two o'clock the show went on.

It was only a childish play. But, created out of the first-hand experiences of the youngsters' own daily lives, with no adult touch in any part, its charm captivated a grown-up audience. And a repeat performance was demanded.

When adults seek to encroach on the juvenile world, children note grown-up acts without fully understanding the complicated thinking behind the acts. Being imitative and eager for praise, the youngsters often ape the worst adult externals. With the result that they are criticized for an unbecoming sophistication. When left to themselves, however, when allowed to develop their own ideas, the vivid imaginations of the average boy and girl carry them into fine fields and urge them to splendid accomplishments.

It is an amazing fact that children can perform feats nearly equal to their powers of imagination. In the old days, Down Easterners went to sea at thirteen, and gained command of square-riggers at eighteen. Many of our pioneers were only sixteen when they helped to win the West. The father of my friend G. was a mere boy when, despite the menace of Indians, he walked barefoot and alone across the plains from Council Bluffs to Denver.

The same imaginative straight-thinking that spurred these youngsters is possessed by children in all generations. It recently enabled a seven-year-old, when his sister dove toward a motorboat's propeller and horrified bystanders helplessly wrung their hands, to shut off the engine before the girl struck the blades.

Boys and girls do not change through the generations. They do not become more sophisticated. They remain always the same, cutting their way straight to what really matters.

Who's Standardized?

A Comment on British and American Education

By Dorothy J. Colburn

THE uniformity of material civilization in America!"

"The standardization of American education!"

Upon these twin themes Englishmen criticizing America play endless variations and repetitions, supporting their contentions by pointing to our chain stores, our mass production, our pursuit of fads, our book-of-the-day clubs, our high schools of six thousand pupils, our universities for every one.

Even without these proofs, the English would know that American life is unendurably standardized, for they have read the novels of Sinclair Lewis, and know how Carol Kennicott and Babbitt knocked their heads futilely against the stone wall of standardized mediocrity. The interpretation of American life offered by Mr. Lewis, now our chief literary exponent in Britain, has been widely adopted. Apparently it does not occur to his British readers—at least, not to any with whom I talked—to suspect that people who are tugging at the leash of standardization may be less confined by it than those who are unconscious of the fetters.

An American going to England to teach in a secondary school is certain to be filled, as I was, with respect approaching awe of that "superior" educational system. I started with the assumption that the English would be doing much what American schools try to do, but I was convinced that they must have much more effective ways of accomplishing their educational aims. After a year's experience, I still felt that English education is superior—for the English. But I was less sure of its adaptability to American civilization. For, however imperfectly we

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succeed, we undertake by our "mass education" to develop individuals, while the English, though working through much smaller units, are intent upon producing a homogeneous mass.

When I first met my English colleagues, I wondered how I should ever learn to tell them apart—twenty-five school mistresses in severely tailored, vaguely colored tweeds, and not a distinguishing trait among them. Several weeks later, when their individualities had disengaged themselves completely from the national pattern, I found a cartoon in *Punch* which reversed the common complaint, "All Chinamen look alike to me." A policeman and a Chinaman stood before a long line of well-known British types—the cockney, the hunting gentleman, the angular bare-kneed hiker, the Public School boy with his Eton collar, and others—and the Chinaman was saying dolefully to the policeman, "Me not know. All Inglee lookee likee to me." Showing this cartoon to one of the teachers, I told her my first impression. Amused, she was also astonished. "Of course," said she, "we think that all American women look smart, but English women achieve much more individuality of appearance."

But though my initial impression that all English women look alike dissipated itself readily upon acquaintance, my belief kept growing that English education is far more standardizing, despite the contrary English opinion.

From Land's End to Tynemouth, school girls wear the same uniform, a shapeless pleated tunic of blue serge with the hem from two to six inches above the knees, the taller the girl the shorter the dress. In time I grew accustomed to hearing the headmistress make announcements like this after morning prayers: "I notice that one or two girls have cut down the brims of their beavers. You must not make any change from the standard shape and size." Or, "Beginning Monday, summer hats must be worn. Tomorrow is the last day for winter hats."

I do not go so far as did a famous headmaster, one of the few English critics of school uniforms, who declared that the "inflexible uniformity of most English Public School costume" reflects "a similarly dull uniformity of mental habit." But the social implications of the uniform are vast. It helps to explain one of the outstanding differences between the Briton and the Anglo-American. The Englishman carefully suppresses his individuality everywhere except in his own home and garden, and even those must be closely curtained and hedged in. Self-expression, the American's ambition, is the Briton's dread.

What American would not assume that her English pupils must resent bitterly the dull and, to American eyes, grotesque uniform? But when a severe heat wave led to the unprecedented privilege of abandoning the long-sleeved uniform and black woolen hose, the girls showed less pleasure than uneasy self-consciousness, and were audibly relieved when ordered to return to uniforms. Many of these girls lived in the long rows of houses whose bleak uniformity startles an American who wanders into street after identical street and mile after indistinguishable mile in any industrial town. But here again I was mistaken in supposing the girls would welcome variety. I heard some of them refer slightingly to one whose house was "different."

However objectionable the English may consider American "standardization," I found much to admire in their suppression of individuality. If it is undesirable to wear a dress or live in a house a little different from one's neighbors', how much worse to strive for the limelight in a game or a party or in business! Team spirit flourishes and the group benefits. The ideal of service, carefully inculcated by British education, finds better root in such soil than in more highly individualized communities.

Great differences between the two educational systems in organization make comparison difficult. Private schools claim a vastly larger proportion of children in England than here, and the common practice of comparing an American school which welcomes all classes with an English "Public" School is misleading. I am, therefore, considering only schools in both countries which are maintained, at least in part, by the government.

For the poor, the English Government provides free elementary schooling to the fifteenth birthday. Since the term *elementary school pupil* connotes the foot of the social ladder, parents prefer to send their children to private schools until they are eleven, and then to a public secondary school, where they must supplement government funds with a tuition of about fifty dollars a year. That is, in most English towns the government supports two systems of education side by side, offering one set of opportunities to the poor and another set to the well-to-do.

Incredible though it may seem to an American that the poor would acquiesce in such an arrangement, the principle arouses little resentment and is only slowly undergoing modification. Rich and poor seem agreed that education beyond the age of sixteen should be reserved for the well-to-do and the few others who display marked intellectual promise. Of the vast numbers in elementary schools, none have any chance of attending a university except those, perhaps one in ten, who at the age of eleven win scholarships to attend secondary schools until they are sixteen. In the secondary schools the Sixth Form, that is the eleventh and twelfth grades, is only about a fourth as large as the Fifth Form, and out of that small proportion, still fewer enter universities.

An English audience laughed heartily at a returned British exchange teacher's tale of meeting an American young man who was working his way through a university. That any poor person who was not brilliant enough to win a scholarship should even consider attending university is in itself laughable to many Englishmen.

Only with this knowledge of the class distinctions enforced by the English educational system can an American understand why an Englishman shudders at the "loss of individuality involved in the uniform education now being provided for the whole people in the United States." To a Briton, an educational system open to every degree of intelligence seems necessarily of a low quality, and bespeaks a disordered society without a sense of values. For one of the benefits of the English procedure is that it protects the nation against the elevation of grossly ignorant men to prominence in public life. Where education is at a premium, the possessors wield more influence than trained brains command here. But the English modify the system by recruiting for the ruling class through schol-

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arships the best brains from the rest of the population.

Intellect is, however, always subordinated to character—that is, to a specific and definitely British type of character. One of the first peculiarities of the English which impresses a foreign observer is the tendency, especially among men of the Public School class, to refer their comments on a particular incident immediately to some general principle. They reveal that their thinking springs from premises which they assume that every one holds, and which are not subject to examination. In "standardized" American thought there is no such certainty and unanimity.

While puzzling over this English peculiarity, I discovered an Englishman perplexed by the opposite American characteristic. Referring to *The Education of Henry Adams,* David Garnett remarked, "Adams's mind seems very alien to an Englishman—it works indeed in a contrary direction. For Adams starts always with a particular instance like a dynamo which puzzles him, and he worries over it until he has found an 'explanation' in the most general and abstract terms." The educated American, habitually reasoning from the particular to the general, distrusts any code of approved responses. And an Englishman distrusts the absence of such a code.

But how does English education instil a code? At length I stumbled upon a clue. In an examination I asked a class to summarize a passage from Hazlitt asserting that a man who looks as if he does not trust himself should not have the respect of others, and concluding, "Modesty is the lowest of the virtues." A second question asked, "Do you agree with this statement? Give the reasons for your opinion." The headmistress's comment was, "Of course, that question is immoral."

Why should Frenchmen smile at the distinction the English language draws between *thinking* and *thinking for oneself?* The English intend to give their children certain fixed principles to guide their action and thought. These principles are never examined or justified, but constantly reiterated and treated as the universally accepted and unquestionable background of living. Many of the qualities for which we admire the English spring from this peculiarity of their training. It gives them homogeneity of ideals, orderliness, and respect for authority.

Besides standardizing character, the schools standardize minds, less deliberately, by an overcrowded curriculum and an external examination system. At the end of what corresponds to our tenth grade, every English pupil takes the School Certificate examinations set by the universities as the basis for "school-leaving certificates," which correspond in social and business value to our high-school diploma but represent a more uniform level of achievement. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every tenth-grade pupil in England is having exactly the same facts drilled into him in preparation for the same examinations.

The congested curriculum increases the difficulty. "I am taking thirteen subjects," a ninth-grade girl told me, "French, English, Latin, history, geography, chemistry, biology, art, needlework, arithmetic, geometry, algebra, and trigonometry, besides gym, hockey, and netball."

When I told a particularly bright School Certificate form to review a topic by selecting material from certain scattered chapters, they became confused. An equally bright class of Americans would have done the work easily. But when I adopted the English procedure of dictating detailed notes to be memorized, they performed that task much more thoroughly than even a bright class of Americans would have done. In other words, English children learn better than Americans, but they do not study so well.

So it is in their goals more than in their methods and materials that English and American education differ. English schools come nearer to achieving their purpose than do American schools, partly because of clearer agreement among English educators as to their goals and the best means of reaching them, and partly because their goals are more modest and tangible than ours. While the English suppress individuality in favor of team spirit and the ideal of service, inculcate an approved code of thought and conduct, and instil an orderly and respectful attitude toward authority, American schools encourage the opposite qualities—self-reliance, initiative, fondness for experiment, impatience of authority, an open (how open!) mind—in short, individuality.

THE MOON COMES UP

By Nathaniel Burt

At night, in its gaunt proper cycle,
The moon comes up,
Flat, speechless, lifting a tall ghost head among firs.
Slowly, slowly it sucks up the whole starred sky,
Fills the earth hollows with liquid,
Draws, draws the mountains to its fascination,
Stretches each upturned thing into rapt immobility—
Trees changed to ivory,
Water to jade.

What is there in a moon to make the hands lift up?
To change the watcher into worshipper,
Who turns about three times,
Kneels, staring with mouth open but not singing,
And hears orchestral hymns?
What power has a dead satellite to conjure breath,
Rotate the body like a glass cylinder,
Electrify the skin?
Dead mirror of the daylight, looking-glass of terror. . . .

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Music Student

Anonymous

The story of a small-town girl who came to New York to seek musical fame. She had apparent success—a recital in Town Hall, a part in the Metropolitan. But her experience is similar to that of thousands of young people seeking professional careers

I AM a music student in New York City—one of several thousand who have come here from all parts of the United States, attracted by this glamorous city.

Here are renowned teachers, great singers, innumerable concerts, and opera. *Opera:* the Metropolitan. That is the golden lure that haunts the waking dreams of every young singer in the country.

I have been here for five years—years of agitated hopes, wasting ambitions, heart-breaking delays, corroding disillusionment, and moral disorganization.

My story is not an exceptional one. It is the story of almost any one of the army of music students which supports expensive studios, and clutters the offices of managers in Manhattan. It is an exceptional story only in that I am more gifted, more musical than most. I have given a recital at Town Hall, my picture has been in the rotogravures, and I have sung at the Metropolitan Opera House. Told in simple outlines this sounds like success. To the people at home it is a story of glittering arrival. My home town of Waverly in a mid-west State is proud of me.

It is precisely the sort of experience which, told in a publicity story in a music journal, is read by more thousands of music students, and serves to swell that number of aspirants who annually besiege America's capital of art.

Five years! Study with famous teachers, member of three opera companies, one of them the Metropolitan itself, a New York recital. But—I am still a music-student, haunting singing studios, annoying managers and producers. I live in an eight-dollar room and eat in cafeterias. Sometimes, though not often, I have been hungry.

What went wrong? Why was I not a success? It is a simple enough story, and, as I said, not an exceptional one.

I was reared in Waverly, a small college town. My home was the comfortable, moderately prosperous one of the average American family. My mother was ambitious for me. She often spoke of having "given up her music" in favor of early marriage. She always sounded a bit regretful, and there was the implication that I would be prevented from making a similar mistake. My father was indulgent.

I studied piano from the age of six and "graduated" at the Waverly Women's College with a degree of Bachelor of Music. During the last two years in college it was discovered that I "had a voice." The teacher of singing at the college was a good one. He had common sense. He never encouraged me to undertake a singing career. My mother and father did that, and my well-meaning friends.

I sang in the Presbyterian choir, I shone at music clubs, and my recital at school had all the trappings of a major musical event.

My voice was a clear, rather fragile coloratura. I was really musical, and intelligent. Every one said I should go far . . . "why, look at Marion Talley." I did look at Marion Talley. At that time every young singer in America was looking at Marion Talley.

The spring of my graduation, Madame Sabrini, a world-famous singer, appeared at Fall City, twenty-five miles away. I heard her and was enchanted. My teacher arranged for me to sing for Sabrini the morning after her concert.

Sabrini was sweet and amiable. It was her business in life to please every-

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body. She was agreeably complimentary, praised my accuracy of pitch and my phrasing. "Of course, you are very young. You must study."

"Could I ever sing in opera?" I asked breathlessly.

Madame spread her hands. "Why not? Who can say? It is a pretty voice and you are musical. You are also a pretty girl. Many singers have made great successes on less."

I think that settled it.

In September I left for New York. My departure had the air of a triumphant march upon an already capitulated stronghold.

Madame Sabrini had told me to come and see her if I came to New York. I wrote her at once on arrival. By extraordinary chance she was in town. She was less genial, more matter-of-fact than when I had seen her in Fall City.

"Where are you going to live? With whom will you study? Have you money enough to study here?" She bombarded me with questions. I had no definite plans. I had a list of teachers who advertised in music journals. She swept it aside contemptuously. "Why don't you go to the American Endowment?"

"What is that?" It sounded like charity.

"It is a new endowed school, with some very fine teachers. You will sing for them, if they like you, they will undertake your education, and it costs you nothing. I will give you a letter to the chief examiner."

I went to see Mr. Roger Forsyth, the "chief examiner" as Sabrini called him. That interview should have been a decisive turning point in my life, but it was not.

The American Endowment was housed in a magnificent building. I had never seen anything so sumptuous, even in the movies. I was assailed with a burning desire to be accepted by the American Endowment.

Mr. Forsyth received me at once, and settled back in his chair to talk. He seemed to have all the time in the world. He asked me what I wished to do, and why. I explained. He listened gravely. Not by a flicker of an eye-lash did he betray the least amusement. He heard me sing several songs.

"Now," he said, "let's talk it over."

It didn't sound too encouraging, and I turned cold inside. I felt that I couldn't bear to be refused entrance to this magnificent place. Mr. Forsyth looked at me for a long moment before he spoke. He was a curiously impersonal man.

"You have a nice voice," he said. I breathed again, though not for long. "But not an important one."

He looked out of the window and I had the feeling that he was repeating something he had said many times before. There was just that hint of weariness in his tone.

"As I said, you have a pretty voice, but, it is not an important voice. You've had a good teacher, and heaven knows that's rare enough. I'm sure every one in—" he glanced at my letter on his desk—"in Waverly likes you and likes to hear you sing. And I can assure you, my child, that you'll never have any pleasanter success than just that. Now, why don't you stay in New York this winter, have some lessons with a good teacher, hear concerts, go to the opera, and then——

"Go back home?" I broke in.

"Exactly. You'll be happy there. You can sing for your friends, and——"

"Am I no better than that?" I asked bitterly.

Again he studied me before answering, and I saw that his eyes were kind.

"No," he said, "you are really no better than that."

"Are you a singing teacher, Mr. Forsyth?"

He laughed. "I follow your reasoning—perfectly. No: Heaven forbid. I'm simply a musician."

"But Madame Sabrini said——"

"Yes. I know. Do you know how many girls she has sent in here? At least forty from her last tour. Sabrini! What that woman doesn't know about singing! She is always off pitch, and doesn't know it. She has no taste—she's a circus performer. And she goes about encouraging all sorts of silly people to study for opera. I beg your pardon, I don't mean you. You've some legitimate reason for singing."

"Well, have I no chance here?"

He must have seen my hideous disappointment for he hesitated. "I'm afraid you haven't much, but I'll tell you what we'll do. If you want to sing for the jury, you may do so, but I can't encourage it. They're all rather hard-boiled. They're looking for big talent. We're under orders to find geniuses. There's an idea abroad in this Endowment that the woods are full of geniuses. I haven't seen any yet, but doubtless they exist. The women's clubs say so. But you're not a genius. However, come along and sing. It won't do any harm. Will you promise to come in and see me afterward?"

I promised.

I need not relate details of that examination. Hundreds and hundreds of music students are familiar with them. From the waiting-room I heard a number of candidates sing before I did. My heart sank. They sounded like great singers to me. When I faced the jury my knees shook a little but I was calm. Mr. Forsyth was at the table with the jury.

"What will you sing?" he asked.

I named the *aria*.

"Very well."

I had sung through only three lines when a pencil tapped sharply on the table.

"Try something else."

I gave the accompanist another *aria*. This time I finished a page, and the pencil tapped again.

"Thank you very much."

And I was outside the American Endowment.

The next day I went to see Mr. Forsyth.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked.

"Stay here and study, if you'll recommend a teacher."

"I can't suggest a teacher for you."

"I thought maybe some of your friends in the musical world——"

"I'm an official of the American Endowment; I have no friends in the musical world." His tone was dry, but amused.

"I don't know where to go, Mr. Forsyth."

"Of course you don't. No student does. They pick out the biggest advertisers, usually."

"Is that best?"

"It is not. Look here. This is breaking all rules. This organization doesn't recommend teachers. But here's a name and address. You never heard of the man. He has a studio uptown—unfashionable street. He's a good teacher and won't over-charge you. Now be sensible and don't let New York go to your head."

I thanked him and went away, but not to the teacher he recommended. I

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met a number of students at the club where I was staying. They hooted at an unknown name. In the end I followed their advice and went to Madame Cecil.

Madame Marie Cecil carried full-page advertisements in all music journals. She listed among her pupils many of the biggest opera stars. Her beautifully appointed studio was crowded with signed photographs of musical celebrities. She had had a brilliant operatic career. Her lesson prices were forty dollars per hour. I sang for her.

"You have a very fine voice. Not a big voice, yet, but big enough. The quality is very fine, very fine indeed. You should make an important career. I shall be happy to teach you."

"But I don't know, Madame, if I can afford——"

"You will have to talk that over with my secretary." Her voice, as she said this, was gentle, but her eyes were icy.

I arranged finally to have two ten-minute lessons each week, at a slight advance on the regular rate. I felt that I could not but profit from the teacher of so many great stars. Later I discovered that most of them did not actually study with her. They perhaps went over this or that rôle or concert program with her (for Cecil was a good musician) paying with enthusiastically autographed photographs and permission to use their names.

I studied with Madame Cecil for a year and a half. It cost me much more than I had anticipated. I was constantly being sent to coaches and assistants for special work. Madame Cecil received half of all such fees. I did not know this until much later when I worked part-time as Madame's secretary.

My father cheerfully paid for my study but I knew it was pressing him hard.

It took a year and a half for me to discover that Madame Cecil was not a good teacher. She was a good musician, but she handled voices carelessly and unskilfully. Being a born showman she could create something quickly that looked like a result, but it was unsound, and it damaged voices beyond repair.

By this time I knew my way about. I decided to try for musical comedy. I went to the offices of Messrs. Barth and Barth, theatrical producers. After much waiting I sang for Donald Frey, the casting director. Frey was a curious man, known to every singer and chorus girl in New York. He really knew about singing. And he was courteous, the only courteous individual I ever met in show business. He allowed me to sing through an entire song.

"Um. Not much as a singer. Whose pupil? Cecil's? Yes, of course. Could tell that. I think we can use you for 'A Morning in June.' Ensemble, of course."

"The—the chorus?"

"Yes. See Mr. Day in Room 601. Leave your name and address."

Mr. Day sat with his feet on his desk, his hat on, and a cigar in his mouth. He maintained this attitude.

"'Mornin' in Joon' you say? Good God, how many more? Let's see your legs."

"What?"

"Lift up your dress. Higher . . . higher—you'll do. Barth Theatre Monday morning, nine o'clock."

We rehearsed "A Morning in June" for four weeks without pay. It opened in Newark, but never came to New York. I received sixty dollars for two weeks' performance. My expenses exceeded that sum.

I began on long rounds of producers' offices. I was too big for the Scandals, and too small for the Follies. I visited many studios. In every case I was encouraged. They said I had a fine voice. That with my equipment of musicality and good looks I should go far. Most of them advised daily lessons, which I could not afford. Several of these studios boasted the same comprehensive collection of autographed photographs that so impressively decorated Madame Cecil's house.

Then I went to Mr. Forsyth and told him my story.

"You are the usual type of idiot," he said cheerfully. "So idiotic that maybe you'll be a singer after all. Let's hear you."

I sang.

"It's terrible. Cecil's ruined your quality. Could have told you that. Well, what do you want to do now?"

"I'm thinking of going to Robbins Thayer. He gets jobs for his students."

"H'm. He's good enough, if he tries. But he concentrates on a few good pupils and lets the others slide. Watch your step in his studio. It hasn't the best reputation in town."

"I can take care of myself."

"I hope so. But you don't look as if you could. You look ten years older. Why don't you go home?"

"I can't. I've got to do something first. They'd be so disappointed."

"Well, let me know how you get on with Thayer."

I promised that I would, but I never saw Mr. Forsyth again.

I began work with Robbins Thayer. He *was* a good teacher. The atmosphere of his establishment was wholly commercial, but he produced fair singers. Most of his efforts were concentrated on a few promising students. I was sophisticated enough by this time to understand the diamond bracelets that many of these girls wore. Two or three had limousines and lived in the fashionable East Sixties. They had daily lessons and worked with coaches. A number of them paid as much as five or six hundred dollars a week to Thayer and his assistants. I believe I am not overstating the case when I say that Mr. Thayer, like a number of other teachers, made it convenient for his better-looking pupils to meet wealthy men who were ready enough to back a career, for a consideration that is too often paid. Sometimes these careers succeed; oftener there are only diamond bracelets.

I knew that Thayer took some pupils on contract. This was a signed agreement covering a period of five years. The contract stipulated "all the lessons the pupil required during this period" and in return Thayer was to be paid 10 per cent of all earnings the second year; 20 the third, 30 the fourth, and 40 per cent of the fifth. Several successful pupils brought suit to break these contracts. I asked for one and was refused.

Thayer worked conscientiously with me. I paid exorbitant prices which meant long intervals between lessons. I sang in the choruses of various shows, and in between studied languages at the Berlitz school.

Then came my first operatic opportunity. A small opera company was to have a season in Montreal. Thayer had me sing for Minotti, manager of the Minotti Grand Opera Company. I was accepted and I was to be paid one hundred dollars each for three performances.

The Waverly papers head-lined my entrance into opera!

I sang one performance in Montreal —the rôle of Siebel in *Faust*, a rôle totally unsuited to my voice. The company failed after one week and I was

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never paid. My operatic début cost me the extra lessons, my fare to Montreal, and a week's hotel bill. I had to wire home for money to get back to New York.

Then I was engaged for the Italian Grand Opera Company of New York, this time to sing Lucia and Violetta. Thayer said since it was a New York appearance and the rôles were good I should be willing to sing for nothing. I agreed. A week before the opening my rôles were bought by Glorietta Ysette, the French mistress of a stock broker. Her "protector" bought several thousand dollars' worth of tickets for her performances. It must be said that she sang pretty well.

By this time I could no longer afford Thayer's prices. I stopped lessons and hunted for work. I sang a few times in picture theaters. Twice I got these jobs, not because I sang well, but because my figure was good enough to appear in, or out of, an almost invisible bathing suit. I was engaged for a night club, but I would not "mingle" with the patrons as the manager euphoniously expressed it, and I was dismissed.

The money I received from home was not enough to support me but they did not know that. I discovered the cheapest places to eat. I had a room, four floors up, no elevator. (The bath was on the floor below.) I bought clothes in a downtown outlet shop until I learned the error of this.

I was now the typical professional student. I looked up the teacher Mr. Forsyth had recommended. I found a shabby studio and a shabby, elderly man. He heard me sing and then he said, "What do you want to know?"

"Why—er—" I was a bit confused. "About my voice—and possibilities."

"The truth?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you probably had a nice voice to begin with, but it is hard and brittle now. It has too much 'edge.' It has been forced far beyond what it can do."

"Could you fix it up?"

"Maybe, in a couple of years, but frankly, I'm not sure that it's worth your while—or mine."

"Oh—I don't believe it's that bad."

"In one way it isn't. Careful work and you could make it commercially usable for a while. You are musical and you have personality. But artistically——"

I went back to job hunting. I skimped on food and bought better clothes. I looked prosperous, but sometimes I had to walk fast past a baker's window.

Finally I went back to Thayer for fortnightly lessons.

It was late in June of that year that Thayer called me on the telephone one night.

"Do you know the Zerbinetta aria?"

"Yes—that is, I did. I haven't sung it for some time."

"How's your high E?"

"OK, I think."

"Come to the studio at nine tomorrow."

Two days later I had an audition at the Metropolitan Opera. I was heard by the Manager, a member of the Board, and two conductors. I understood that the Met. found it needed one or two singers for minor rôles, and Thayer tried me out. To my utter astonishment, and his, I was engaged.

It was not clear what I was to sing, although I was told to prepare several rôles. The salary was barely enough to insure my expenses for the following year. But I was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company!

Thayer was feverish with plans. He worked furiously all summer and fall. He splurged with his own advertising and I saw my pictures in all the music journals. "Thayer Pupil Engaged for Metropolitan."

Waverly papers had convulsions, and letters from home were keyed high. Waverly was looking at Marion Talley again. So was I.

Then Thayer decided that I should have a Town Hall recital just preceding the Met. season.

"It will give you a dignified start, and when the critics hear you at the Met. they'll remember that you're a good musician and you'll get better treatment."

The Town Hall recital cost six hundred dollars. My father mortgaged his house.

The critics were mild enough. Only one took my work to pieces and lamented the "ill advised and premature appearance."

I awaited with trepidation my first appearance at the Met. It came in February—a part that lasted a trifle less than two minutes.

It was with difficulty that I persuaded my family to suppress a threatened delegation from Waverly. Marion Talley had had her Kansas City; I should have my Waverly. But I prevented the demonstration.

I was mentioned in only three of the papers and dismissed with a single line in each case. ". . . must wait to be heard more advantageously." But I was not heard more advantageously. I was not heard at all. It was the only bit assigned me that season, and my contract was not renewed.

Thayer lost interest and I drifted out of the studio.

I am thinking of going this fall to a teacher who advertises "remedial treatment for injured voices."

I said my story is not exceptional. It is not. Only in this—few of the many thousands of students have so much luck. Most of them never get so far as an audition at the Metropolitan. Most of them never have even the outward seeming—the husk—of success.

Perhaps I can say now what was wrong. Students of singing essay a career through personal vanity, through parental pride, and, most of all, through dishonest urging from teachers.

Sabrini's silly encouragement began my course. Roger Forsyth told me the truth. He was the only person, except the obscure teacher he recommended, who ever did. I had every assurance, and reassurance—as long as my lesson fees were forthcoming.

I am only twenty-five today, but I look seven or eight years older, and I feel forty. I hate singing, because I have never had a chance to sing for fun. I haven't enough clothes, and not always enough food. I am too proud to go home and confess failure, though I shall have to do that eventually.

Unless I marry soon, my chances in that direction will diminish rapidly. I do not meet marriageable men in New York, and I'm not sure that I'd be content with the Waverly kind.

—And I am one of many thousands like me. Most of us have alibis. We never "got the breaks." I did, but I wasn't good enough. Only one in tens of thousands is good enough to make a professional career, but all are encouraged, led on and on by ignorant or unscrupulous advisers.

The incoming trains from the North and South and West are this very month bringing a fresh flock of us to New York City.

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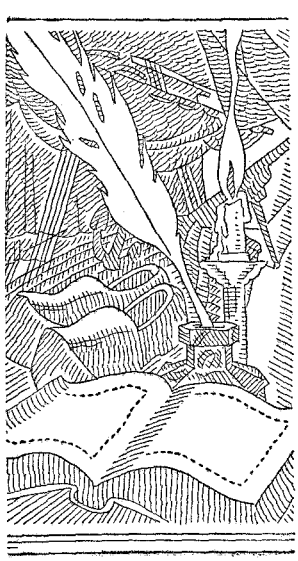
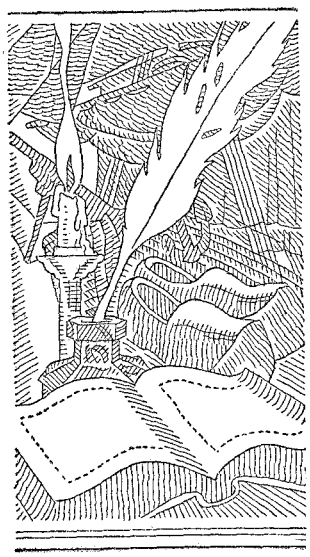


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



Of Flying and Writing . . . The Wisdom of the East . . . Notes on New Novels and Murder Stories . . . Readers' Reactions . . . Sib, Art, Coffee.

I do not know of any better way to realize and appreciate the age of miracles in which we live, than to read the new book by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, called *North to the Orient.* In comparison with the daily experiences so modestly yet dramatically described in these pages, the events set forth in the Arabian Nights seem crude. When I heard more than fifty years ago Mark Twain tell the small boys and girls who were graduating from the West Middle District School in Hartford that they would see more wonders in the next fifty years than Methuselah saw in his entire 969, he spoke conservatively. For not only do we use inventions that men of medieval and ancient times never dreamed of, we have made such improvements on their own inventions that in smoothness of execution and perfection of technic there is no comparison at all. As I remember it, there was only one magic carpet; and unless you were personally acquainted with the owner and received an invitation, you could no more take advantage of this acceleration in speed than a pauper can circumnavigate the world in a steam yacht. Now the air is full of flying carpets.

When I was a schoolboy studying geography, the entire central portion of Africa was labeled on the maps

UNEXPLORED

Now there is no portion of the globe inaccessible. Not long ago Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh left their home in New Jersey, spent some time in Greenland, in central Russia, in equatorial Africa, at the head-waters of the Amazon in South America, scrutinized the vast jungle between that remoteness and the Caribbean Sea, visited the Islands of the Spanish Main, and returned to their home in New Jersey, and all within the space of a few weeks.

In *North to the Orient,* Anne Morrow Lindbergh gives a day by day account of an aerial journey to Maine, to Hudson Bay, to the Arctic Ocean, to Nome, across the Behring Strait to Siberia, to Japan, to Nanking in China, where both these aviators came nearer losing their lives than at any moment in the entire hazardous enterprise. Having come safely through all the dangers of land and water and ice and fog and air, they were in mortal peril from their fellow creatures. When they were in the thick of threatening humanity near Nanking, how safe at that moment must have seemed the air! They must have been as homesick as wild birds in a cage.

Stevenson used to complain that the people who had adventures did not know how to write; while the art of writing was most fully commanded by those who had nothing to say. We knew that Anne Lindbergh knew how to fly; we knew that she could keep accurately scientific records of flights; we knew she was courageous. But this book reveals for the first time to the public that she can write as well as she can fly. She seems to have an infallible sense of what will be most significant, most interesting in the remembrance of this astounding journey; it is a small book on a vast subject, of which everything relatively unimportant has been omitted. Her literary style is as vivid as it is unpretentious; she knows how to convey both her observations and her reflections to the reader. We share her experiences with such clarity that it is as if we were passengers.

And I admire her ability to look on the world with eyes of wonder. I rejoice that the continuance of amazing sights has not dimmed her appreciation or caused her to take anything for granted. She herself is the realization of Walt Whitman's dream—a dream that at the time seemed more impossible than most dreams—which he expressed in his poem

TO THE MAN-OF-WAR BIRD

Far, far at sea,
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the shore with wrecks,
With re-appearing day as now so happy and serene,
The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,
The limpid spread of air cerulean,
Thou also re-appearest.

Thou born to match the gale (thou art all wings),
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks untired and onward, through spaces, realms gyrating,
At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America,
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, had'st thou my soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!

Even as man has sought out many inventions to make the present age of miracles, even as learning is ever new, —so wisdom is old. We do not go to the book of Genesis for the latest discoveries of modern science; but the book of Proverbs contains more truth

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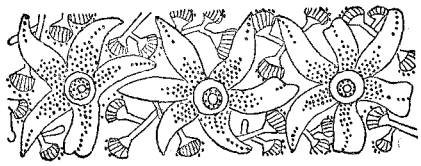
and less error than any book or scientific periodical of the twentieth century. It has not one obsolete page. It is certainly an interesting fact that as the Western World has given us most of the works of applied science, so the truths of wisdom and the essence of religion have come out of the East. Having made such tremendous progress in the machine age, it would be interesting if we should now begin to rediscover Asia. Perhaps the next step



forward will be a long look backward, at what oriental mysticism has known for ages. The Western mind looks out; the Eastern mind looks in. Perhaps the only thing that can save us from the overwhelming pressure of our own inventions will be to recapture the lost art of meditation; to balance the study of the world with the study of ourselves. It is certainly an interesting fact that more and more books are appearing on the teachings of the oriental mind; which, instead of urging an increase of energy and strenuosity, are teaching us all to "relax." We in the West are beginning to find out things that the East seems always to have known and practised.

The late Paul Cohen-Portheim, whose books on England, London, France, and Europe were so full of insight and vigor, also wrote a book that was first published only last year, called in English *The Message of Asia.* His own title was I think much better: *Asia as Teacher, Asien als Erzieher.* While he was interned during the war, he was forced to spend much time in meditation; and also to learn self-control and peace, which alone could save him from madness. In his Preface he says,

> A new intellectual orientation and the new discoveries and researches of science have paved the way for a great change in the European ideal, a change which is now in progress and is bringing it back nearer to the timeless wisdom of the East. The temporary estrangement between the two main divisions of the human race (for in this sense America belongs to Europe) is approaching its end.

And now appears a little book by Paul Brunton called *The Secret Path, A Technique of Spiritual Self-Discovery for the Modern World,* which I might call "Mysticism for the common man." This is a study of the wisdom of the East regarding the art of life; how to attain complete self-control, inner peace of mind, tranquillity and happiness; and without retiring from the world. That is to say, the author has learned from Eastern wisdom how to attain serenity even in the midst of the most strenuous metropolitan activities. After general reflections on this theme, he gives specific and minute directions; I do not know whether or not his scheme will work for all men and women. But the book is certainly interesting and suggestive, whether one follows his prescriptions or not.

Hardly had this book appeared when the author followed it up with another one, based on his experiences in Asia and with Asiatic mysticism. This is called *A Search in Secret India,* and has an introduction by Sir Francis Younghusband, a commanding authority. Although this book was published in England in the summer of 1934, it comes to us in America immediately after *The Secret Path.* Mr. Brunton is now at work on a book on Egypt.

Our distinguished American novelist, Ellen Glasgow of Virginia, has appropriately named her new story *Vein of Iron.* Apart from the well-sustained interest of the narrative, it is refreshing to find a family group with a vein of iron in the blood. So many "heroines" of contemporary fiction have met all temptations by the simple method of yielding to them, that it is well to be reminded that there are men and women in the world who are steering instead of drifting. Although there is no one scene in this book equal in dramatic intensity to the last chapter of *The Sheltered Life,* and although some portions here could perhaps profitably have been condensed, this novel gives us more to think about than its predecessor. For not only are the various members of this family sharply individualized—the old philosopher is an addition to our literary acquaintances—the tendency of the book is, like the advance of the leading characters, against the stream. These people have a program; they know their latitude and longitude; they follow their own determined course, quite regardless of the fashion. *Vein of Iron* is a work of art, not a sermon; but it contains implicitly a denunciation of many modern instances.

As if it were a footnote to this solidly mature work of an experienced and high-minded artist, I have just read the following "blurb" by a publisher, which I suppose is meant to be alluring. We are told that the new book is by a "young English writer who at twenty-two is a mature and skillful novelist"; the book contains "the barmaid . . . who finally wins her lover," another woman who is called in quotation marks "the town's best unpaid loosewoman," "the revivalist who compels her unhappy son and daughter to assist her in evangelical outdoor meetings," while "the young lovers are . . . a lovely girl of sixteen and eager to learn about life," etc.

Second Growth, the new novel by the Michigan writer, Arthur Pound, is a sequel to his fine story of last year, called *Once a Wilderness.* The difficulty of writing a good sequel is illustrated. Although some of the same characters appear—I was glad to meet old Mark again—the book is quite inferior to the former work; yet I think many readers were so deeply interested in the fortunes of that family and in the scenes of their activities, that they will not be wholly disappointed in *Second Growth.*

Hilda Vaughan is the pen-name of Mrs. Charles Morgan, the wife of the distinguished author of *The Fountain.* Her own new novel, *The Curtain Rises,* seizes the attention of the reader in the first chapter and maintains it to the end. The theme in some respects is familiar; the introduction of an Eve—a wholly unsophisticated, uneducated beautiful girl—into sophisticated literary and artistic London society. But the character of the Welsh girl is so appealing, and the book so well written, as to be deeply affecting. The opening chapters are as charming as is the scenery described; the later chapters on London life come directly out of the author's experience and observation; she knows exactly what she is writing about. The philosophy of the book would please Browning; it can be summed up in five words—"Love is its own reward." Many will fail to understand the close of the story; but a thorough considera-

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tion of the real character of the heroine —which does not change through all the changes of environment—should make us feel that it is exactly the ending that crowns the work.

I take pleasure in recommending to persons of all kinds of tastes Kenneth Roberts's new book, called *For Authors Only.* The title is deliberately a misnomer. There is something good for everybody. Some of these chapters—especially the one on the Hay Diet, and other methods—will give Mr. Roberts a high rank as a humorist. That chapter is side-splitting.

Deep Dark River, by Robert Rylee, is not "one more book about the South." It is an extraordinary study of the character of one man. I do not remember anything like it; and yet, although the unexpected constantly happens and the climax is most unexpected of all, one sees that everything happens exactly in accordance with the latent forces in the man's temperament, nature, and disposition. The best description of this book that I can think of is to call it a beautiful tragedy.

The past few months have seen a bumper crop of "thrillers." My readers know that I will not recommend a murder story unless it is just as exciting as it is intended to be; for many murder stories are unfortunately duller than learned treatises. I have no hesitation in recommending the following to those in search of a powerful and pleasant anesthetic: *The Battle of Basinghall Street,* by E. Phillips Oppenheim; *Peter in Peril,* by Victor Bridges; *The Crime at Nornes,* by Freeman W. Crofts; *Murder in the Park,* by Cecil F. Gregg; and *Tragedy at Beechcroft,* by A. Fielding. Remember also, that although most purveyors of murder occasionally nod, I have never read any book by Carroll J. Daly or by Rex Stout that was not one continuous hair-raiser.

Curiously enough, in *Tragedy at Beechcroft,* a woman recites in a thrillingly dramatic moment a portion of Browning's *Childe Roland.* She began with the line:

Burningly it came on me all at once,

but she must have partially recited the poem backwards, for she then quotes lines from earlier stanzas.

It is always interesting to see what a totally different effect the same book will make on different readers. I have seen fervent denunciations of *Anthony Adverse* as an immoral book; and only a few days ago I received a letter from a woman active in church-work who writes that this book gave her immense inspiration and strengthened her faith.

And now, about Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River;* these two verse tributes came to me almost in the same post:

THOMAS CHATTERTON TO THOMAS WOLFE

By Alice McGuffey Ruggles

Oft are thy praises sung here in Elysium, brother,
Whilst Goethe, Shelley, Blake, D. H. and I
Loiter on misty banks far up the River,
And talk of Time and watch the flood roll by;
We speak of wisdom and nobility,
Of tender violence and virility,
But late two fulminating voices rose
And ended all with dicta swift and terse,
Walt cried, "His style is lyric as my verse,"
Beethoven thundered, "Symphony in prose,"
The rest fell silent, since now all was said,
Nor needs our laurel thy encircled head;
I, chiefly ponder on fantastic Fate
That brought thee fame so fast and me too late.

OF SLIME AND THE LIVER

By Olive W. Garvey

If an author basks in night's dull gloom
And loves in dens of vice,
If his nose despises the fragrant bloom
But dotes on manure's spice,
If his language brings you, of gentle breed,
The glut of the gutter's scum,
If he shuns the flower but picks the weed,
All hail to a Realist, by gum.
(I hope you don't mind. I had to get it out of my system.)

Mrs. Garvey accompanied her poem with the following letter:

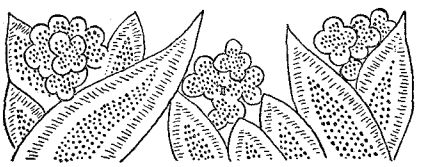
Wichita, Kansas.

A friend of my daughter, a girl of eighteen, has just returned from an exclusive girls' school with the mandate from her English teacher to read all of Thomas Wolfe during the summer. Should she and should we accept the subtitle, "A Legend of Man in his Youth" to imply that all youth must go thru the revolting era of loose morals, obscene language, disgusting profanity, nauseating diseases, aimless, fruitless wandering that our hero wallows in? I have growing sons. I am human enough to accept a certain period of adolescent nastiness, but this man was approaching twenty-five. If I thought my sons at that age would see only prostitution in the night and in women, interpret nothing save in terms of the most crude and elemental of reactions, had no power to see the beautiful fields of fragrant clover for hunting out the stench of the fertilizer beneath it, I'd cheerfully tie stones to their necks and drop them in a pond.

I'm told recently, that these abnormal attitudes of mind are due to gland disturbance. So perhaps what Mr. Wolfe needs is a good gland doctor. What I am protesting about is all this self-psycho-analysis in public. There is no doubt about the man's vitality, and a certain, to-me-clumsy, as yet undisciplined, power.

There is undoubted beauty in the poetic passages interspersed in the book, but many of his figures are perhaps stretched just a trifle thin; the character sketches are often natural and strong, but he undoubtedly was unfortunate in the choice of both family and friends; and I much enjoyed the comments from his note-book on current interests both in Europe and America. . . .

I think every one ought to be able to understand both these points of



view; and they prove how impossible it would ever be to establish a satisfactory censorship.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY IN SCRIBNER'S

From H. L. McKnight, Secretary-Manager of the Chamber of Commerce, in Ruston, La.:

In the August installment (SCRIBNER'S) of his story, "Green Hills of Africa," Ernest Hemingway writes a sentence containing 423 words, punctuated with 43 commas and 6 semi-colons.

"Can you beat it?"

I do not recall ever having come across one sentence containing that number of words; and yet there is nothing involved in it. It is not at all tiresome to read, or difficult to understand. Every picture in it is drawn with clearness and plenty of vision, and the deductions are forcibly set forth.

The sentence in question opens with "That something I cannot yet define," etc. and begins fourteen lines from the bottom of the second column, page 79, August SCRIBNER'S.

LUCY GAYHEART

Professor Carlton Wells, of the University of Michigan:

When you read *Lucy Gayheart* by Willa Cather, if you haven't already, notice how she misquotes (p. 41, p. 185) the solo from Mendelssohn's *Elijah* beginning, "If with all your hearts. . . ." She uses this quotation twice.

I am in general not a close reader on such minor, unimportant points, though I once caught an odd slip in Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome:* on the second page of Chapter I (following the untitled prologue) she says that Ethan had attended Worcester Technical Institute three or four years earlier; yet some twenty or thirty pages later it transpires that Ethan has been married to Zeena *seven* years, and that marriage occurred *after* Ethan had been called home from Worcester for good

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and all. Mrs. Wharton's secretary acknowledged my note, with thanks, and said the correction would go into subsequent editions. I doubt, however, if it did; nor does it matter, only a reader going through the story with a fine-tooth comb would catch it. I was so reading it in preparation for class use of the short novel.

THE FANO CLUB

The Fano Club has received shining recognition by the publication of a booklet at Fano, called *L'Angelo Custode del Guercino in Fano e la Poesia di Roberto Browning,* by the Count Piercarlo Borgogelli. It also includes a translation of Browning's complete poem into Italian, by Doctor Adolfo Mabellini, the distinguished Librarian of the great library at Fano. On my last visit to Fano in 1932 I had the pleasure of meeting this gentleman. Several copies of the booklet were sent to me, accompanied by the following charming letter from the author:

Chiarissimo
Professore William Ljon Phelps
Università di Jale
New Haven.
Connecticut
Stati Uniti d'America

E'mio grande piacere ed onore inviare alla S.V. alcune copie di un mio articolo sul famoso quadro: L'ANGELO CUSTODE del Guercino che conservasi a Fano, ed in onore del quale Ella, chiarissimo Professore, ha voluto fondare costì nella libera e forte America un: *CLUB FANO,* il quale non solo glorifica la superba tela e la mia grande patria latina: l'Italia, ma anche la mia città natia: Fano.

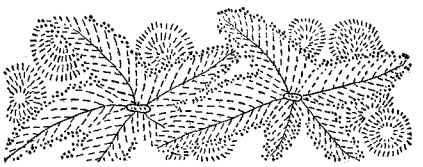
Al mio articolo illustrante la parte storica, ho voluto aggiungere la bella poesia che su dette quandro ha intessute il poeta ROBERT BROWNING, poesia che mai fino ad oggi tradotta in fedeli versi italiani ha trovato il traduttore nel mio carissimo amico e dotto maestro, professore cavaliere ADOLFO MABELLINI emerito Bibliotecario della nostra Biblioteca FEDERICIANA, traduzione bella ed elegante che io ho il piacere di aggiungere nello opuscele che lo invio.

Delle copie che unisco voglia essere tanto gentile di darne una al Prof. Alessandre EVANS, e una al Dott. A. J. Armstrong; nonchè tenerne per la Biblioteca del: *FANO CLUB.*

Gradisca il piccolo dono e l'espressione della mia profonda considerazione.

Meanwhile the membership of the Fano Club grows steadily. Doctor and Mrs. Bourland of Calumet, Mich., Professor Everett V. Meeks, Dean of the Art School of Yale University, and Professor Pumpelly of Cornell who accompanied him, Mrs. F. S. Gorham of Westport, Conn., accompanied by her daughter Lucy (Mrs. Lee Kohns of New York) who was seeing the picture for the second time, and also Mrs. Robert Kohns of New York; her husband was one of my Yale pupils in the class of 1919, and I remember meeting Mr. and Mrs. Kohns in Paris in 1924. The list for the moment is completed by the name of Paulucci, of Waterbury, Conn. And yet there is room.

While Mrs. Gorham and her daughter and friend were there, they met Luigi Antonelli MacNell, who sends me from Fano "from the town where the Angel of Guercino is resplendent" a copy of his new novel of adventure, just published at Milan, called *Allo Sbaraglio,* meaning *Towards Chances.* It seems to me it would be an excellent idea for an American publisher to have this translated into English. The author lives at Fano, where he is the representative of the Cosulich Steamship Line. He has received the following



letter about his book from the famous Italian writer, Fabio Tombari.

Caro Antonelli MacNell

Il vostro libro di avventura "Allo Sbaraglio" lo trovo oltremodo divertente e interessante, scorrevole dalla prima all' ultima pagina.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

Miss Helen H. Rumble, of Lawrence, Kan., instructor in English at the university; and Charles Sternberg, of Hays, Kan., have just qualified.

SIB

Mary Lucile Taylor of Columbus, Ohio, writes "I notice the discussion on brother-sister. There *is* such a word in English: sib. True, it is used mainly as a technical word, by geneticists; but there it is."

So it is; I remember Browning uses it, but I had forgotten the word. Webster's *New International* gives it as noun and as adjective; Wyld's (British) Dictionary only as adjective.

MODERN ART

The artist Raymond Crosby sends me what he accurately calls "one of the monumental lines of the year."

In an interview in the *Herald Tribune,* Reggie Birch, having a seventy-ninth birthday, was asked what he thought about Modern Art. Reginald replied that he didn't know much about it, but that he rather thought that "Modern Art" leaves off where art begins.

HORRIBLE WORDS

Elwood Gates of San Diego, Calif., writes me protesting against the increasing use in polite literature (not dialogue or dialect) of the words *lousy* and *guts;* I agree with him.

ELIZABETHAN

Professor C. G. Gaum of Rutgers, dislikes the pronunciation Elizabeethan. I learned that from Barrett Wendell at Harvard in 1890, and have used none other ever since. Short and long are both correct.

COFFEE

In connection with Doctor Barr's comments on British coffee I have received the following excellent story from Miss Katherine Gauss of New York:

Their first morning in England, two American travellers came down to breakfast to be greeted by their English hostess in this wise: "My dears, I know how particular you Americans are about your coffee, so I was especially careful to go out in the kitchen yesterday afternoon and make it for you myself."

NAMES OF BOOKS MENTIONED, WITH PUBLISHERS

North to the Orient, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Harcourt Brace. $2.50.

The Message of Asia, by Paul Cohen-Portheim. Dutton. $3.50.

The Secret Path, by Paul Brunton. Dutton. $2.

A Search in Secret India, by Paul Brunton. Dutton. $2.50.

Vein of Iron, by Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt Brace. $3.50.

Second Growth, by Arthur Pound. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

The Curtain Rises, by Hilda Vaughan. Scribners. $2.50.

For Authors Only, by Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.

Deep Dark River, by Robert Rylee. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

The Battle of Basinghall Street, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little Brown. $2.

Peter in Peril, by Victor Bridges. Penn. $2.

The Crime at Nornes, by F. W. Crofts. Dodd Mead. $2.

Murder in the Park, by C. F. Gregg. Dial. $2.

Tragedy at Beechcroft, by A. Fielding. H. C. Kinsey. $2.

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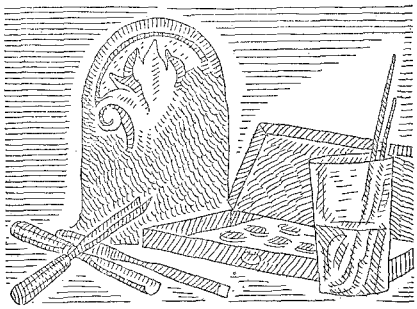
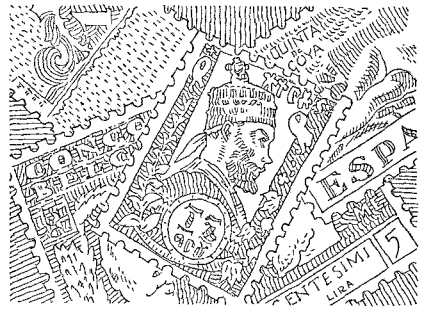
AFTER HOURS



Fun out of life—that is the keynote of this department, and its editors welcome any and all readers who will tell in one thousand words or less what their hobbies, recreations, or avocations are. Articles selected for publication will be paid for



MY FAMILY COLLECTS STAMPS

Maybe It's a Psychosis—but It's Fun.

By A. E. Fountain, Jr.

Stamp collector Fountain, New York advertising man, speaks for large numbers of his brother philatelists who rushed to the defense of their favorite sport when Mr. Uzzell hurled psychological thunderbolts at it (*July* Scribner's).

Half-a-dozen well-regarded magazines are published for stamp collectors. Three national societies and numerous local societies are devoted to stamp collecting. The oldest in this country is the Rhode Island Philatelic Society, which has held meetings regularly since 1885. The Federal Post Office Department maintains a Philatelic Agency which will supply all current issues at face value. It publishes a bulletin (*free*) *listing stamps it is offering and a pamphlet* (*10 cents*) *entitled "A Description of United States Postage Stamps."*

Dishonesty—or shall we call it human frailty—started the stamp, and the stamp started us all—or most of us. For ever since its invention, millions of men, women, and children, myself included, have enriched their lives with countless pleasant hours.

It seems that prior to 1840 letters came C. O. D. and then as now they could be refused by the addressee. In fact, the addressee refused them so often that Rowland Hill, who conceived of the *prepaid* postage stamp, acquired fame and fortune thereby and was made *Sir* Rowland by a grateful Queen and country.

Postal rates had been exorbitant under the C. O. D. system, and regular correspondents, with man's age-old ability to evade paying out his hard-earned money, invented codes which were ingeniously used on the outside of the envelope. Investigation by postal authorities of the contents revealed blank paper. From this evasion was born the idea of prepaid postage and the well-known adhesive stamp.

It also gave birth to the hobby, the art—the racket, as some call it—of stamp collecting. Almost immediately the fascination of the little squares of engraved and printed paper made itself felt and each year, by the millions, new collections have been started.

Make fun of it all you want, stamp collecting offers to certain types and temperaments about all that one could want in the way of an "indoor" hobby.

A few months ago in this magazine appeared an article entitled "Postage Stamp Psychosis" by Thomas H. Uzzell. Now Mr. Uzzell as a writer has my sincere respect—as a stamp collector he just does not seem to fit. To an outsider, stamp collecting may look funny. Mr. Uzzell apparently decided to show up its ridiculous angles and never got far enough in his study to realize that other than nuts engaged in it.

Of course stamp collecting, like any other hobby, lends itself to all sorts of ridiculous extremes. I know of a collector, for instance, who has specialized in the collection of one type of stamp and now has over 1,000,000 examples in his possession. Yes, you can become somewhat balmy about stamps, or you can keep your feet on the ground and have great enjoyment for a long period of years at very little expense.

Nearly forty years ago a well-meaning aunt gave me a cheap album and a packet of stamps and I started on the long quest which will never be completed. At least I hope *my* collection will never be completed, for what fun is there in being a collector when your job is finished!

I have often been led off into new fields of collecting but somehow nothing ever seemed to give me the opportunities and the pleasure I have had from stamps. The reason for this seems quite obvious as I look back.

In the first place stamps are easy to get and easy to keep. By that I mean in the average family mail new and different stamps constantly appear and with a few friends interested enough to save their stamps for you, you are assured of a constant supply of new material at no cost at all. Then, literally thousands and thousands of different stamps can be bought at a cent or two each. Dealers will send them right to your home by mail for your selection.

Stamps store easily. An album or several albums take up but little space. You can carry them on your travels; you can fuss over them confined to your bed. And all of the time there is the exciting possibility that you might unearth a rare and costly stamp.

But don't count on finding a great treasure. The chances are against it. If, however, you use a little judgment and time you can pick up many a desirable bargain. I never paid over $1.50 for a stamp in my life yet in my collection are several with a catalog value of $50.00 and literally dozens catalogued at $10.00. Of course many of them are stamps which have grown rare during the years I have owned them, yet I like to think that not a few came to me as

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the result of foresight in trading and purchasing.

Stamps as a hobby offer a great deal to the collector because of their versatility. You can make a general collection or you can specialize in hundreds of ways. You can collect by countries. You can save stamps with birds or bridges, famous men, criminals. Or you might want to collect mistakes in art work and see an elephant with the hind legs of a horse, Columbus with a full beard grown in two days, or the French peasant who has learned the secret of sowing grain against the wind.

One of the real pleasures of stamp collecting comes when you take the time to read some of the fascinating books about them. A perfect treasure house of historical interest awaits you —the kind of things which do not ordinarily appear in the average history.

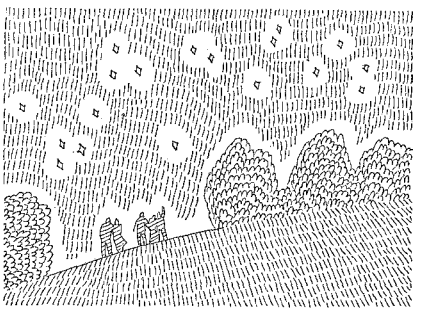
Did you ever know, for instance, that the United States Post Office Department apologized to a British subject? To know this story makes the Trans-Mississippi commemorative stamps much more interesting than they would be as merely another set of stamps.

The $1.00 stamp of this set shows cattle following a bull leader in a snow storm. James McWhirten, an Englishman, had produced a painting known as "The Vanguard" which had attracted much attention, had been widely reproduced, and eventually became the property of Lord Blythsword. An American cattle company, without license, had adopted the picture as its trade-mark. Years later this trade-mark was submitted to the postal authorities and adopted as an appropriate subject to commemorate a scene in Western life. When it was discovered that the picture was not owned by the cattle company but by Lord Blythsword suitable apologies were made to the British owner.

If you want to know something of the intimate life of a nation make a study of the stamps of that country. They tell the story of its architecture, its flora and fauna, and of its culture. They show the rise and fall of kings, the rise of dictators. The stamps of some South American countries are interesting, because of the story they tell of swiftly changing governments.

If you do not let your zeal for collecting get the best of you and go at a leisurely pace, as I have done, you may duplicate some of the unique pleasure which has been mine.

Quite naturally my collection reposed on the shelf during the years I was busy starting in business and getting married. But when children started to arrive I had a new interest in stamps. I had something to hand on to them while I am still alive to watch them enjoy it. So, with two sons five years apart, I have collected stamps. I aroused their interest, started them off, taught them the rudiments, turned my collection over to each as he became old



enough and watched him build on it.

Now we have a *family* collection, a family possession into which each has put his time and labor and money. It means far more to us than just a lot of stamps. Often it comes up in our general conversation as each of us is constantly bringing some new stamps to add to it. Then every once in a while we spend a whole evening, albums and catalogs spread out, discussing what we would do to make it more interesting—if we had the money. We have come to the place now where we have most of the cheap stamps and not enough money to buy the dearer ones. Yet it is surprising how, by having new acquisitions constantly in mind, we are able to snag something new and hard to get.

I have heard stamp collecting called all sorts of things and perhaps some are justified. But I still have the pleasure of looking forward to teaching my grandchildren the art of amusing themselves with stamp collecting.

A NIGHT WITH THE STARS

A Bridge Club Becomes an Association of Star-Gazers.

By C. Alfred Campbell

Star-gazer Campbell has been nearer to the stars than in the cabin at Eagle Creek, for he was a captain in the air service of the A. E. F. He is now sales manager of the Stutz Motor Car Company, and lives in Indianapolis. Are there any other readers whose bridge clubs have taken up new activities?

Nature Magazine *for December 1933 contains an article called "Astronomy for the Amateur," by I. M. Lewis. A map is included. Maybe that will be a starter for some of you who feel the need of celestial serenity after going down four, vulnerable. Mr. Campbell, however, tells us that the heavens are far from serene.*

When we pulled up at the shack, Libra with brilliant Spica was nearing the western horizon. A month before we had sat for a couple of hours in the evening, drinking in the beauty of the stars, when the great sickle of Leo followed the sun to rest and Regulus seemed to fade to the second or third magnitude by contrast with the splendor of neighboring Venus.

It all started one night last winter when Lucille asked, at the bridge club, "Just what is the Little Dipper?" She received several answers but none of them entirely satisfied her, so this summer she announced the formation of a "Star Club," with meetings to be held in their cabin on Big Eagle Creek. The requisites for membership were a desire to learn something about the heavens; a willingness to meet once a month, during the dark of the moon; and an agreement to stay up all night once each year to study the celestial phenomena.

At this first formal meeting officers were elected, with special emphasis on the food committee, for even as bridge players we have always liked to eat. The food chairman was instructed to take special notice of Jane's predilection for grapes and Heber's fondness for "plumpies," his description of shell-out beans.

Having completed the business session we set about the more serious business of star gazing, fortified with star books from the public library, a star guide from the "five and ten," a couple of pairs of binoculars, and a flashlight.

By individually studying our star books and by observation from our own back yards, we had all fairly well fixed the circumpolar constellations in our minds. We had come to know the two Bears, the Dragon and Cassiopeia and Cepheus, those ancestors of Haile

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Selassie who antedate even Sheba and Solomon. With this knowledge, the necessary jumping off point for the amateur astronomer, we undertook the identification of the rest of the visible constellations.

Jupiter and Mars, approaching conjunction, were not hard to identify. We followed out the curve of the Dipper's handle to find Arcturus in the tail of the kite (Boötes to you astronomers) and then on around to Spica, the ear of corn in the hand of the Virgin. The fainter stars in Libra were finally located but we found them, as a group, rather unimpressive. Scorpio, however, with ruddy Antares and distinct scorpion form, we found interesting and not too much of a strain on our imaginations.

We early discovered that a strong flashlight with a long focused beam made an excellent pointer for star study. With it the person talking at the moment, who had located a new constellation, could point out even the fainter stars so that the rest of us could locate them.

By working diligently we succeeded in figuring out all of the more important constellations then visible in the sky; Lyra with its parallelogram, Cygnus with its cross, Job's coffin, the lop-sided arrowhead called Aquila, Hercules and Ophiuchus with their heads resting on each other's shoulders. Sagittarius we identified as a tea kettle much more readily than as an archer or even as the fairly well known milk dipper.

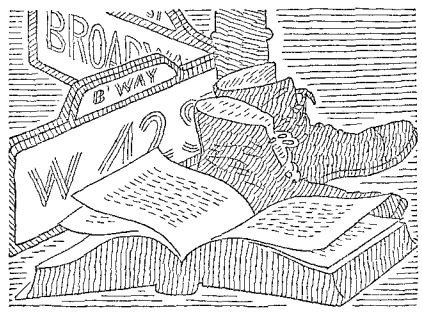
When Saturn rose in the East he gave us some concern, but remembering our basic rule that an uncharted star in the zodiac was probably a planet, we soon had him properly tagged. The double star in Capricornus confirmed our identification of that, what we then considered, faint constellation. Later when we succeeded in tracing the Water Bearer and the Fishes we apologized to the Old Sea Goat for our previous poor opinion of him.

Our identification of the constellations in the Zodiac was greatly aided by the fact that Mignonne remembered, from her childhood, the rhyme

The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins
Next the Crab, the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales
The Scorpion, Archer and Sea Goat
The Man who holds the Water Pot
The Fish with glittering tails.

I would recommend that every novice in the astronomical brotherhood learn that rhyme. The meter may be faulty but the information conveyed is indispensable.

When, around midnight, Perseus and Andromeda were playing Romeo and Juliet on the balcony of the eastern sky, we retired into the shack for our nocturnal repast with plenty of black coffee, for the night was yet young, celestially speaking. When we had lunched and gossiped for an hour or so, Paul came in with the statement that we had more



company. In reply to our "Who?" he said, "Why here comes Auriga with Capella and the kids." We all ventured forth to revel in the beauty of this distinctive northern group.

Then someone found the Pleiades. All of us had heard of these "Seven Sisters." Several of us had seen them but none of us had ever before taken the trouble even to train a pair of field glasses on them to bring out their scintillating beauty. What a jewel chest they turned out to be. In turn followed the Hyades, a larger group and equally splendid through the glasses. We figured that the Hyades were a wreath around the horns of the Bull and the Pleiades a spangled banderilla stuck in his withers by some interstellar bullfighter.

When Orion and Gemini were slowly crawling their way up the dome of our private planetarium, a glow along the eastern eaves of the sky foretold the dawn. In a few minutes the dimmer stars began to fade. A rooster on a nearby farm sounded a discordant reveille. A bugle-voiced hound in the distance joined the aubade. A breeze rustled the trees and all but the brightest stars were gone.

We roused the seven-year-old son from the cot where we had placed him early in the evening and started for home in the rosy flush of the dawn.

Next winter, talk of grand slams, vulnerability and "What's trump?" will be interlarded with talk of nebulosity, ecliptic, and asteroids.

THINGS MADE BY HAND

Painting, Wood-Carving, and Papier-Mâché.

By Isobel Field

Mrs. Salisbury Field began early to utilize her hands in connection with the arts. Step-daughter of Robert Louis Stevenson she is the "Belle" and "Teuila" of the Vailima Letters. *She wrote out the* Letters, St. Ives, *and* Weir of Hermiston *in long hand from Stevenson's dictation.*

Mrs. Field tells us of the many things she has fashioned by hand. It is the age-old pleasure of creating, and it should come to give us increasing satisfaction in converse ratio, in this machine age, to our necessity for doing it.

I get lots of fun out of life, for I am fortunate in having plenty of time which I use in doing what I please, and it pleases me to make things with my hands.

On the strength of four years at Julian's studio in Paris, where I studied drawing a long time ago, I have boldly attempted any line of art that took my fancy.

Did I know anything about murals? Not a thing. But I set out gaily and painted a series of panels from sketches I had made in the West Indies and the South Seas. The result pleased me enormously, and as I write I look up at my murals with pride. Then the doors looked rather bare so I decorated them. One, showing the citadel in Haiti, means a lot to me, though I doubt whether it would get into an art exhibition.

I have tried wood-block printing and spent weeks on one picture, carving five separate blocks. After I had laid on the colors, dampened the paper and turned the wheel of the press, there came a moment of pure joy when a print turned out well. Not many did, but I was always hopeful for the next one.

I have spent many happy hours wood-carving. Several of my friends possess samples of my work, rather clumsy affairs, I am afraid, but I thoroughly enjoyed making them.

I made one *papier-mâché* bowl, and since then have had a real respect for

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anything done in that medium, which is only paper and paste. That tiny bowl, only large enough to hold a few pens and paper clips, took days to make and an incredible amount of wet paper, which had to be smoothed on sheet by sheet. When shellacked and painted it was a nice little object, though I could have bought a much prettier one at any gift shop. However, it is not what you accomplish that counts, but the joy of trying.

Out in the garden my cocker spaniel Zander lies buried. I wanted to put something there to mark the spot. Drawing to scale from an enlarged photograph I cut his likeness out of zinc which I painted. Nailed to a stake and set up among the flowers the effect is charming, and a much pleasanter reminder of my little dog than anything else I could have put there.

On a visit to New York I saw a pirate scene composed by Dwight Franklin. Lifelike little figures digging for treasure against a background of sand and sea. It was a revelation to me. I hung over it breathless with admiration. This was the kind of work I wanted to do.

Back in my studio I composed a scene in a garden under an oak tree, where people were having an out-door grill party in the Santa Barbara fashion. Not knowing how to go about it I actually carved the figures out of small blocks of plaster of Paris which I painted. I worked for weeks with absorbed devotion but the result was disappointing.

A young artist, Richmond Kelsey, who does very fine work of that kind himself, finally showed me how the figurines are made, an elaborate process that would take too long to describe. Never have I enjoyed anything more than the work I did on a replica in miniature of the corner of a well-known open air restaurant here in Santa Barbara.

A group of people is sitting around a table. It is Fiesta week when everybody wears a Spanish costume. All are gaily dressed and are applauding a couple of Mexican dancers, while on the staircase at the back a man leans against the wall playing a guitar. I had it neatly boxed and when the lights are turned on from above the little people seem almost lifelike.

These are but a few of the absorbing things that interest me, and the person who is interested is happy.

AFTER-COLLEGE DISCOVERIES

Reading and Walking in New York.

By Beatrice Stern

New York is not a place to escape from for Beatrice Stern.

She was born there and except for a four-year interval at Wellesley, got all her nurture from it. She has worked in New York department stores, social service agencies, New York newspaper offices, bookshops, a hospital and its clinics and a relief station. She plays on the city tennis courts and has teed off at six in the morning on a city golf course. She has picnicked in style in remote green woody spots of the city, and crossed the Hudson just for the ferry ride.

I came back to New York reluctantly after four years in a New England college. It was well enough (after one learned how diversionally) to be a third-estater in a New England town, but how, I cried, could I be one in New York, so that even I wouldn't notice it?

I loved walking, but where could you walk in New York? What could there be to take the place of tramping miles along the country road in a thick, white blizzard, stopping off at an inn for tea and toast fragrant with cinnamon? Or along the spring countryside with hills of blooming apple, pear, and cherry?

No money, I stayed at home. I began reading current matter—anything I could get my hands on. Five or six newspapers a day, magazines of every hue and cry, new books.

Without discrimination or purpose, I read shoppers' columns, Mark Hellinger along with Mark Sullivan, book reviews, letters to the editor, the *Daily Worker*, Frederick Birchall, labor walkouts, the Hoover report on social trends, daily true stories, physical culture magazines, the women's magazines, short stories, fashion notes—in a word, everything that fell under my eye. I buried myself in print.

I had a wonderful time when I discovered Thomas Wolfe by myself. I'd never heard of him at college, nor Rawlings, George Milburn, Flandrau and a dozen other swell writers appearing in the current magazines. I read the pulps and once, for fun, tried doing a love story to formula but found I had to keep a model in front of me all the time. I learned one thing from the attempt, that the people who write them are in dead earnest.

From all this I settled down eventually to four magazine subscriptions and four daily newspapers for I still love mixing up my reading matter.

In those first evenings I used to get desperate all at once from the intake, and would tear suddenly from the house in a rush down Madison Avenue. I walked furiously southward for blocks and blocks, sometimes doing four miles in a stretch. At about Fourteenth Street, I turned back, exhausted.

On the frequent walks that followed, I grew to love Madison Avenue and the quiet dignity of its old-fashioned apartment houses, sedate shops, and culture of antique silver, period furniture, needlepoint, and patchwork quilts on display in the windows. I loved the inefficient, old Madison Avenue car that took its time no matter where it was going. On a quiet late Sunday night its distant humming sound as it came down the tracks was pleasantly soothing. I began to recognize certain landmarks—the walled-in convent trees at Eighty-second Street, that spread their branches intrusively over the sidewalk, making passage under them always hurried and hazardous, because they were full of birds.

I have discovered a thousand other good walks through the city, right from my doorstep. But I have discovered, too, that the city can be as achingly beautiful as any young white pear tree in bloom.

I have stood at Sixty-sixth Street and Central Park West and looked upon East Fifty-ninth Street with its million blinking little lights in the black screen of the buildings, and felt the same joy that I had on occasion in a rural New England town. And I've walked through Fourteenth Street and loved the teeming human energy and movement of crowds, the wild noises and the mawkish indolence of a shopper licking an ice cream cone, as a necktie hawker performed futilely for her.

Reading anything, walking anywhere. These are right at hand, inexpensive and satisfying.

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Behind the Scenes

● About SCRIBNER authors. . . . John Corbin on the industrial state. . . . Ernest Hemingway in the Florida hurricane. . . . A poem inspires an editorial. . . . Last words from grandmothers. . . . Hobby Title Winners.

John Corbin, one-time dramatic critic and producer, and editorial writer for *The New York Times,* author of several books, among them *The Return of the Middle Class* and *The Unknown Washington,* writes "What Is a United State?" in the present issue. He says about it:

> The idea that the great basic industries are units of the nation and more important nowadays than the territorial States, was first expressed by an American I. W. W., Daniel De Leon, in 1905. It became basic in Continental Syndicalism and English Guild Socialism, and in 1922 I pointed out in *The Return of the Middle Class* that it lay at the heart of our present industrial and social problems.
>
> The NRA, in so far as it affected basic industries, has interested me as a most hopeful development of that idea. This has come without conscious purpose, so far as I know, being a spontaneous development with roots deep in the history of the past four decades. I think the origin of the idea and its implications should be known to all who are to vote in 1936.
>
> Personally I regard the self-government of industries under national control not at all as Socialistic, but as a necessary development of the Capitalist system. That is what it is *historically,* and I think it will eventually be recognized as indispensable to the safeguarding of the Capitalist system.

The author of "Trouble in the Hills," **C. Hartley Grattan,** divides his interests about evenly between relief and literature, and has written many articles on both. He will give a course in Adult Education at Washington Square College, New York City, this winter, called "Life and Labor in the United States," along the lines of the present article and of one which appeared recently in the magazine, called "They Didn't Spare the Trees." He will also give a course at New York University Hempstead College, on contemporary literature.

Joseph L. McMillin spends all his spare time—in hotels, on trains, etc.,—studying everything he can find on personal economic problems. He has carried this study into "the laboratory of life" in interviews with several thousand individuals regarding their financial objectives and plans. His work, organizing insurance agencies for a large life insurance company in the States of Maryland and West Virginia, enables him to do this. Through his work with representatives of the company and through talks with their clients, he has an opportunity for first-hand study of financial problems of individuals and their families. He has been in the life insurance business since 1922, now lives in Baltimore, has been travelling salesman, small-town reporter, correspondent for city papers, school teacher, and for three years he was manager of the Southern Division of the American Red Cross. His successor in this position was Harry L. Hopkins.

The recent Florida hurricane "missed" **Ernest Hemingway's** home in Key West. But the wind was more than enough to uproot trees and set boats adrift. For many hours they did not know what had happened on the mainland. When boats could finally go Mr. Hemingway went immediately and spent days helping in the recovery of bodies at the veterans' camp.

"When War Came" is the second of a series of articles by **Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler,** called "Across the Busy Years." In the January issue Doctor Butler will start his story of fourteen Republican conventions.

August Derleth lives in Sauk City, Wis., and most of his work is set in the background of that country. "My characters spring pretty well from fact," he says. "Most of them are made up from one or two or sometimes three characters from real life, though some of them are purely imaginary. However, I am chiefly concerned with characters from the past, of whom I hear from the oldsters yet remaining in Sauk City. I can observe the present generations very well myself, and can chronicle their lives in due time."

M. L. Dun is Mrs. Henry Z. Persons of New Canaan, Conn. Her husband, who is with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in Washington, reaches New Canaan for week-ends. They have a young daughter and a younger son. Mrs. Persons's father published two newspapers in Ohio, where she was born and grew up, and after her father's death she left a job and studies in New York to do a year of reporting on his paper in Toledo.

During the war **Charles G. Muller** first drove an ambulance with the French army. Later he won his pilot's wings as an ensign in the United States Navy. After the war he started newspaper work as a reporter on *The Grand Rapids Press* and became one of its editors. At present he is editor of *The Boys and Girls Newspaper.* He is the author of many boys' stories and books.

In "Parents Versus Non-Parents" **Gilbert Seldes** will line up with the parents. He has two children. He is an authority on the movies, has put on one of his own, writes a column for *The New York Evening Journal* and another for *Esquire.*

Dorothy Colburn, who writes "Who's Standardized?" was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, where she did newspaper work and took two degrees at the University of Nebraska. She has done free-lance newspaper and magazine writing and taught in Lincoln and in Evanston, Illinois. "As an exchange teacher from Evanston to Liverpool, England," she says, "I boldly agreed to teach English and English history to the English. An 'American accent' and an American view of the War of Independence proved only insignificant liabilities. What really grieved my pupils (if not the headmistress) was that I could give them no first-hand information about Hollywood, and that my speech, instead of being the racy and picturesque idiom they expected, was largely indistinguishable from their own."

PLEASED letters, angry letters, reminiscent letters have come in about Langston Hughes's story "Big Meeting" in the July issue. John Grim-

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ball Wilkins writes from Charleston, S. C.:

BRIEF FOR THE GOOD—

Sir: In SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for July the writer read with interest a story by Langston Hughes—"Big Meeting." I do not know where this negro writer was raised, but he seems to have such a bitter feeling for the Southern white people.

My late grandfather, Major Thomas Osborn Lowndes, was a very large slave owner before the war. He was a rice planter having five plantations near Charleston, about seven thousand acres in all. As a boy I often went to negro church meetings and enjoyed the beautiful singing of the colored folks. They have a peculiar weird genius for singing "Spirituals" that no white people can duplicate. Their voices are full of melody, and in their Spirituals they seem to be carried away with religion. The negro is very sincere in his faith and trust in the "Ole Master" as these lowcountry negroes call God, and the best white people in the south never make fun of negroes in their emotional belief. Only the low whites who are perhaps the most degenerate creatures God ever made, whether they live South, East, North, or West, think of taking advantage of the negro, and the negro knows by some kind of mysterious premonition that the good whites here at the South are his best friend. A negro knows a gentleman the very instant he sees one. It matters not how they may be dressed, in overalls or broad cloth, a Southern negro can spot at once a man or woman raised in cultured surroundings, and know that they are "The Blood."

I often go up to the *Old Plantation* and meet the descendents of the old slaves my grandfather owned, they still talk—the older ones I mean—of "old Morsa" and we can understand each other, and only feel kindly for the days that are gone. Langston Hughes's story only describes the low white trash here in Dixieland and God must be disappointed in his handiwork, in fashioning such people as Langston Hughes pictures.

He should use his talent to better advantage than writing about the poor white trash that fill his stories, and tell the truth about the good white people all over the South that are always kind and do their best to see that the negroes get justice and fair play.

JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS.
Charleston, S. C.

Kenneth Allan Robinson's poem "American Laughter" was reprinted in poetry columns all over the country. That happens to a great many poems, but it is a rare thing to have solemn newspaper editorial pages devoting space to comment on a poem. The following appeared in *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch:*

A WALLOPING POEM

When a poet takes time off to write a real poem, as still occasionally happens, there is joy in the land. That is precisely what happened when Kenneth Allan Robinson wrote "American Laughter."

There's a poem. Canvass of an editorial staff has evoked "grand," "dandy," "swell," "a wallop." It is all of that. There's the sweep of the prairie in it, nights ablaze with stars and the sun of brave days shining. Doubtless the pioneers had as rough sledding as our modern novelists so dolefully love to paint. But it was high-hearted adventure, too, and they sang and whistled and laughed and lived and died gallantly, unconscious for the most part that they were wearing crowns of martyrdom. They didn't suspect the greatness of the parts they were playing, but greatness was theirs, and the poem tells it as the pioneers would have it told, and in colors of vivid, haunting truth.

From the biographical sketches of the contributors, the author, we are informed, teaches American literature at Dartmouth, "has published a lot of verse and wants to write a great deal more, especially on American themes and subjects."

Here's hoping. It is the thing of all things this rarely gifted poet ought to do.

Mrs. J. E. Burwell of Floyd Court House, Va., had this to say about it:

For fifteen years I have been reading SCRIBNER'S poetry and no more worthy publication has ever been carried in its pages than Kenneth Allan Robinson's "American Laughter." How sadly we are in need of this form of balm one can judge if they will take note of the lack of laughter as they walk the city's street or ride the country's roads. What a power there is in a laugh—many a quarrel has been killed by it, many a tragedy averted and defeat, even financial defeat, is turned into victory when it can be laughed about.

More heard in defense of grandmothers! Anonymous in New York writes:

LAST WORDS ON GRANDMOTHERS

Sir: I have read "Advice to Summer Grandmothers" by Anonymous, who is well advised to stay so, and am very much amused. Grandparents are too old to make over their whole ideas of the way to bring up children, and besides, they will always feel that they know better than their children. Few parents ever get over treating their grown-up children as small children.

But my sympathy is primarily for the grandparents, Mrs. Anonymous in particular. It must be far more of a task and a strain than they admit to take care of children for a whole summer, and undoubtedly they do it with the feeling that they are not only glad to, but they *must* take the children from the city during the summer, thereby aiding both the children and the parents. Their overanxiety shows that the responsibility is too much for the grandparents.

I think I know what Anonymous would do under the same circumstances; she reveals it in the following sentence, "I hope I shall have for my cardinal virtue the determination never to have my grandchildren spend even a few weeks with me unless I am willing to give enough time and energy to follow the training that their parents have given them." When she becomes a grandmother, she will not have the energy, even should she have the time "to follow the training that their parents have given them," and, I am fairly certain from the character she reveals in her article, that she would be even less likely to approve the training their parents had given her grandchildren. And the discussion becomes purely academic, when it is realized that she would probably never find it convenient to have her grandchildren visit her in the summer, anyway. Her children would be required to be independent enough to provide summer vacations for their children, themselves, if they desired them, and not expect to infringe on her liberty to live her own life and to carry out her club and bridge obligations. Perhaps her own parents would be wise to take the same attitude.

Teresa Motheral of Oakland, Cal.:

But what a convenient peg grandparents are on which to hang the blame for youngsters' faults. . . . These young parents who feel that grandma has undisciplined the children and that she ought to conform her methods to daughter's ways should reflect that they have nothing to say about disciplinary ways in school, where Jim and Patsy spend such a large share of their waking hours. . . . Any capable teacher finds little difficulty in reorganizing children fresh from any home. This fact is well known to me from personal experience of many years in the schoolroom. In like manner any good parent need find little trouble in bringing her child back to its normal status in life, and be thankful that her parents helped her out with them even in their own way.

A MONTH or two ago, when we were inaugurating the Hobby Department, now entitled "After Hours," we offered a prize of $25 to the reader who should suggest the best title for the department. The letters piled up; hundreds of suggestions ranging from "Bobby Hobby Tales," "Our Barnloft Bee," "Life, Thou Dear Enigma" to simply "My Utopia," "Getting Together," and "Active Voice," were listed for selection. The popularity of Doctor Phelps's column, with apologies to Shakespeare, was acknowledged in such suggestions as "As We Like It," "As I Was Saying," and "As I Do It."

Fertile as many of these were in ideas, none of them seemed quite to have the final, necessary succinctness, the ultimate "punch" we feel a title needs. But two readers set us on the right track. MRS. M. G. MARDEN of East Orange, New Jersey, suggested the movie title "After Office Hours," and N. W. DRAPER, head of the English department of the Community High School in Carbondale, Illinois, offered "After Business Hours." We worked along those lines and the present title, "After Hours," is the result. It gave us great pleasure to divide the prize between Mrs. Marden and Mr. Draper, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who took the time and made the effort to help us in our quest.

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Cancer of the Breast?

Many women who fear that they have breast cancer are worrying without cause

Most "lumps" in the breast are not cancer. But the dangers of untreated cancer of the breast are so great that every woman owes it to herself to discover the true nature of any lump, or other unusual condition, as soon as she becomes aware of it.

Breast cancers are being treated successfully—frequently without disfigurement. It appears, from the experience of a large number of cancer experts, that about 70 per cent of all cases, when treated properly and before the cancer has spread beyond the breast, show no return after five years. The chances of permanent cure are greatly increased if the condition is treated in the very earliest stage.

Breast cancer occurs at almost any age but mainly among women over forty. After a woman reaches the age of thirty, careful examination of the breasts should always be a part of her periodic health examination. Husbands should urge their wives to have examinations regularly.

Whenever a lump is discovered in the breast, a careful and exact study should be made to determine whether it is definitely cancer, possibly cancer, or not cancer at all. Your physician will probably recommend that the diagnosis be made by a specialist. In its early stages a breast cancer usually yields to expert use of surgery, with or without the help of X-rays or radium. Safety lies in prompt action.

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Phonograph Records

By Richard Gilbert

● A new recording of Dvořák's "From the New World" by Stokowski. . . . *Rhapsody in Blue* resurrected by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. . . . St. Louis Orchestra plays Haydn's *Drum Roll* symphony. . . . Two Mozart quartets demonstrate two kinds of playing.

At the age of fifty-one Antonin Dvořák came to America, remained here for three years to teach, compose, and conduct. During this period (1892–95) the Czech composer turned out three of his best works: a string quartet, a piano quintet, and a *Symphony in E minor, op. 95,* called "From the New World." The last work has just been re-recorded by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor set M273). Like the *Scheherazade* and *Nutcracker Suite* recordings reviewed last month, this new reproduction attests to the vividness of High Fidelity methods, and reveals in the minutest detail the glowing orchestration of Dvořák, in which the flux of his musical expression—now robust and gay, now tender and longing—is clothed.

The symphony, with its famous *largo,* needs no description here. It is interesting to recall, however, that, as a lover of folk music, Dvořák began a vogue in this country for a musical representation of the American scene. Almost every serious attempt to exploit the resources of our native melos and rhythm dates from the visit of the Bohemian composer. The efforts of American composers, from Farwell and Gilbert to Handy and Gershwin, stem from the example set by the "New World" symphony. In this work Dvořák was not trying to create "an American national music" but, rather, to make use of what he found attractive in certain features of Negro and Indian folk songs in his own individual and completely European manner. Nevertheless, he gave decided impetus to a movement among our own musicians wherein native musical resources began to be explored.

The sharp syncopation common to all Negro music appealed to Dvořák's imagination; he devised melodies and rhythms modelled after indigenous features, and then went ahead with the composition of an admirable romantic example of the classic form in which the compact and clear development can recall only Beethoven. The haunting *largo,* in fact, has the least relation of any of the symphony's movements with Negro life and music, yet it is commonly associated with the idea of a Negro spiritual. Its main theme is the parent, not the child, of the well-known song, *Goin' Home.* Dvořák, despite the convivialities of New York's *brauhäuser* and the Bohemian colony at Spillville, Iowa, longed for Prague and the Moldau. The universality of nostalgia is an interesting thing to contemplate.

Creative musicians are ever seeking fresh material, making liberal use of themes which spring anonymously from the common people. The Negro race, particularly in America, has offered an unusually fertile source of material interesting to the artist. Jazz has been the most recent gift of this group, and European as well as American composers have investigated its colorful possibilities. This leads us to another recording of the month: George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue.*

Gershwin's first opus to appear on a symphony orchestra program was ten years old last year. Snatches of it are still heard frequently when Paul Whiteman broadcasts; but this work, together with the same composer's *Concerto in F* and *An American in Paris,* has practically disappeared from the serious symphonic repertoire. All three works are obviously dated. The reason, of course, is that they have not stood the test of renewed hearings, the original novelty wearing out when each piece is inspected for some sign of life, some irrefutable expression of a genuine artistic experience. It has not been the fault of Gershwin's material, but of the undistinguished use to which the best fragments, borrowed from the neighborhood of 135th Street and Lenox Avenue, are put. Gershwin's new score, *Porgy and Bess,* which some of you will have heard by the time this gets into print, may compensate for the three sterile works of a decade, during which period Tin Pan Alley was considered by some optimists to have cradled a "white hope" of American composition.

The essayal of the *Rhapsody* by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra (the Boston Symphony in summer dress), with Jésus María Sanroma at the piano, and Arthur Fiedler at the conductor's desk, omits that quality highly necessary to the piece's entertaining exposition—the peculiar technic of the jazz player. For, like most jazz the *Rhapsody* depends greatly upon certain improvisitory instrumental effects which, unfortunately, are wholly missing from the present performance. One regrets the absence of the haunting clarinet of Whiteman's Ross Gorman; the "blues" motifs are not "moaned" with the jazz player's characteristic abandon; and the symphony orchestra cannot achieve the desired rhythmic snap and response of the smaller ensemble. Considering the *Rhapsody* as pure music, one ingredient is lacking which neither the Bostonians' nor Whiteman's band can supply: a sensitive conception of form, satisfying and substantial. The recording is first-rate. Sanroma handles the Lisztian extensions of the piano part adroitly. A short arrangement of *Strike Up the Band* occupies the odd record side and demonstrates Gershwin's real, and by no means meager, talent (Victor Nos. 11822 and 11823).

Franz Joseph Haydn also made frequent use of the folk themes of his native country. However, I am not certain that any Croatian airs appear in his *Symphony in E-flat* (*Drum Roll*) which Columbia offers, played by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Vladimir Golschmann (set No. 221). Haydn considered this work his best symphony. It is one of the group he wrote for the Salomon concerts during his visit to London. Belonging with the better-known *Sur-*

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prise and *Clock* works, it is difficult to understand why it has never been completely recorded before. Golschmann brings out all of the ingratiating qualities of the music in a forthright, vigorous performance. The recording is bright, but a little weak in the bass.

Mozart wrote six lovely quartets which he dedicated to Haydn. The fifth and sixth of this immortal series are recorded by the Roth and Gordon Quartets respectively (Columbia sets Nos. 222 and 219). In performance the recordings differ greatly: the qualities of brilliant cooperation, perfection of timing and correctness of intonation that distinguish the Roths' playing are not altogether absent from the work of the Gordon ensemble, but the degree of interpretative sensitiveness applied to the *Quartet in A (K464)* by the first mentioned instrumentalists is in no wise paralleled in the reading of the *Quartet in C (K465)* by the latter group. Where the Roths are alert to the meaning of every semi-quaver, the Gordons seem never to be aware of the music's deep inner significances. From the very beginning of the C major quartet, where the first violin should enter boldly on an *A* held against the *A-flat* of the viola (establishing a striking dissonance which prepares the strongly problematical mood of the whole work), the Gordon Quartet progresses with little more penetration than that of the average conservatory ensemble. The leader's entrance is hesitant, scarcely audible; his indecision not only destroys the meaning of the passage but sets, as well, the monotony of the subsequent interpretation. The A major work finds the Roths in splendid fettle; the Gordon set cannot compare with it.

Books for Your Library

(*Continued from page 11*)

an who, but for her one great murder, was the gentlest, purest, most chaste, and uninteresting soul imaginable. She lived meekly, she killed methodically, she died in matter-of-fact fashion. Charlotte Corday, except for her one great moment, is not much to write 300 odd pages about—but Charlotte Corday plus Marat plus Adam Lux plus the Terror is a subject for a master—and Mr. Shearing has handled his material and people in masterly fashion.

EARLY ONE MORNING. By Walter de la Mare. Macmillan. Illustrated. $5.

Here are 590 pages of sheer delight. Mr. de la Mare has scoured the writings of famous men and women for their reminiscences of childhood in all its manifestations and in so doing enables the reader to live over again his own boyhood as nearly as that is possible. Not only is the subject-matter entrancing but the infusion into it of the author's own personality and magical style makes the book even more interesting. Dip into it anywhere—something lovely always comes up.

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by the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitsky

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If I Should Ever Travel

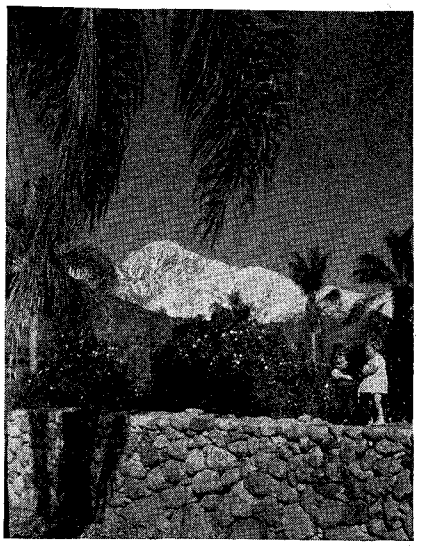
By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● Radio as preparation for travel. . . . Sports a travel stimulant. . . . The winter Olympics in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. . . . What an Olympic competitor thinks of the games. . . . California, Arizona, New Mexico, Mexico.

RADIO, they say, brings us all closer together. Makes us all more conscious of what goes on in the rest of the world. It's true, of course, but I've had a couple of experiences lately that make me sure it can never take the place of going places and seeing things. And mostly what it does is to develop a good case of *self*-consciousness, which may or may not be the beginning of wisdom; the first symptom of a desire to travel around and see for one's self what one has heard about over the air.

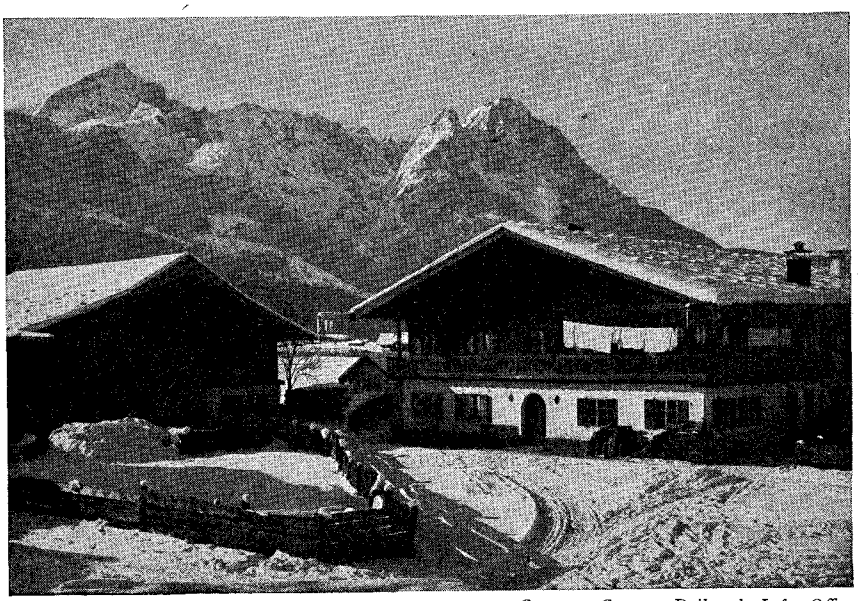
Where I go in Vermont in the summer, one of the finest, most sensitive, most intelligent people I know is a beautiful nineteen-year-old girl, the daughter of the farmer who is our next-door neighbor. If she has a fault, it is an overpowering shyness, a colossal attempt always at self-effacement. Yet with it goes a fine sense of humor. One day she came in to borrow my Sears Roebuck catalogue. "I can't find mine," she said, and with a shy twinkle, "Of course we have one. You must have heard Secretary Wallace say that every farm has a Sears Roebuck catalogue and a Bible!" I hadn't heard him, but I hastened to assure her that the only difference between country people and a lot of city people was that the city people didn't have the Bible. She liked that, and when she'd gone I thought how I'd love to put that farm-bound child on a train and take her to the city. She'd like it. She'd love the gay life and the excitement for awhile, as what girl wouldn't. But she'd be intelligent enough to see that her own fine people and serene life had something no city could offer—and she'd be less in awe of us city folk. What had the radio done for her but make her see her own life more plainly, on the dull side? All that girl needs is to travel!

The night of the Louis–Baer fight found me a little off my New York beat. I was beside an academic radio, in an academic town, surrounded by an academic group. A university president and his wife, a university dean and his wife, a university professor and his wife. With the rest of the world we sat straining to hear every word. The professor's wife sat knitting on some heavenly wool that she'd got in Barbados and that I never stopped envying for a second even when the Brown Bomber had Maxy on the canvas. When the radio announcer, before the fight, introduced as a surprise the veteran fight announcer, Joe Humphreys, with words something like this: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure and privilege to introduce to you that dean of all sports announcers, lovable, and still world's champion —" she looked up from her knitting long enough to remark laconically to an appreciative audience, "Hmm. Sounds like an honorary degree." And once more I thought how the radio emphasizes "Know thyself," if you're at all sensitive, which is good preparation for, but only preparation and no substitute, for travel.



Courtesy All-Year Club Southern Calif.

SUNSHINE IN CALIFORNIA



Courtesy German Railroads Info. Office

BACKGROUND FOR OLYMPICS—BAVARIAN ALPS

It certainly was no substitute for travel on the night of the fight. The New York Central trains from Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and St. Louis arrived in eight extra sections that day, plane and bus business broke all records, hotels had more people than they could hold, and it was reported that the day after the fight there wasn't a pair of field glasses left in New York City. When we add to that the fact that something like 83,000 people saw a professional football game in Chicago some weeks ago; heap up the traffic that the struggle between the Cubs and the Tigers put on

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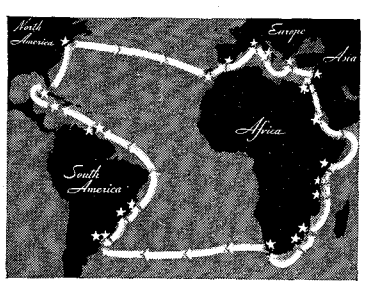

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the trains in October, and the general going back and forth that the college football season always entails, it looks as though what this country needs is not another boom, or another president, but some kind of federal athletic director to keep the ball rolling or the boys playing, or fighting, or whatever.

The Winter Olympics

Of course the sport event on everybody's calendar now is not national, but international, and in February, in Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the Bavarian Alps, the Fourth Winter Olympics will start off the Olympic games of 1936. Already there is a new skating rink for the ice-hockey and fancy skating competitions, with room for 12,000 spectators; an improved bobsled track above Riessersee and an elaborate skiing grounds with two ski-jumps and place for 100,000 spectators. I, for one, was completely stumped by some of the names of the new sports which are included in the schedule. Slalom—a kind of ski racing—is one, and another is curling, an old and ancient sport—was it Scotch?—which resembles, more than anything else I can think of, bowling on ice with a kind of iron for a ball. And they tell me they do it in Central Park of a winter's day.

What's it like to be an Olympic competitor; to have won, finally, after the arduous trial games? Is it worth the gruelling prelims, the nerve-racking tests? According to a certain high-jumper whom I know, a competitor in the 1928 Olympics, there's no question about it. It's worth all you put into it. The first and most important thing I gathered from an evening's talk with him is the obvious fact that sport is a universal language. But he told it to me, so that I saw the wheels of international good will going round. It isn't a truism to me any more. It's a picture. "I used to sit and watch the other events in the 'Competitors' Stands' which were specially set aside for us," he told me. "In front of me there was a Dutch pole-vaulter; to the rear two African high-jumpers; to the right and left, an Australian weight-lifter and a Japanese wrestler respectively. None of us could say a word in the other's language, but I've never spent more congenial afternoons." As he wrote to some one at the time: "One becomes quite proficient at the art of jumping, rowing, or cycling with the hands when an occasion arises in which your companion speaks neither French nor English and you secretly have to

(Continued on page 18)

dude ranching
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If I Should Ever Travel

(Continued from page 17)

admit that your Egyptian is rather rusty!" Now I see it. Your own national game may be baseball, and somebody else's may be cricket or lacrosse, but running and jumping and throwing and catching are all symbols in a universal language and you don't have to be a master linguist to understand and enjoy good healthy competition.

But how do you get wherever the games are scheduled? What hokus-pokus is necessary before you find yourself tucked away in your own cabin or your own berth on the Olympic ship or train. Very little hokus-pokus, if you're on the American team—or at least that was his experience. You win your event in the Final Olympic Tryouts; you automatically qualify for the Olympics; "Simultaneously with your qualification, an official comes up, and directs you to a member of the committee who takes all your measurements from head to foot and then turns you over to a passport photographer, stationed for that purpose on the field. Passport and essential credentials are signed, including the Olympic Oath, and you're free to rush home and hastily pack three or four suitcases, and four days later you embark." What, please, is the Olympic Oath?—Oh, that! And here it is, and very impressive too. "I swear that I will take part in the Olympic Games in loyal competition, respecting the regulations which govern them and desirous of participating in them in the true spirit of sportsmanship for the honor of our country and for the glory of sport."

After that comes the trip over—on ships which provide every facility for training, for proper rest and proper food while en route; the taking up quarters over there (this year) in an Olympic village built specially for the occasion, where one's own trainer, one's own chef, one's entire life and routine continue to function entirely in the manner to which they have been accustomed, so that nothing may put you off your game, or your vault or your jump. There are receptions and functions galore, not the least of which, of course, is the actual opening of the games, but all these are as nothing to what you must expect, if you are a winner, on your arrival home. You must know what to say when the Mayor of New York comes to greet you and you march down Broadway under the ticker tape. You must keep your poise when the home-town turns out in a body, band and all, to

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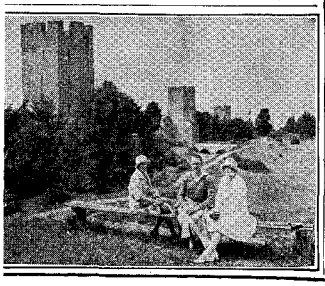

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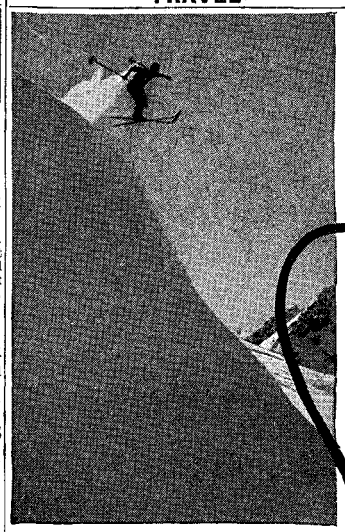

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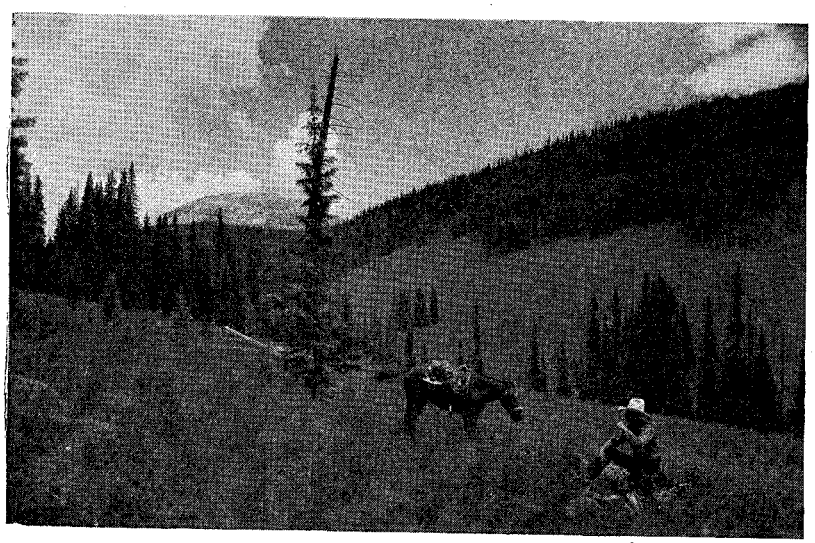
meet you at the train. And finally, you must have the gracious answer when a committee from the Junior High School writes to you painfully, in green ink, on ruled paper "We should be so happy if you could come and speak to our class and tell us how you learned to be such a good jumper, or anything else you would like to talk about." Funny? Exaggerated? American hero-worshipping? Maybe, but warming to the cockles of the heart all the same.

That is the way it was in 1928. With the preparations already well under

(Continued on page 20)



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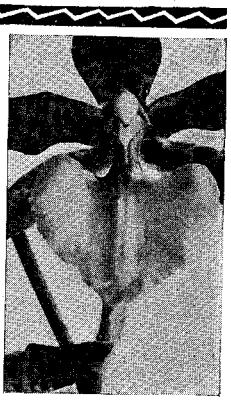

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If I Should Ever Travel

(Continued from page 19)

way in Germany, the prospects are for bigger and better Olympics in the summer of '36. In the meantime there are the February events in the lovely Christmas country at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, and boats to take you there.

California, Arizona, New Mexico, Mexico

To an awful lot of people, winter means just one thing—California. I've heard a good deal about it in my time, and have been duly impressed with the fact that tennis and skiing were only half an hour or so apart out there, if you work it right. But nothing ever impressed me so much as hearing a friend of mine tell me when she came east for Christmas that she had hated to leave her December garden. It was so lovely with yellow chrysanthemums. That, I should love to see, and the warm sunshine while New York is enjoying its usual damp winter.

New Mexico and Arizona are still, to me, vague and lovely glimpses of old Missions, older deserts and mountains, hot springs, the Carlsbad Caverns, ranches, cowboys, and "the flowering desert." I've no more of a pictorial idea of a flowering desert than I have of the mountains of the moon—much less a one in fact, but it's one of the things that haunts me. I will see it. I feel like the friend of mine who is taking a car and heading south in November, looking for a quiet restful place to work. "It may be in Virginia, it may be in South Carolina, it may be in Florida or Louisiana, but I have notions about Texas and New Mexico—" I have notions too. And I have learned something about cactus. It's from the barrel cactus that the life-giving water can be drained if you're lost in the desert, which may be for us to laugh at, but once wasn't—and from the same cactus that cactus candy is made. And the Indians and Mexicans used the roots of the Yucca cactus for soap, and soap is still made from it.

Some one took me to task the other day for being so enthusiastic about Mexico and getting there when getting there by car is still so difficult. I was quick to retort that if driving was difficult, it was still possible, and that anyway I, for one, want to get there before it *is* too easy for every Ford-owning motorist like myself. By train, then, by boat, by boat and train to Mexico. I have notions—

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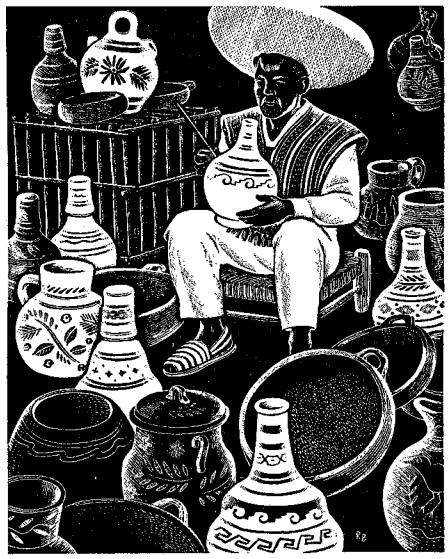

Guadalajara awakens you with the muffled voices of a thousand bells and invites you to go exploring. In the morning sun, giant poinsettias glow against white walls. Tiny burros piled high with goods patter by on their way to market, while you drive out to Tlaquepaque to see the pottery makers . . .

Guadalajara, Mexico's second largest city, is a favorite stopover place on our West Coast Route, the newest and in many respects the most colorful way to Mexico City. Very low roundtrip fares permit you to use the West Coast Route one way and the El Paso Route the other. Through air-conditioned Pullmans operate between Los Angeles and Mexico City via Tucson, Nogales, Guaymas, Mazatlan and Guadalajara. (Tucson is reached from the East by our Golden State Limited from Chicago and Sunset Limited from New Orleans).

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